

Collier's

JUNE 22, 1946

TEN CENTS

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AWSON
WOOD



WHAT'S RUSSIA UP TO?

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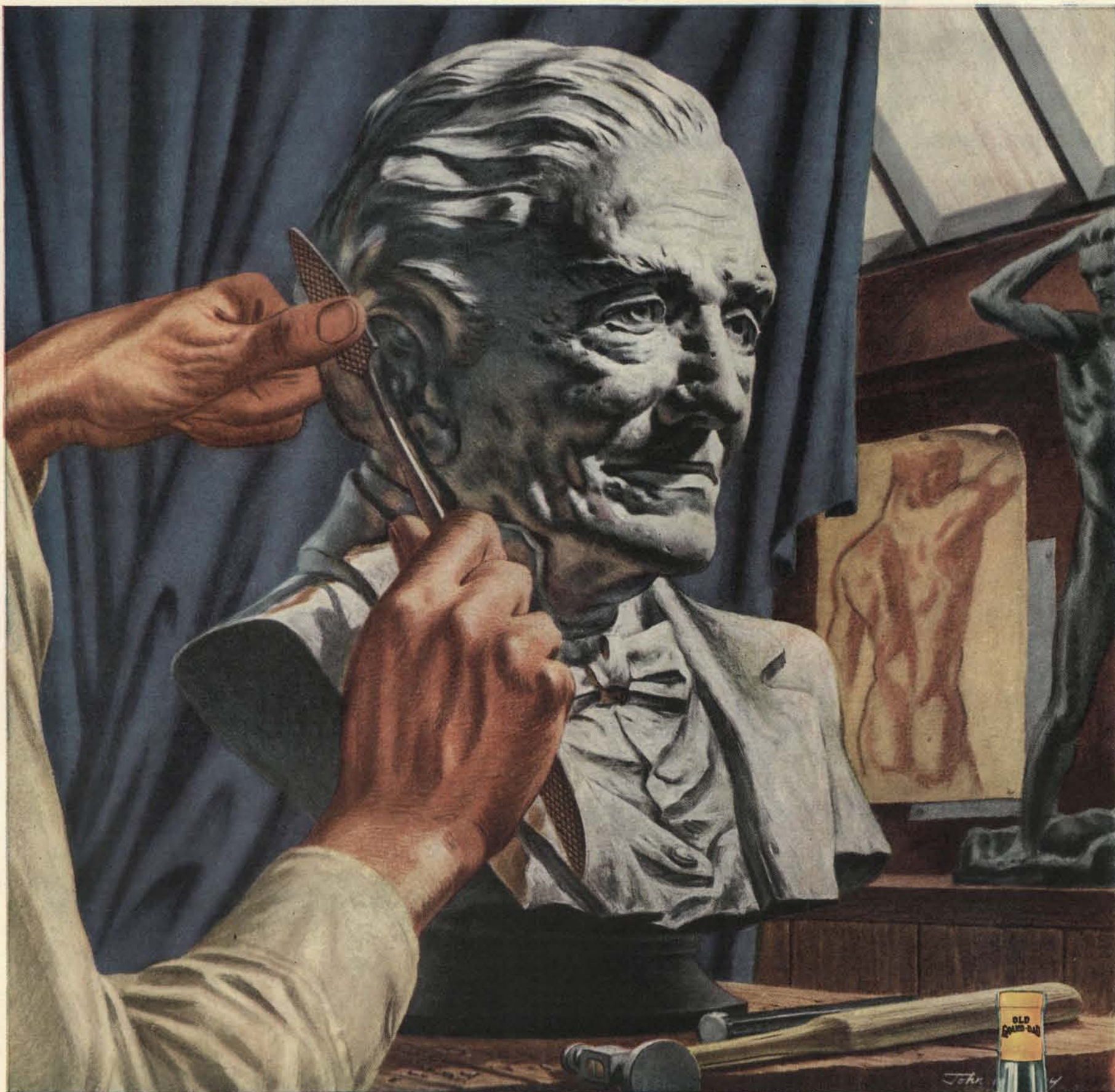
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June 22-1946



THE ART THAT CONCEALS ART

When you drink a glass of Old Grand-Dad, the sum total of your impressions is a wonderful mellowness coupled to a rich Kentucky flavor. As with any work of art, you have no awareness of the effort that has gone into this fine bourbon—anything so smooth seems a long way away from effort. Which is as it should be, for Old Grand-Dad has but one mission on this earth—to bring an unmixed pleasure to all who make his acquaintance. Why not get together with the Head of the Bourbon Family for a pleasant hour now and then?

OLD GRAND-DAD

Bottled in Bond—100 Proof

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK





THOUSANDS ON THEIR WAY—THE NEW TIRES THAT OUTWEAR PREWAR TIRES

Now you can order a set of these tires for your car

RIGHT NOW the nation's tire dealers are getting more passenger-car tires than ever before in history—75 per cent more for the first six months this year than the first six months of 1940, the last normal prewar year. This is in addition to the thousands of tires being supplied to automobile manufacturers for use on new cars.

But there's more demand for some

than others and big extra demand for B. F. Goodrich. Naturally people want the tire that outwears prewar tires. So it's well to order a little in advance.

The B. F. Goodrich Silvertown is a better tire—that's why there is a bigger demand for it. It has a new tread design, slightly wider and flatter, that puts more rubber on the road—gives extra miles of service because it wears longer

and more evenly. This longer wearing tread is backed up by a strong tire body—better cords and more of them—for resistance to bruising and damage from accident.

If you need tires, or may soon, check

with your dealer now. He may have tires for you in stock. If not, it is well worth your while to place your order and wait a little longer to get B. F. Goodrich Silvertowns. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

INSIDE Paramount

If you have ever needed
a woman's love...



If you are living
your life to make
one man happy...



Then here is the
emotion picture
of your lifetime!

Olivia
De Havilland
in
"To Each
His Own"
with
Mary Anderson • Roland Culver
Bill Goodwin
and introducing
John Lund
a
Mitchell Leisen
Production
Directed by Mitchell Leisen

Paramount Pictures

Collier's FOR JUNE 22, 1946

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GEORGE CREEL	San Francisco	EDW. TOMLINSON	The Other Americas	LEONARD A. PARIS	Articles	MACLENNAN FARRELL	Fiction
		HELEN P. BUTLER	Syntax				

this week

any week

FICTION

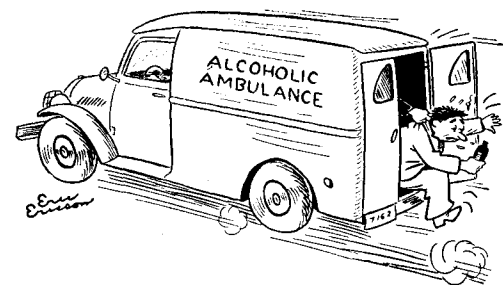
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WE HAVE cheering news for any of you who aim to get seriously drunk in Columbus, Georgia. Hereafter, when you are found floundering boozily along Columbus' streets the cops will call not the tough old patrol or paddy wagon with its cage gate and inhospitable floor but a softly upholstered ambulance (a converted Army ambulance) done in soothing colors and driven by a fellow who cares. The idea is to soften the shock that the sensitive souse receives when, as of yore, he is flung into the old-fashioned Black Maria. But the idea is not unanimously praised. A new organization known as Alcoholics Apprehensive is protesting. The Alcoholics Apprehensive say that the shock will be infinitely worse; that the afflicted one may wake up in the elegant substitute and think he's dead and in a hearse. Moreover, they contend, he will probably die of mortification anyway because no one has sent so much as a single lily for his breast. However, the innovation has the endorsement of a rival A.A.—Alcoholics Always.



BEFORE we got out of Georgia, Macon decided what to do with her garbage, the Ku Klux Klan racket held a large sucker rally and Georgia's governor said that there were mighty few good hotels in Dixie and that as far as Southern restaurants and other public eating places were concerned—well, they were worse than the hotels. That sweetly sung legend—Southern cooking—said he, was a myth outside the home.

MACON has decided to dig long trenches in her near-by swamps, push her garbage into them and then cover them up with the dirt gained by digging them. Thus swamps will be reclaimed at the same time garbage is disposed of. Land thus reclaimed will be used for industrial sites. Whether this will be mentioned in the advertisements of the industrial sites we don't, of course, know.

ANYWAY, we were invited to join the Ku Klux Klan. For ten dollars plus a few bucks for a gown and a hood we would then have the privilege of hating "Niggers, Catholics, Jews and Communists," according to a somewhat erratic gentleman who said he was "Second Cosmos Christian." Whether that is his title or his name we don't know. We didn't join or attend the Stone Mountain rally because Second Cosmos Christian said that if we gave up twenty dollars and fifteen dollars for our regalia we could be a Kleagle. Also (Continued on page 84)

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"Yes, I did hide the car keys!"

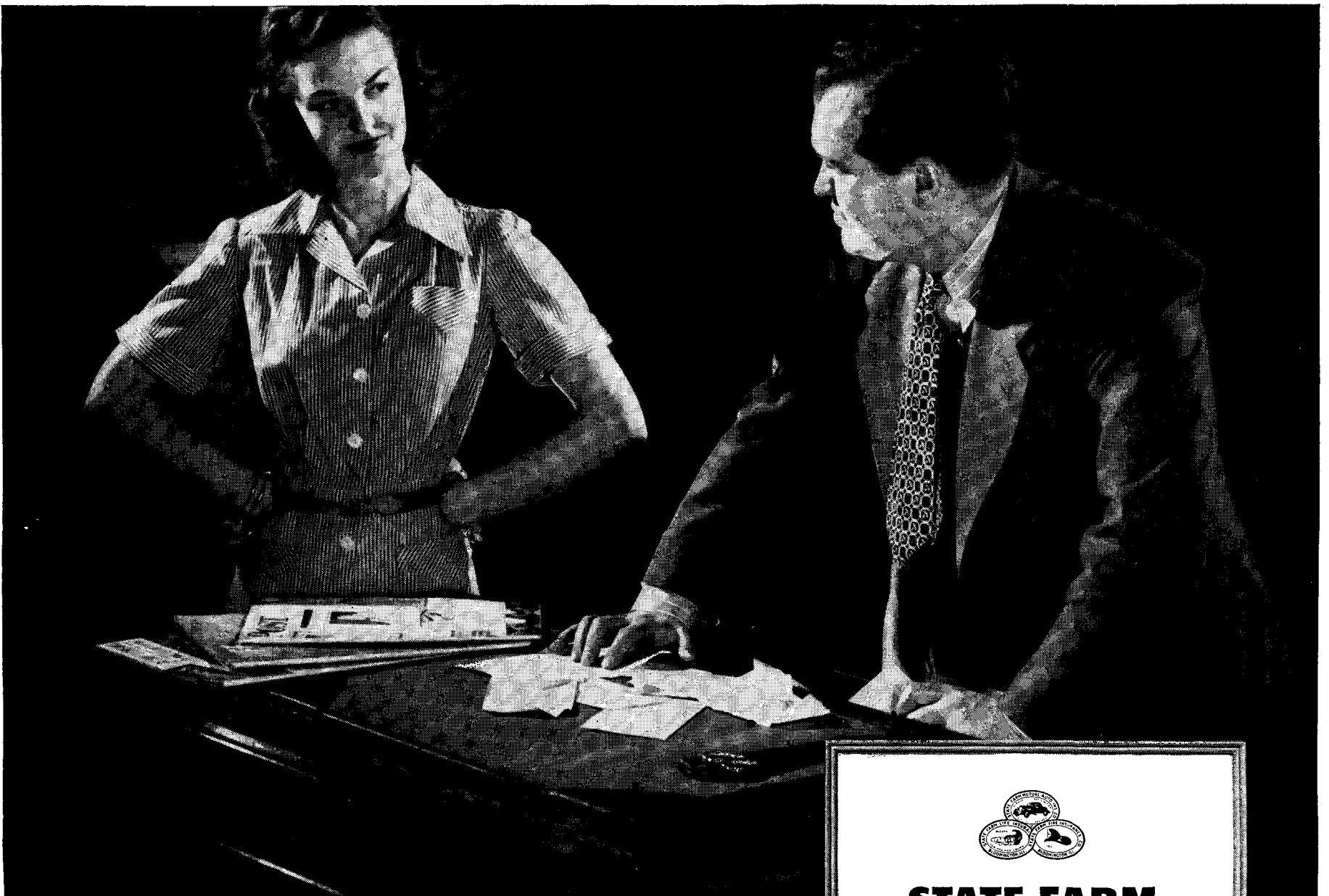
Pretty Ruth Coleman admitted readily enough that she'd hidden the car keys. "We made a bargain," she reminded her husband. "We agreed that driving without auto insurance was just too great a risk. You promised you'd have it by today—or walk! Okay, darling, we're *both* going to walk 'til we're insured!"

Realizing that one auto accident could cost them their home and life's savings, the Colemans took a sensible step. In getting auto insurance, there's *another* important step—and that's to pick the *right kind*! That's the kind State Farm offers. State Farm Mutual is the progressive automobile insurance company that pioneered such features as: Double-the-usual public liability and property

damage insurance . . . liberal medical payments . . . 80% collision coverage.

More Insurance for Your Money

Adequate protection costs you so little under State Farm's thrift-famous "More for Your Money" insurance plan, no driver can afford to be without it. State Farm Mutual, the world's largest auto insurance company, protects the financial security of more than 1,300,000 car owners. And wherever you might drive into trouble, one of State Farm's 7,000 agents in the U. S. and Canada is ready to serve. He can serve you *now*! He'll show you why all auto insurance is NOT alike . . . how State Farm Mutual Insurance is different in many ways that benefit you!



AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENTS INCREASING!

Increased cost of automobile accidents affects you and every driver. Under such conditions, your automobile insurance is more important than ever before. Don't let an accident happen to you. Don't take even a little chance with injury or death. Drive with extra care—and you'll help keep auto insurance rates at their lowest possible level—remember auto drivers set auto insurance rates.

See Your State Farm Agent Before You Finance Your Next Car



**STATE FARM
INSURANCE
COMPANIES**
BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

Pacific Coast Office:
Berkeley, Calif.



Canadian Office:
Toronto, Ontario

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... A MASK is no disguise for him ... I'd know him anywhere with that hair ... it never looks combed. There's the old loose dandruff too. Dry Scalp will do it every time. Someone should tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic ... and it might as well be me ..."

*Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp*

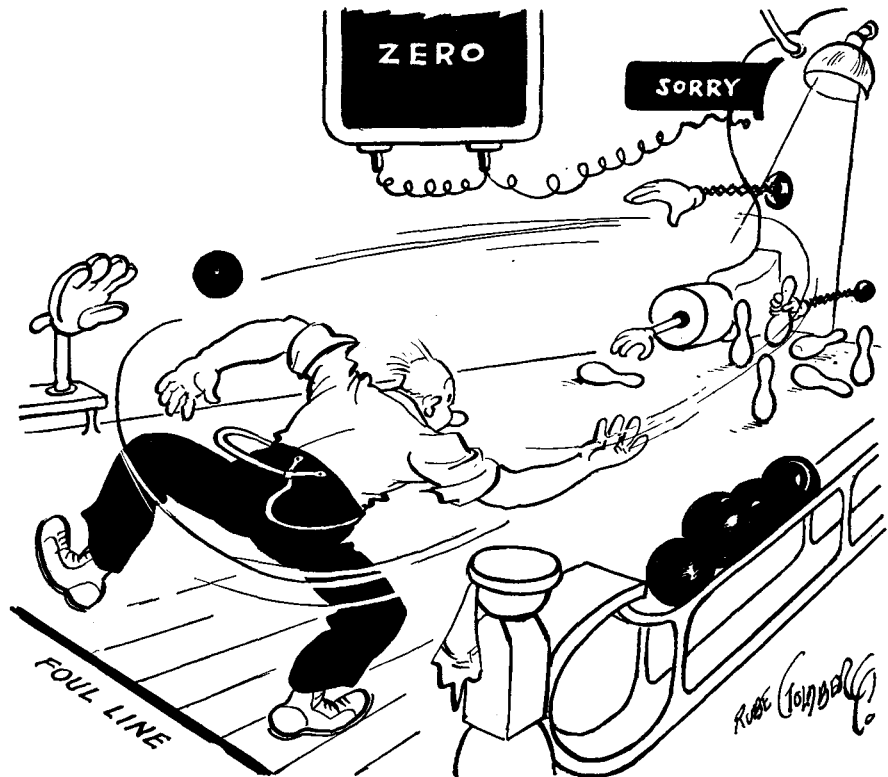


WHAT A DIFFERENCE! ... That's what happens when you check Dry Scalp with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Just a few drops a day do the trick. Your hair looks better. Your scalp feels better. Itchiness and loose dandruff disappear. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic works with Nature—contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Use it also with massage before every shampoo. It's double care ... both scalp and hair ... and more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic



RUBE GOLDBERG

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

A machine that automatically sets up bowling pins and returns the ball is now on the market, the first device of its kind ever approved by the American Bowling Congress. Among its features is an attachment that causes it to reset the pins when a bowler crosses the foul line, an indicator whose lights register when the machine is ready and show which pins are left standing, and a mechanism that calculates the score for each frame and flashes it on a board as a check for the scorekeeper.

In the United States, the first man-made object to pass beyond the stratosphere was a rocket fired secretly at White Sands, New Mexico, on October 25, 1945. Developed by the GALCIT organization of the California Institute of Technology, this rocket, the starting weight of which was 680 pounds, was propelled by liquid fuel to a height of 235,000 feet, or over 44 miles, according to the radar equipment that measured its flight. By Dennis Collins, New York City.

An aviator who jumps from a plane at an altitude of 25,000 feet or higher usually delays opening his parachute for about the first 10,000 feet in order to fall as quickly as possible through this rarefied atmosphere. At the same time, he runs the risk of becoming unconscious through cold, fear or oxygen lack before pulling his rip cord. To safeguard him against this danger, an instrument has been developed, operated by barometric pressure, that automatically pulls the rip cord at any preset altitude between 2,000 and 20,000 feet above sea level.

Following a centuries-old custom the British Admiralty will divide among the members of the Royal Navy money derived from the disposal of enemy ships and cargoes captured or surrendered during the war. The total fund, whose distribution is to include the Royal Air Force, will amount to approximately \$85,000,000.—By Roderick M. Grant, Chicago, Ill.

During the past 50 years, more than 100 quack methods of treating disease have been introduced in this country, appealing to the unwary with such slogans as "No bugs, no drugs, no surgery." Their promoters' chief profit has been in conducting schools. Among these have been methods which "treat" disease by the application of pads of earth, or use little wire springs that, when worn on a certain finger or toe, "cure" an ailment in the corresponding "zone" of the body.

Since December, 1945, the average straight-time wage of some 5,400,000 workers in ten of this country's largest industries has been increased from \$1.04 to \$1.22 an hour, or 17.3 per cent.

A unique nonprofit organization is Underwriters' Laboratories, whose activities have incalculably reduced losses from fire, accident and crime in this country. Founded in Chicago in 1894 and now operating four large testing establishments and nearly 200 branch offices, it has not only tested and approved for safe use more than 375,000 different products of 5,000 manufacturers in 115 industries, but also periodically inspected their production. Today, the U.L. label guaranteeing safety is affixed annually to 500,000,000 units of these articles, which include safes, heating pads, tear gas and fire engines.

Of the 125,000 species of butterflies and moths, probably a thousand make migratory flights from which only about 25 species return. Among the hardest is the painted lady (*Vanessa cardui*) the one-way migrations of which have been known to cover distances of more than 2,000 miles, to have taken 14 days and nights of continuous flying, and to have been comprised of as many as 3,000,000 butterflies in a single flight.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission.

Collier's for June 22, 1946



PLACE IN THE SUN

At work or at play, you find Body by Fisher occupying its familiar, high-ranking place in the sun of popular favor.

For on the new General Motors cars even more than on those of prewar years, the Fisher Body emblem marks the very newest in beauty, the utmost in safety, and the peak of traveling comfort.

Look for the Body by Fisher emblem on the new car you buy. It means you get full benefit of this world-famed organization's 37 years of specialized skill in fine coachcraft. It means a better automobile wherever you see it.

Body by Fisher

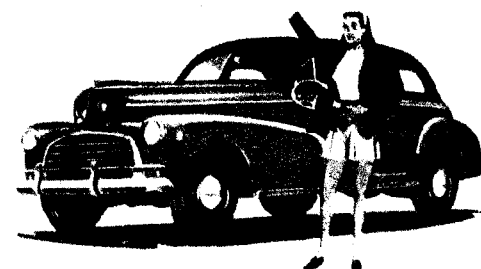


BETTER BY FAR

Thousands of dollars in university scholarships and cash awards for best model Napoleonic coaches or miniature cars submitted by boys of 12-19 years inclusive. For information, write: Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild, General Motors Bldg., Detroit 2, Michigan.

You get Body by Fisher
only on
GENERAL MOTORS CARS

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC
OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC



The New 1946 Chevrolet Stylemaster Sport Sedan



Stop trouble BEFORE IT HAPPENS!

Sometimes people seem to *ask* for trouble . . . like little girls who dangle pigtales over inkwells . . . or like car owners who neglect their cars. To *prevent* trouble and to be sure of peak performance and maximum economy out of your car—



See Your United Motors Man Regularly

Your neighborhood United Motors Service man is an expert "trouble preventer" who knows how to keep your car in top condition all the year round. His service is prompt, friendly and dependable. His methods and equipment are modern and efficient. And his repairs and replacements are made with *original-equipment* parts. Save yourself time, trouble and money by driving your car around to the nearby United Motors station for regular servicing and checking.

Look for this Sign



It's right nearby

United Motors Service is a nationwide organization of selected independent service stations authorized to sell and service these products:

DELCO Batteries
AC Fuel Pumps, Gauges
and Speedometers
INLITE Brake Lining
DELCO Radio Parts
HYATT Roller Bearings

DELCO Auto Radios
HARRISON Heaters
DELCO Home Radios
NEW DEPARTURE Ball
Bearings
HARRISON Thermostats

DELCO Shock Absorbers
GUIDE Lamps
DELCO-REMY Starting,
Lighting and Ignition
KLAXON Horns
HARRISON Radiators
DELCO Hydraulic Brakes



The Week's Mail

DEAR EDITOR: Collier's Canadian Readers today shout, "All hail to The Week's Mail!"

As a constant reader of Collier's I am certain the new feature will not fail to interest your millions of friends, male and female, throughout America. Its inauguration means that your readers now have a voice in the management of your magnificent magazine.

NORRIS GOODMAN
Montreal, Can.

Thanks, Mr. Goodman! We hope you are right.

DEAR EDITOR: As a former G.I., I'd like to congratulate Hutton and MacMahon on their article, Brass Hats and Blue Pencils, in your May 18th issue. I have only recently returned from Europe and the news-for-the-soldiers muddle there is alarming and shocking. Democratic principles? A joke! No interference from the brass? That is an impossibility!

I knew Stars and Stripes while overseas. They wanted to print what they thought was straight goods, but their hands were tied completely by the selfishness of the medal-seeking brass.

FRANK LEMBO
Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR EDITOR: Will you kindly convey my congratulations to Mr. John W. Westbrook for his extremely accurate and logical article that appeared in your magazine of May 4th, Our Army Is Undemocratic. My opinion is based upon an experience of over forty-three years on the active list of the Regular Army.

MAJOR GENERAL H. D. TODD, JR.
Washington, D. C.

DEAR EDITOR: Does a rank beginner have a chance of getting a story published in Collier's?

I have written two short short stories and one regular length short story, but if a beginner has no chance with your magazine, then there is no point in my submitting one.

I never like to accept a favor without being able to return it. I am in the clothing business, and although white shirts are extremely scarce I can sell you a few if you need them.

MILTON LOY
Shelby, N. C.

Come on with your stories, Mr. Loy! We welcome the work of beginners—shirts or no shirts. (Confidentially, our size is 15 neck, 34 sleeve.)



DEAR EDITOR: I'm glad a magazine as astute as Collier's has done our diplomatic boys a service—through the good pen of "Glad" Hill—by exploding that old wives' tale about the drinking ability of the Russians. It is about time someone got wise!

LESLIE A. HOLLINGSWORTH
New York City, N. Y.

Check and triple-check!

DEAR EDITOR: Have my eyes been deceiving me, or hasn't Collier's been going in for unnecessary nudity? I call your attention to illustrations in the May 25th issue—the first for A Gift from France, the sec-

ond for Home Is the Hero. When those kids grow up they're going to be awfully mad at you! Incidentally, I think it is a disgrace that a sweet-looking girl like Peggy Cummins, whose picture appears in this same issue, is playing the leading role in such a disgusting story as Forever Amber.

MRS. LOIS J. JONES
Seattle, Wash.

Thank Heaven, those kids won't grow up for a long time! As for Miss Cummins—she may not appear in Forever Amber, which may or may not be produced.

DEAR EDITOR: As a Canadian, expressing the sentiments of many thousands of inarticulate fellow citizens of this country, I suggest that you and your associate publications inaugurate an educational campaign designed to show that this North American continent must eventually become one country. Now is the accepted time.

If we wait five, ten, fifteen years? You answer that question—not for \$64, but for sixty-four plus untold billions of the hard-earned cash of the ordinary citizens of our respective countries.

H. MCINTYRE
(Just an ordinary Canadian)
Vancouver, B. C.

DEAR EDITOR: Re A Challenge to American Women in your issue of May 11th:

Making a living as a graphologist* while traveling around Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia, I've found the American women to be far the most selfish of all the women I've encountered. My vast collection of graphological data clearly points to this sad state of affairs.

F. A. GRIFFITH
Los Angeles, Cal.

*A graphologist is one who studies handwriting, with a view to learning the writer's character.

DEAR EDITOR: You've made me such a propaganda addict that weekly doses no longer suffice. So I'll subscribe instead to the Daily Worker.

HUNTER LOVELACE
Los Angeles, Cal.

The subscription rate of the Daily Worker is twelve dollars a year, Mr. Lovelace.

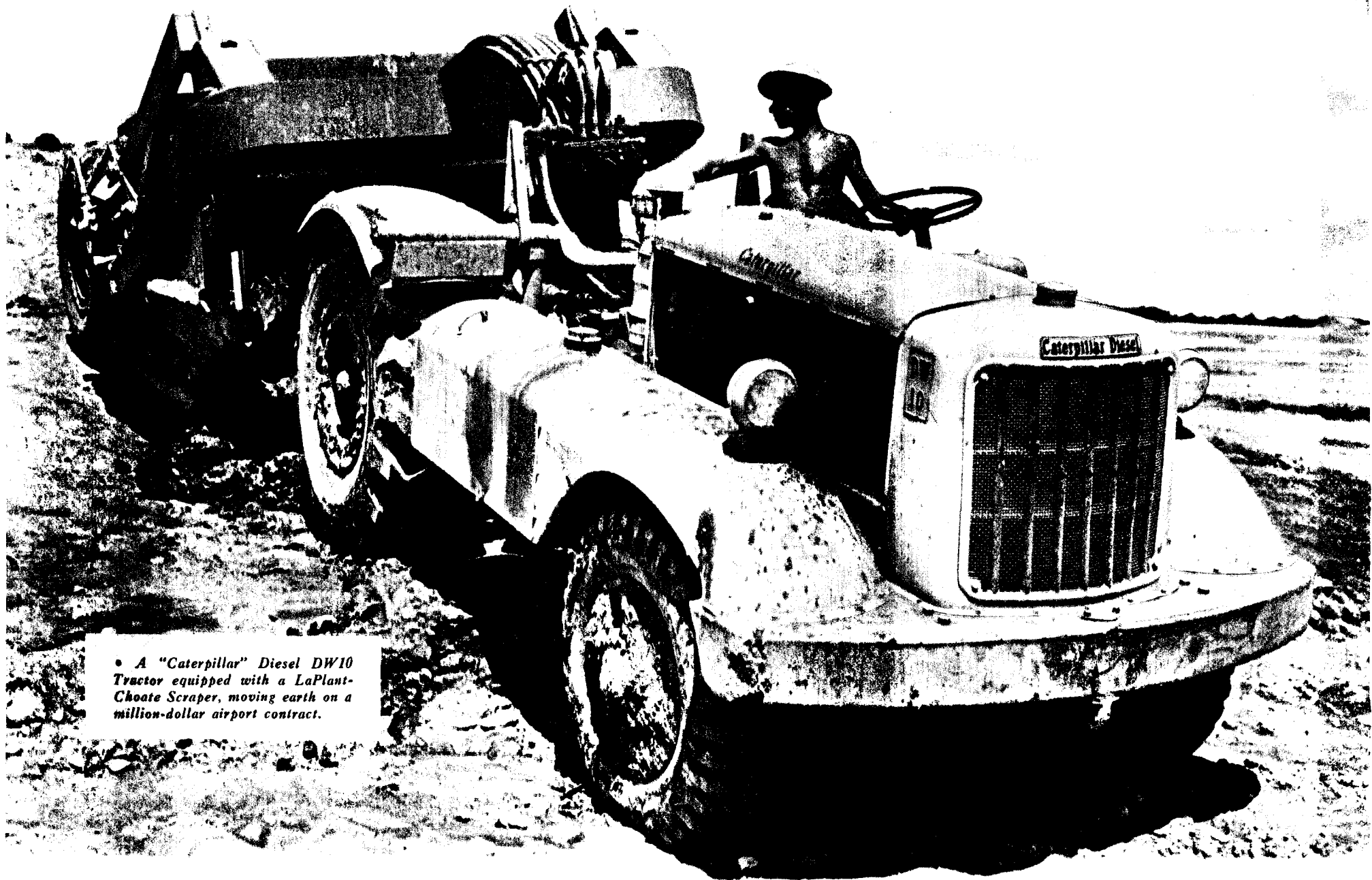
DEAR EDITOR: Congratulations to Collier's on giving its readers Lester Velie's Babes in Wall Street. Doubtless it is the beginning of an avalanche of similar exposés.

ALMA L. BENZEL
Beaver Dam, Wis.

DEAR EDITOR: Why don't they make practical, good-looking pepper and salt shakers? The pretty china ones are filled by means of a hole in the bottom, and stoppered with cork. The stoppers break or push through where they can't be reached. Glass ones with metal tops look wonderful at first, then the metal acquires an unpolishable tarnish or becomes rusty. Silver on glass is the best, so far, but even that becomes gangrenous after a time. Plastic tops loosen.

A COLLIER'S FAN
Randolph, Mass.





• A "Caterpillar" Diesel DW10 Tractor equipped with a LaPlant-Choate Scraper, moving earth on a million-dollar airport contract.

"CATERPILLAR" DIESELS THAT *roll on rubber*



• Highway building and maintenance is the "Caterpillar" Diesel Motor Grader's No. 1 job, but it is useful wherever ground must be leveled.

WHEN YOU think of Caterpillar Tractor Co., chances are you think of track-type tractors. That's natural, for it was the traction and pulling power of the track principle that first built "Caterpillar" prestige.

But the range of "Caterpillar" Diesel usefulness is not limited to one type of equipment. For more than 15 years "Caterpillar" Diesel Motor Graders have rolled on rubber. Thousands of them are now in use, building and maintaining the roads of the nation.

"Caterpillar" has built wheel-type tractors since the pre-war years, and these machines—the famous DW10s—are moving earth on

the long, fast hauls that prevail in airport construction and so many other big projects. They pull perfectly matched "Caterpillar" W10 Wagons and the new "Caterpillar" Scrapers, all traveling on giant rubber tires.

The long experience of "Caterpillar" in producing both wheeled and track-type equipment makes available the widest possible range of machines for all phases of earthmoving. And the most efficient dealer organization in the heavy machinery field is equipped to maintain, service and repair the full "Caterpillar" line.

CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO. • PEORIA, ILLINOIS

CATERPILLAR Diesel

ENGINES • TRACTORS • MOTOR GRADERS • EARTHMOVING EQUIPMENT

For the World's Great Music by Today's Great Artists

"THE TELEPHONE HOUR"

For some of the grandest music you ever hope to hear, we invite you to tune in "The Telephone Hour" every Monday night—over the NBC network. It's like having the world's great artists give a gala performance in your home.

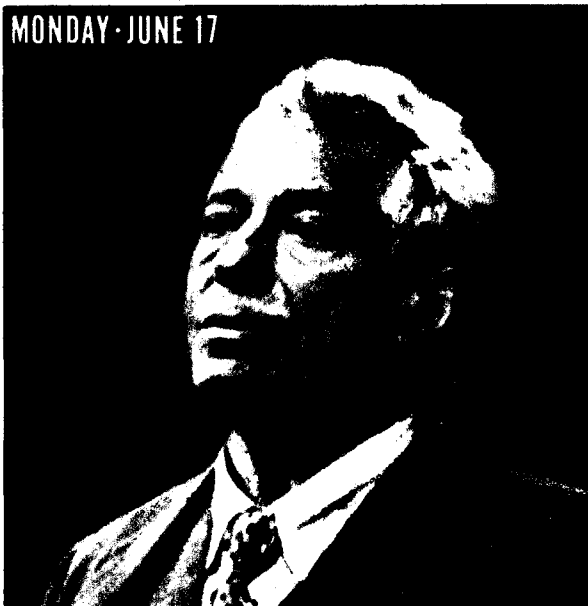
MARIAN ANDERSON
JUSSI BJOERLING
ROBERT CASADESUS
BING CROSBY
NELSON EDDY
BENNY GOODMAN
TITO GUIZAR

JASCHA HEIFETZ
JOSEF HOFMANN
FRITZ KREISLER
OSCAR LEVANT
LAURITZ MELCHIOR
JAMES MELTON
EZIO PINZA

LILY PONS
TORSTEN RALF
ARTUR RUBINSTEIN
BIDU SAYAO
MAGGIE TEYTE
BLANCHE THEBOM
HELEN TRAUBEL

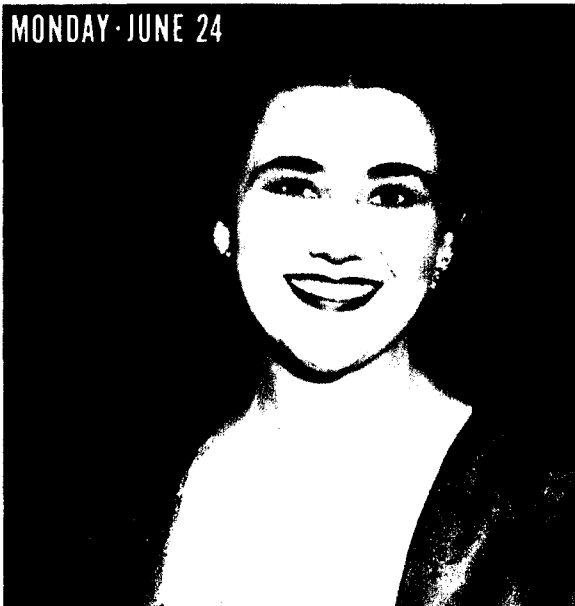
DONALD VOORHEES AND THE BELL TELEPHONE ORCHESTRA

MONDAY · JUNE 17



FRITZ KREISLER—Distinguished violinist and composer. Received his first lessons from his father, a physician. First American tour was in 1889 when he was fourteen. Made his first radio appearance at sixty-nine on "The Telephone Hour."

MONDAY · JUNE 24



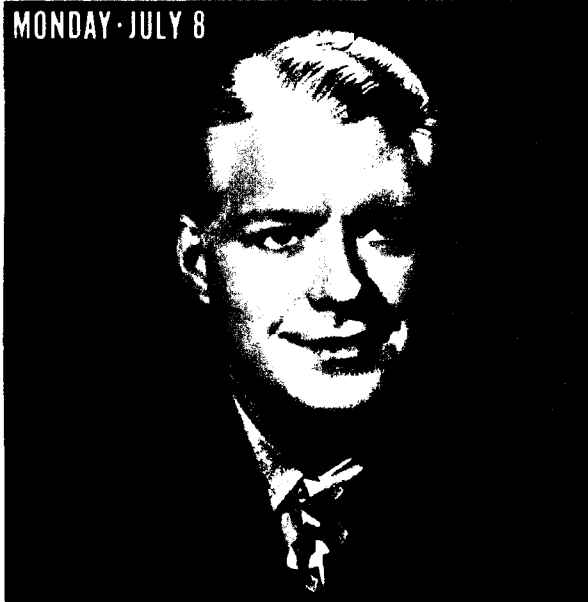
BLANCHE THEBOM—Lovely mezzo-soprano of the Metropolitan. Aspired to a musical career while working in an office. Discovery followed her singing at a ship's concert while on vacation. Business lost a good secretary. Radio found a glorious voice.

MONDAY · JULY 1



BING CROSBY—The beloved Bing of screen and radio. Made his first appearance on "The Telephone Hour" in 1945—is back again by request. Bing Crosby has a distinct place in American music and in the hearts of millions of listeners.

MONDAY · JULY 8



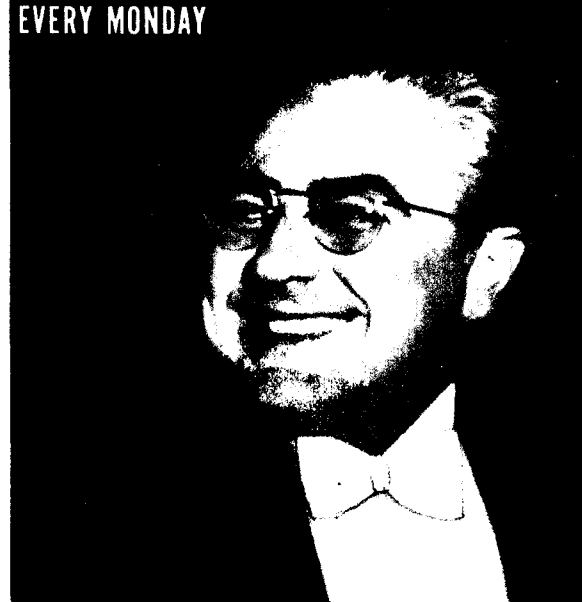
NELSON EDDY—Star of screen, radio and the concert stage. Voted in 1945 "the best male singer regularly featured on the air." Born in Providence, R. I. His mother and father both sang and there was always music in the Eddy home.

MONDAY · JULY 15



TITO GUIZAR—Mexican tenor, well known for his interpretation of Latin-American melodies. Recent concert tour and appearance with the Los Angeles Philharmonic have brought new appreciation of his artistry in the popular and semi-classical field.

EVERY MONDAY



DONALD VOORHEES and the Bell Telephone Orchestra are in their seventh year on "The Telephone Hour." 57 pieces. One of the great orchestras of the air, of true symphonic stature. A real treat for every one who loves the world's great music.

All appearances subject to change

EVERY MONDAY NIGHT OVER NBC (See your local newspaper for time and station)

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Target:



Bobby's eyes went wide, and she opened her mouth as if to speak. Maui encouraged her, "Go ahead, Bobby, what were you going to say?"

Introducing Captain Maui Nickel of Army Intelligence, a man with a dangerous mission

ON THIS day in spring a fog had rolled in from the east, compressing on Berlin, like a lid on a pot, all the stench of its ruins, and driving a chill through the gray gabardine suit and into the lanky body of Maui Nickel, captain in the Counterintelligence Corps, Occupation Forces, Germany. He didn't mind. Within a month his sensitive nose, so long insulted by the foul odors of Berlin, would be soothed by the delicate scents of his native islands, and his body gently warmed and toasted by the Hawaiian sun. On this day he was to get his orders home.

He loped up the stairs of the old Luftwaffe barracks that now housed U.S. Group Control, and into Blankenship's office. The morning conference was starting. He took his accustomed chair between Colonel McMahon, his immediate boss, a bulldozer of a man loosely camouflaged in tweeds, and Captain Krakauskas, the deputy provost marshal. The faces of the others were all familiar as old family portraits, ex-

cept the Wac second lieutenant who was sitting at a corner desk, a notebook open in front of her. She was Blankenship's new secretary, and she had green eyes. Her uniform, ungarnished with ribbons or overseas stripes, revealed that she was not long from the States.

Colonel Blankenship, chief of Intelligence, U.S. Group, sat at the head of the table. He was oval, and pink as an Easter egg, and deceptively gentle until you looked closely at the gun-metal eyes behind the spectacles. Now he turned these eyes on Captain Nickel, shook his head sadly, and said: "No!"

"Why not?" Maui demanded, with the astonished indignation of an innocent man pronounced guilty.

"Because we've got a new lead on Morrell. It's pretty hot."

"But I've got more points than a porcupine. Can't somebody else—?"

"Sorry, Nickel, but he's still your target. I can't let you go now. As a matter of fact, I am declaring you indispensable, as of this moment."

Maui stared at the table. It was true, of course, that Morrell—Albert Morrell, the traitor—had been his target since before the surrender, for such assignments are made far ahead. But when he reached Berlin, the trail was tangled and cold, and it faded away

completely on a certain day in April, 1945, in the bunkers below the Haus des Rundfunk. Morrell had been difficult to trace, because he was never as conspicuous as Best or Pound, or the Englishmen, Amery and Joyce. He had, it seemed, lived in the deepest Nazi shadows, and indeed at the end he had slipped away like a shadow in the twilight. "What's this new lead?" Maui asked. Blankenship fingered a thin sheaf of cards. "First," he said, "a little recapitulation on what's going on. He came to Germany in 1928 to study at Heidelberg, and never went home. We don't know why he turned Nazi, but we suspect it was money, at first. There are no fingerprints or other positive means of identification. The only photographs are out of an old prep school album. He's almost forty now, so they're useless. He worked for Goebbels in the beginning, and later shifted to Himmler. He attended a *Wehrmacht* spy school. It was Morrell who trained the Krauts who put on our uniforms and infiltrated our lines in the Ardennes. He was good at that particular type of devilry." McMahon's bulk stirred. "The F.B.I.," he interrupted, "believes Morrell trained most of the agents sent stateside. He was an expert on documents."

"Now here's our (Continued on page 76)

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN



The Big Three—Bevin of England, Molotov of Russia and Byrnes of the United States—drink a toast at a recent Conference of Foreign Ministers. But mutual mistrust, plus selfish ambition, pride and fear, make such communion purely social

ACME

WHAT'S RUSSIA UP TO?

BY
FRANK GERVASI

Here are the real objectives of Russian diplomacy—the basic facts behind the political maneuvering that may result in World War III. In this brilliant two-part analysis of Russia's position today, Mr. Gervasi traces the stark lessons of the 100-year-old conflict between Russia and Britain, reveals the hitherto-secret facts of Russia's near-alliance with Hitler in 1939, and poses, for all Americans, the question of where security ends and imperialism begins

WASHINGTON

LEO TOLSTOY'S tale of Pahom ought to be required reading for all imperialists. It's the story of a land-hungry Russian peasant whose end, you'll see, is the ultimate end of all empires.

Pahom was shrewd and industrious and happy, but one day he became discontented with his lot. His 20 acres, he discovered, were insufficient for the security and power he suddenly desired. He dedicated his life to the acquisition of

land. The more acreage Pahom acquired, however, the more he wanted.

One day a mysterious traveler told him of a distant region where the soil was black and fertile and inhabited by a simple people, the Bashkirs, who would sell Pahom as much acreage as he could pace off in a single day for 1,000 rubles. Pahom went to the land of the Bashkirs.

The chief of the Bashkirs agreed to give Pahom the land he coveted but warned him that unless he returned by

sundown to the spot from which he set out at dawn of the same day, the 1,000 rubles would be forfeited. At daybreak Pahom left the designated place to step off the boundaries of his new farm.

In his greed Pahom walked too far and too long. He detoured around particularly choice fields and pastures to include them in his domain. He returned to the stipulated spot just as the sun dropped into the western hills. But he fell on his face, dead of exhaustion.

The militarists of Japan, Italy and Germany might have done well to have read Tolstoy's tale. But the story is no less a warning of possible disaster to those of Tolstoy's countrymen who seek today to restore to Russia its ancient frontiers and areas of political and economic influence in Europe, the Middle East and Asia.

True, in Europe the Russians have retaken only what was formerly theirs. In the Balkans and the Middle East the Soviets have merely re-established ancient spheres of influence and agitate anew for old privileges once held by right of conquest. In Asia they've regained Port Arthur, taken from them by the Japanese. Everywhere Soviet foreign policy is avowedly to secure Russia's frontiers against possible future attacks.

But to the people of the Western democracies Soviet behavior smacks of imperialism. Actually it's a resumption by the Soviets of a policy nearly 500 years old. A succession of czars used it to produce one of the greatest empires, through the 15th and 18th centuries, that the world has ever known. At its high noon it contained Finland, bulged hugely into

Europe with Poland and Bessarabia, dominated Bulgaria, clamped around the Black Sea and so enjoyed the freedom of the Dardanelles, possessed the Crimea, overhung China like a colossus and reached to Port Arthur.

In its making, no alliance was too onerous nor any war too costly for Russia's rulers from Ivan III to Nicholas I. But while it took more than four centuries to build the Russian Empire, its dismemberment was rapid. It began with the Russo-Japanese War in 1904-05 and was completed by the peace treaties of World War I.

After the collapse of the League of Nations' collective-security system Russia, which historically had never known a friendly neighbor, reverted to the policy of the czars. The Soviets, too, sought to reach the Baltic, reopen the Dardanelles and re-establish themselves in the Orient. They, like the czars, found their friends where they could.

When, in the summer of 1939, Adolf Hitler was completing his plans for establishing an empire that would "endure 1,000 years," he thought of the powerful country to the east. He knew that Russia, aware of Germany's ambitions, had tried and failed to make an alliance with France and Great Britain against Germany. He knew that Premier Stalin had asked a high price—the Baltic States, readjustment of Russia's frontiers with Poland and freedom of the Dardanelles. The price was too high for the British who had guaranteed the territorial integrity of Poland and the other small states involved.

But Hitler had no inhibitions. He in-

Collier's for June 22, 1946

formed Stalin that Germany was prepared to recognize the "primary Soviet interests from the Baltic to the Black Sea." The full story of the subsequent negotiations, which resulted in the Nazi-Soviet pact of nonaggression of August 23, 1939, has only just become known with the capture of the secret files of the Reichschancellery by American troops and will be told in the second of these two articles.

It's important to record, at this point only, that Hitler and Stalin failed to agree on the exact frontiers of their empires. Hitler was willing to give the Soviets the Baltic States, eastern Poland, Bessarabia and other bits and pieces. But he balked at allowing the Russians to have Finland, bases in Bulgaria and bases and control in the region of the Dardanelles.

Soviet Benefits from Teheran

Subsequently the Soviets obtained far more from the Allies (and with Allied military assistance) than from Hitler, who never intended to keep his word anyhow as the German invasion of the U.S.S.R. in June, 1942, proved. The Teheran Conference, in November, 1943, gave Russia a western frontier as deep into Europe as it owned at its imperial zenith. It acknowledged Russian aspirations in regard to Finland and the Baltic States, conceded Bessarabia and recognized Russian spheres of influence in Yugoslavia and Bulgaria.

Today the Russians, according to former Prime Minister Winston Churchill of Great Britain, are demanding bases in the Dardanelles. The Russian demand, identical to the one which Hitler refused, is probably the biggest bone of contention between the U.S.S.R. and the Western democracies. As before, the Soviet Union demands those bases to "secure" the Dardanelles. Everywhere, in fact, Russian demands—Moscow insists—are solely in the interests of security. The U.S.S.R. wants to make certain that it won't be attacked. But it's difficult for Britain and America and other nations to see where security ends and imperialism begins.

Americans, particularly, while they might understand Russia's desire to regain eastern Poland and to control the long-sought Baltic coast, to have Bessarabia and to possess a Pacific outlet at Port Arthur, are disturbed by Russia's predominance in the internal affairs of Bulgaria and Yugoslavia, its maneuvers in Iran and its insistence on bases in the Dardanelles and on trusteeships in Mediterranean areas like Tripolitania.

There is no visible economic basis for Russia's expansionism. Russia, as it stood before World War II, minus the Baltic States, eastern Poland and Bessarabia, contained all of the natural wealth it needed to feed and employ its upward of 180,000,000 people. Its agricultural areas were already vast. The country covers a good seventh of the whole earth's surface and is exceeded in size only by the British Empire. The Soviets couldn't want more land to farm. Theirs isn't an overcrowded, land-poor country.

Russia also already had most of the raw materials required for modern industry except rubber and tin and, perhaps, a sufficiency of oil, although it contains within its old frontiers more potential oil sources than any other single country in the world.

The Soviet Union is, in fact, a vaster America, not so fully developed but equally as self-sufficient. And the knowledge of Russia's self-sufficiency causes people to ask what Russia's up to in Europe, the Middle East and the Orient.

"Why," they want to know, "does Russia meddle in the internal affairs of all its neighbors and demand a say-so in the private business of countries like Hungary and Austria, which aren't neighbors? Why does it insist on forts in the

Dardanelles and yell for parts of Turkey and push into Iran? Must it have a privileged position in Asia? It didn't contribute much to the defeat of the Japs!

Meddling in others' affairs isn't, of course, a strictly Russian sin. Great Britain, feeling its own empire threatened by the re-emergence of Russia as a world power, has just as actively intervened in the internal politics of Greece and Italy and other areas where there was a real or imagined threat of a swing into the Russian camp and a conflict of interests with the Soviets. In this, Britain had the tacit support of the United States, although a strict Allied censorship largely kept the facts of British maneuvers in the Balkans, the Middle East and elsewhere from becoming known.

But Russia, too, has drawn the shutters. In the absence of a steady flow of reliable information whereon to base an understanding of what imperial Britain and Soviet Russia are up to, there has been generated a malignant fog of suspicions and fears, hatreds and prejudices.

The fog beclouds relations between the Western democracies and Soviet Russia, and in it a new war is taking shape as surely as rivers flow to the sea. It doesn't tax anyone's powers of perception to see the belligerents of World War III as Britain and its allies on one side and Russia and its Red satellites on the other. In such a conflict the United States would, undoubtedly, support Britain.

The situation could not be more tragic. Of the 41 major wars fought in the 1,946 years of this Christian era, this last one was the most all-inclusive and the costliest in human life and wealth.

The next war may be the last one men may fight before yielding their world to whatever forms of animal and vegetable life can survive atomic explosions.

And yet men talk of another war—not as something they desire, but as an inevitable horror to come.

The possibility of war with Russia is a common topic of conversation in official and unofficial Washington. It is on the minds of men and women everywhere. It is shouted from the headlines and dinned on the radio. During the February crisis over Iran, one of the most influential commentators in the country predicted that in April, the Soviet Union would invade Turkey to seize the Bosphorus and thus bring Europe to the brink of war.

Warmongering in the Press

Columnists of the stature of Dorothy Thompson accused Russia of desiring to realize the aims of its 1917 revolution with the "overthrow of every other social order and unification of the world under the Red Star." Former American diplomats like George H. Earle, ex-Governor of Pennsylvania and recently Minister to Bulgaria, provided the newspapers with juicily anti-Russian interviews and practically declared war on the Soviet Union daily. Some congressmen and senators joined in the ghoulish fun.

More temperate voices, such as that of Admiral William Standley, former Ambassador to Moscow, were almost unheard. At the height of the March anti-Russian press and radio campaign, Standley sought to calm the general hysteria with a statement in which he debunked, among other things, the then current spy scare over the leakage of information concerning the atomic bomb in Canada.

"The Soviet attaché (in Canada) of course received instructions to acquire any information he might succeed in getting," Standley said. "When I was in Russia our military and naval attachés had instructions from the United States government to acquire information. At that time it was the question of the bazooka (the Russian *katusha*). If an

(Continued on page 52)



Through centuries of wars fought against invading armies, Russia has developed an almost psychotic suspicion of the outside world. She has never had a neighbor she could trust, yet she has found the Western democracies unwilling or unable to understand her fears. In 1904 she went to war against Japan, and lost Port Arthur. Here a division of regular troops heads for the Russo-Japanese front



The Nazi-Soviet nonaggression pact of August, 1939, was signed for Germany by Von Ribbentrop, while Molotov and Stalin looked on. The alliance seemed to promise Russia some of the things she had been unable to secure from Britain and France. But when Hitler broke his word in June, 1941, Russia found herself allied with his enemies, and from them she gained more than Hitler had promised

GIVE ME THAT SYMPATHETIC UNDERSTANDING

BY IRVING GAYNOR NEIMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

Joey was back home in Brooklyn, but things sure weren't the same—and everybody acting all the time as if he'd been the one to change

I GOT no argument with science. Science wants the atom bomb, and all that? Okay. They wanna take a flyin' jump at the moon? Let 'em. Everybody's gotta make a livin'.

Only some things they ought to lay off of, includin' an old saying, maybe you heard, that goes, "Home is where the heart is," which in my case is Brooklyn, New York. This is one thing science is gonna louse up before they make it better. I can tell you this after what happens to me and my girl friend Mabel, which shouldn't happen to an atom.

My girl friend, whose regular name is Miss Mabel Stooler, a redhead, is the girl I'm thinkin' about when I'm over in the Pacific. The reason she's still "Miss" Mabel Stooler ain't no fault of her own. She's crazy to get married, which is a general characteristic with females in general, only with Mabel it's practically a career.

It usta show up in the way she would talk.

"Joey," she usta say, "speakin' about couples, I just happened to notice that there's a sale on wedding rings at Wollensack's Jewelry Store."

That is if I happen to mention the word "couple," which is a hard thing to avoid . . . you know, like a couple of guys, or a couple of anything. It ain't that I'm against marriage, mind you. I just ain't makin' enough scratch-outta drivin' a hack to justify the venture at this early date.

"Joey," Mabel usta say, "I'm glad you mentioned that event, which reminds me that Joe and Irene are gettin' married next week, which is an event every girl dreams about to happen to herself."

This is strictly from left field, because I was talkin' about the main event at the Garden, in boxing. Only it gives you the idea. She's like the guys on the radio with an ingredient to sell . . . you know, where somebody says it's hot today, and the guy says speakin' about hot, what do you take for a cold? The ingredient Mabel is sellin' is guaranteed until death do us part, which is somethin' I ain't in no hurry to purchase.

This creates a difference of opinion, which with Mabel's temper sometimes gets vigorous. I know that while I'm overseas is only an intermission in the struggle.

Okay, so I'm one day out of the separation center, and I'm right up at Mabel's house. I'm feelin' like a million bucks. Five minutes after I take off my uniform I am rehabilitated back to normal, whatever you read in the papers about this subject to the contrary notwithstanding. Practically anybody will tell you that gettin' out of the Army is a good thing, except maybe a couple of guys with long ears and big teeth they call majors, who never had it so good on the outside.

I knock on the door, and Mabel opens it up in person. It's eighteen months since I seen her, and just lookin' at her, like that, in the doorway, I can hear a voice inside me sayin', "Oh, boy! I'm home!" I mean it.

"Hello, baby," I says.

"Joey!" she says. "Gee . . . hello! I bet you don't recognize me. I'm Mabel."

She's wearin' a blue dress, matchin' her blue eyes, which is different from the last time I seen her, when she was in the Wacs. I woulda recognized her if she was wearin' a barrel.

"Sure, I recognize you," I says. "What am I, a jerk or somethin'?"

"You mean you didn't forget what I look like, when you was sittin' out there on the islands, all alone?"

"No," I says, "you're Mabel, okay."

"Oh," she says.

I guess it's right there I start gettin' the feeling that somethin' is wrong. I mean, it ain't exactly the picture I had about how the welcome is gonna proceed.

"Well," says Mabel, "I'm sure glad to see you back, all in one piece. Come on in."

"Thanks," I says.

I go in and they got a big sign up over the mantelpiece that says, WELCOME HOME, JOE, WELL DONE." There's a book on the parlor table entitled How to Handle Your Returning Servicemen, which gives me a laugh when I see it. Laughin' Boy, that's me.

Mabel's old lady, Mrs. Stooler, comes rushin' out of the kitchen to say hello. I remember how in the old days she ust not to like me, when I was a civilian drivin' a hack. Well, maybe not exactly not like me. She usta hate me.

"Joseph!" she hollers. "My, ain't it wonderful to see you again!"

"Hello, Mrs. Stooler," I says, makin' no commitments.

"Welcome home, Joseph," she says, "all in one piece, too."

This is a little better than I expect.

"Thanks, Mrs. Stooler," I says. "It's pretty swell to get back, believe me. I remember out there, like in Kwajalein, I usta think—"

"Please, Joseph," she says, cuttin' me off. "You mustn't think about those things any more."

"What things?" I says.

"You know," Mabel says. "The war, and all."

"Yeah, I know," I says, "but all I was gonna say was—"

"There, there," Mrs. Stooler says, and all of a sudden I see she's cryin'. "You're home now, Joseph. All them terrible things are over. You will get sympathetic understanding here."

THIS is a nice sentiment and all that, except it throws me a little. I was just gonna tell them how I usta think about them when I was on K.P., in the Pacific. This was pretty constant, because I become a permanent K.P. right after I shipped over, because of shootin' off my mouth to a certain major.

Mrs. Stooler wipes her eyes off, and puts on a brave smile. "We're certainly proud of you, Joseph," she says, "only you gotta promise not to think about those horrible things you went through."

"Okay," I says. I figure if it makes them feel good, okay. "It was pretty horrible on Kwajalein at that. No hot water."

They ain't listenin'. They push me into the dining room, and there's a big spread like only Mrs. Stooler can put on, whatever else is wrong with her. I eat until I can feel my eardrums pushin' out from the inside.

After a meal like that, I figure I'm ready for the sixty-four-dollar question, which will either start, "Joey, now that you're home, don't you think it's time we—" or else, "Joseph, my Mabel ain't been gettin' no younger while you was away, so—" The sixty-four-dollar question.

Mrs. Stooler gets up from the table, lookin' as coy as she can after a lot of years of bein' a battle-ax.

"Well," she says, "I guess you children have a lot of things to talk about. So if you will excuse me, I will retire to my sewing in the bedroom."

"You mean you ain't gonna stay with us in the parlor?" I says. This is without no precedent.

"Of course not!" she says, and she giggles.

"Well!" I says. "Okay!"

So Mabel and me are (Continued on page 68)



I'm doin' the best I can. We're right up at the corner only I can't stop. There's a guy pushin' a pushcart full of vegetables across the street. I swing the wheel, but it's too late. It's a bombardment. The fruit goes sailin' all over the street and I hear Mabel yellin', "Joey! Stop!"





Jorge Pasquel (right) nervously bites his nails while Mickey Owen, fugitive from the Brooklyn Dodgers, telephones to New York just after arrival in Mexico to sign up with Pasquel's league. Standing by is a Mexican newsman



Frank Scalzi, formerly of the New York Giants, and his wife pose in front of their apartment house. Scalzi and the other players are provided comfortable modern apartments. Pasquel pays the rent and is a liberal employer

Hot Family Circus

BY KYLE CRICHTON

Mexican baseball is a large pain to our major-league magnates. But it's a Mexican hay ride for the American players who are crossing the border

MICKEY OWEN was on second base in Mexico City when the next hitter drove a fly into right field. Mickey tagged up and set sail for third as soon as the ball was caught. He made it safely by one of the famous belly-buster slides specialized in by Pepper Martin of the St. Louis Cardinals.

This was Mr. Owen's first game in Mexico City and he had been on Mexican soil only a week. The altitude in Mexico City is 7,325 feet and most visitors not only refrain from belly-busting but take to their beds immediately on arrival. Mickey is obviously a brave man, but as he lay on the ground at Delta Parque there were varying thoughts about him in the capacity crowd. Had it not been for the stern and challenging eye of Señor Jorge Pasquel, president of the Mexican League, it is quite possible that sporting bloods among the spectators would willingly have ventured a few centavos on the proposition that Señor Owen would never get up alive. Mr. Owen arose, dusted particles of sacred Aztec soil from his uniform, and was left there on third when Chili Gomez hit into a double play and killed the rally.

We mention this excruciatingly unimportant detail because it represents one of the minor hazards to be faced by American players crossing the border. Now that the original tumult and shouting has died, it is possible to estimate Mexican baseball and see what it means to the black-listed American players who have temporarily departed the homeland for a sample of Señor Pasquel's gold.

It may seem farfetched to say it, but the arrival of Mickey Owen in Mexico City was an event of considerable international importance. It followed close on the departure of Vernon Stephens, who had fled to the States across the border at Laredo as if he were escaping from a concentration camp. This was bad enough but subsequent interviews with Stephens produced various reflections about Mexico which were considered insults by the Mexicans. When a spokesman for the State Department in Washington hinted that it might be well for the American leagues and the Mexican League to get together, he was obviously speaking from information not available to the public.

In the interests of mutual amity, we shall not recount the entire Stephens story but it can be said that Jack Fournier, of the St. Louis Browns, met Stephens at Monterrey, and other mysterious Americans went over the border with the intent of facilitating Stephens' release. An explosion could easily have occurred there which would have had tragic consequences for our relations with Mexico. We can get an idea of how the Mexicans felt by envisioning a situation in which Mexican agents filtered into Chicago by nightfall and spirited away a Mexican player on the ground that he was in danger from gangsters.

Owen and his wife had reached San Antonio on their way to Mexico when the Stephens incident occurred. It gave them pause and they were further harassed by pressure from the American side. The general tenor of the remarks was that the Mexican League would blow up and Owen wouldn't get his money; also he would be mixed up with a gambling racket, would sacrifice a good career in the States and might even end up shot by tough Mexican hombres who didn't like his style of catching. The Owen phone in their hotel room rang all night long, and after a few days it was plain that they either had to get away or collapse.

A phone call with Branch Rickey had brought merely the suggestion that Mickey come back and be a good boy and Brooklyn would look into his case.

Rickey promised further that in fifteen days he would dig up the money so Owen could repay the \$20,000 already received from Pasquel. The Owens then got in their car and started to roam. When they reached Vicksburg, Mississippi, they read a newspaper story saying that Rickey was adamant in his determination that Owen would never again play for Brooklyn but would be traded. That was the finisher. Mickey got in touch with Alfonso Pasquel in Houston and later joined him in Laredo. What Mickey wanted was proof that his five-year contract would be carried out.

"Name any proposition you want and you'll get it," said Alfonso.

Jorge Pasquel has stated privately that Owen was paid \$50,000 in advance on his contract; Mickey says he was paid a bonus of \$12,500 and was given his fifth year's salary of \$15,000 in advance. In all, he got \$27,500, says Mickey, and is being paid for this year's work as he goes along. He explains the difference between his own and Pasquel's figures by the amount that Pasquel will pay out for Owen's living expenses. It seems impossible that Mickey could live that sumptuously but the point need not be stressed; it is certain that Owen has \$27,500 at least and ample assurance for the rest.

What is most immediately apparent in interviewing the ballplayers in Mexico is that Pasquel would have had no luck whatever in his recruiting if the players had not been dissatisfied with conditions in the States.

Refugees from N. Y. Giants

The landscape of Mexico is dotted, for example, with ex-New York Giants players. Down at Puebla you will see a familiar figure waddle his way out of the coaching box and will recognize him immediately as Dolf Luque, former pitcher and coach of the Giants. With him at Puebla are Napoleon Reyes, Adrian Zabalá and Salvatore Maglie. Up at Laredo are Roy Zimmerman and Tommy Gorman. Danny Gardella and Charley Mead are with the Vera Cruz team in Mexico City. George Hausmann is up at Torreón with Red Hayworth, former St. Louis Browns catcher. Ace Adams and Harry Feldman are new arrivals.

"I did good with Cincinnati and Brooklyn," said Luque, "but those Giants..." He stopped and waved a hand. "They don't want to pay nobody no money."

"Don't forget those two autographed balls they sent us as a bonus last winter," laughed Maglie.

It is difficult to reconcile the opinion the public has of Mel Ott and the resentment the Mexican ex-Giant contingent has against him. Quite aside from the salary differences, they maintain that there is no team spirit on the Giants because Ott suppresses it. At least half a dozen of the men said to us: "Ott never even looked at us away from the ball park. He doesn't mean to do it but he beats you down until you haven't any spirit left as a player."

The players particularly resented the treatment given to Nap Reyes, Danny Gardella and Ace Adams.

"Maybe Reyes isn't a great player, but he worked his head off for the Giants last year. He played third base and first base and kept going even when he had a leg injury that would have put anybody else on the bench. Then when he couldn't get what he wanted with New York and signed with the Mexican League, the newspapers said it was good riddance and he was a bum anyhow. You can say what you want but Gardella was the only drawing card the Giants had last year. Ace Adams pitched in over sixty games for two years in a row and when he left New York, one paper said it was the best

(Continued on page 62)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY VICTOR DE PALMA-PIX



Mickey Owen of Vera Cruz makes for first base after rapping out a sharp single in a game with Monterrey. This was Owen's first Mexican game, but the altitude didn't bother him—as it was supposed to

Raymond Dandridge, American Negro second baseman for Mexico City, with Manager Ernesto Carmone (left). Dandridge plays baseball eleven months a year. At 42, he is a fielder and batter of major-league class

EARTH and SUN

BY MARY DEASY

Cath wanted George to do what was right for him. But supposing the right thing took him away from her?

ILLUSTRATED BY AL KORTNER



Knowest thou not, moreover, that man is the woman's sun; woman is the man's earth?

—Samuel Richardson

CATH TIERNEY came into the kitchen where her mother was baking a pie. The oven was on and it was hot in the kitchen. The back door was standing wide open.

"I'm home," Cath said. She came over and stood beside the table.

"You're a little late," Mrs. Tierney said. She had a lump of pastry on a floured board and was turning it over quickly and dexterously, patting it into shape with her hands. "Did you have a hard day?"

"No. It was all right." Cath stood next to her, looking down at the table. She looked as if she wanted to say something and did not know how to say it. "It's blowing up cooler," she said after a minute.

"Yes," said Mrs. Tierney. "It's too warm to last, this time of year. Maybe I'd better shut the door."

"No. Let's leave it open for a while." Cath moved over and sat down in a chair beside the table. "What kind of pie are you making?" she said.

"Apple," said Mrs. Tierney. "You know how your father is about apple pie. We'd never have any other kind of pie in this house if he had his way."

Cath watched her rolling out the pastry on the board.

"That's the way it is about being married, isn't it?" she said after a while.

"Yes, I suppose it is."

"It's all right though, isn't it?"

Mrs. Tierney looked over at Cath. "Did you see George this afternoon?" she asked.

"Yes. He stopped by for me at school. I walked home with him. How did you know?"

"I can see it in your face," Mrs. Tierney said. "I can see how you worry about him every time you're with him."

"It isn't about him. It's about us," Cath said.

She sat at the table looking upset and unhappy. She was twenty-five years old, and everything about the way she looked was the best way it would ever be in her life, except that she was not happy, and it showed in her face.

"What was he doing out at the school in the middle of the afternoon?" Mrs. Tierney asked. She had the lower crust of the pie rolled out and she picked it up, first doubling it over carefully so that it would not break, and spread it on the bottom of the pie pan. "Today isn't a holiday. He hasn't quit his job, has he?"

"No," said Cath. "It was such a nice day, he just wanted to take the afternoon off."

"Other people have to work on nice afternoons," Mrs. Tierney said. "I don't think he ought to have done that, Cath. I hope you don't encourage him to do things like that."

"It doesn't make any difference whether I encourage him or not," Cath said. "He knows what he wants to do without my telling him."

"Jobs like that aren't going begging these days," Mrs. Tierney said. She went over to the drainboard, picked up a yellow bowl full of apple slices, and emptied it carefully into the pie pan, on top of the bottom crust. "I think George ought to realize how lucky he was to step right out of uniform into a job like that," she said. "There's plenty of opportunity for him to get ahead there if he does the right thing."

"He wants it all to be so simple," Cath explained. "He doesn't want there to be any consequences or any relationships or any personalities." "That's a silly way to talk," her mother said uncomfortably.

Cath watched her spreading the apples smooth in the pie pan.

"He says he can't get used to it, being in an office all day," she said. "He says he can't make it mean anything to him."

Mrs. Tierney looked up at her rather sharply. "He can't make it mean anything to him?" she said. "It means you could get married, doesn't it?"

"Maybe he doesn't want to get married," Cath said. She spoke in a dry flat tone. She did not want to get emotional about it. "Maybe he thinks I'm the one who wants to get married."

After she had said it she was sorry. It seemed to make everything about her and George cheap and careful, and whatever it was that was wrong with the way George felt about her, it was nothing like that. Her mother stood rubbing her floury hands nervously and unconsciously on her apron, and Cath saw that what she had said had given her mother the wrong impression.

"I don't know what would give him an idea like that," Mrs. Tierney said. "You don't have to run after any man to try and get him to marry you. You had plenty of chances while George was overseas." She was working herself up; her pride as a woman and as a mother was hurt. "I don't know why you ever wanted to take up with George in the first place," she said. "Those Poles and Slovaks haven't got the same ideas about marriage that we have. I don't think he would ever make you happy."

"Yes, he would," Cath said. She felt something inside her kindling up to stand up for George. That was one of the ways she was sure about how she felt about him. "Just because his folks are Polish doesn't make any difference. It hasn't got anything to do with it. He was brought up right here in this town just the same as I was."

HER mother was quiet, sprinkling sugar and cinnamon on the apples in the pie pan. She looked hurt, worried. After a little, Cath saw how it was with her and she began to feel different about what she had said. She knew that her mother did not dislike George and that she was only worried about whether things would work out all right between them.

She felt quieter inside and she began to talk to her mother again. She knew that she had to talk to someone; she could not keep it inside her any longer. She had thought of saying something about it to her mother often before this, but it had always seemed to her that her mother would not understand. Now as she watched her making apple pie, because that was the kind her father liked, she thought that perhaps she would understand. It made her feel good, the way she felt sometimes when she was with George, to watch her mother's hands practically and unquestioningly rolling the second crust out on the floured board.

"He wants to go to California," Cath said. She saw her mother look up at her quickly, and she tried to keep her voice detached, as if she were talking about something that did not concern her personally. "He wants to quit his job and go on out there," she said. "I think he'll go."

"And leave you back here?" Mrs. Tierney said. "Is that it?"

"Yes, I guess that's it," Cath said. She looked down at the table.

"Well," said Mrs. Tierney, "that's a nice thing!"

She stopped rolling out the pie crust. There was a look on her face that Cath had seen before. She had seen it not only on her mother's face but also on the faces of other women when something a man had done had driven them beyond ordinary exasperation. It was a look of total incomprehension and helpless indulgence. She understood what the look meant now, because that was the way she felt inside about George.

(Continued on page 27)

"It won't be easy," Bess Poker said as she reached for the pills. Suddenly her throat was dry—she thought she heard steps in the hall and the sound of a door softly opening and closing



The Long

BY VICKI BAUM

The Story:

MARYLYNN, the night-club singer, lies wounded in a hospital. She has been shot by her manager, BESS POKER, and BESS is in jail. . . . BESS and MARYLYNN have risen to fame the hard way: MARYLYNN had the talent and beauty, BESS had the brains. LUKE JORDAN, a young song writer, shared their ups and downs. Married to MARYLYNN and later divorced from her, he was unaware that BESS had always been secretly in love with him. . . . The principal men in MARYLYNN's gay life visited her at the hospital: ALAN HUYSMANS, an aging publisher she'd almost married; DALE CORBETT, a young lawyer-politician who courted her; SID CARP, her press agent; and LEE CRENSHAW, who had appeared suddenly and announced that he was her husband. . . . Now MARYLYNN is well enough to be interviewed by the police; and LUKE, who, in this crisis of the shooting, is more worried about the fate of BESS POKER than about MARYLYNN, begs her not to tell the police anything that will hurt BESS.

Conclusion

LUKE JORDAN had once said of Dale Corbett that he came in layers like an onion. On top, there was a skin of being suave and worldly. Next came the small-town boy who had made good. Underneath, there was a layer of being brainy, even brilliant, and shrewd, and calculating. And then, toward the center of this onion Dale Corbett, where the layers of his character got firmer and thicker and tighter, there was a lot of vanity and cockiness; and then another soft little skin containing all that was out of Corbett's control and made him commit blunders, chase ideological butterflies—or fall in love with a dangerous woman like Marylynn. And when you were through peeling layer after layer off this young lawyer, you would discover that inside there was no core at all.

That morning, after Lee Crenshaw's totally unexpected appearance, Corbett

had left the hospital in a tearing rage. If Marylynn had died right then and there, he would have felt that it served her right. He had been duped, and he tortured himself by trying to analyze the case and find out when and how he had given Marylynn a reason to treat him like an idiot. By noon he knew that his latest blunder couldn't be undone: the newspapers carried his rash and cocksure statement about his intention of marrying Marylynn—along with the news that Marylynn had been secretly married to an unknown Lee Crenshaw for the last three weeks. The news made a fool of Corbett. Ferguson, his political manager, rubbed it in, as did the gossip columnist of Alan Huysmans' Star Tribune. And so, when Dale Corbett, after his angry interview with Ferguson, furiously grabbed the telephone and offered to take over Elizabeth Poker's defense, he did so not out of kindness, but to take revenge on Marylynn.

Their meeting was as casual as the

room in which they met—a small, drab police office filled to the ceiling with the jungle-heat of New York. Poker appeared clean and fresh; and, for the first time, Corbett noticed that she looked smart, almost too well groomed for a woman in her predicament. But maybe this impression was only a by-product of his new, fierce anger at Marylynn.

"Hello, Dale. It's good of you to visit me. Won't you sit down?" she said, pointing to a cold, hard bench as if it were the davenport in her living room on Sutton Place.

"Thanks, Poker. I'm glad you sent for me at last, and I'll try my best to assist you." He had worked out a complete plan and launched at once into a prepared speech. "We've always been friends, Poker, and I hope you'll understand when I have to ask you questions which might embarrass you. If you want me to help you, my first condition is that you be completely frank, that you tell me

(Continued on page 36)

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

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Studio Underwater

Shown here for the first time are these color photographs taken with the Kaluge, the Navy's new underwater camera

BY ROBERT DE VORE

THE Navy boys were having a holiday at Silver Springs, Florida, or so it seemed. The boys did nothing all day but dive into the crystal-clear waters, swim about, and have their pictures taken. But it was strictly business for the Navy. It was a series of tests to find how to make a better life jacket.

In these tests, divers wore various designs of jackets. As they hit the water, they'd simulate unconsciousness for a while, then swim around, and an underwater camera took movies of how the jacket worked.

Such tests were made possible by the Navy's development of underwater photography. The story dates back to 1942, when the Navy was casting about for underwater movies with which to train divers. They found that Hollywood's submarine pictures had been taken either from a diving bell or through the glass side of a tank. That wasn't quite what the Navy wanted, so they decided to develop their own equipment. Rather than photograph from within a bell, they reasoned, why not build a waterproof camera and have a diver operate it?

Lieutenant Commander Hugh M. MacMullan and Chief Photographer's Mate Charles Gossett were given the job. MacMullan had been a dialogue director for Warner Brothers before the war; Gossett had been a cameraman.

At the Photo Science Laboratory, Anacostia Naval Air Station, Washington, they designed a simple watertight steel box with a window of optical glass. Into it they placed a 35-mm. movie camera. To prevent collapse of the box, they pumped in air until the pressure inside approximated that of the water in which the movies were to be taken. Then the enclosed camera was fitted with a tripod on a weighted platform.

On this first model, focus and aperture were set at the surface, and the assembly was lowered to the bottom. There, a diver started and stopped the camera and trained it on the subject.

The first time the camera was lowered into the water, a young ensign stood by, watching with close attention. As the water swirled over the camera, the ensign, named Ploof, exclaimed disappointedly: "It doesn't go 'ploof!' It goes 'kaluge!'" That christened the camera. It's called Kaluge (pronounced Kaloo-gee).

Now, a new underwater box is being built at the David Taylor Model Basin, near Washington. Its focus and aperture can be changed under water.

With its underwater camera, the Navy has made several training films for divers, photographed the underwater behavior of torpedoes and studied how well a life jacket works. ★★★

A diver, photographed on ocean floor by an underwater camera. Bubbles are from exhaust valve of his diving suit

U.S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPHS

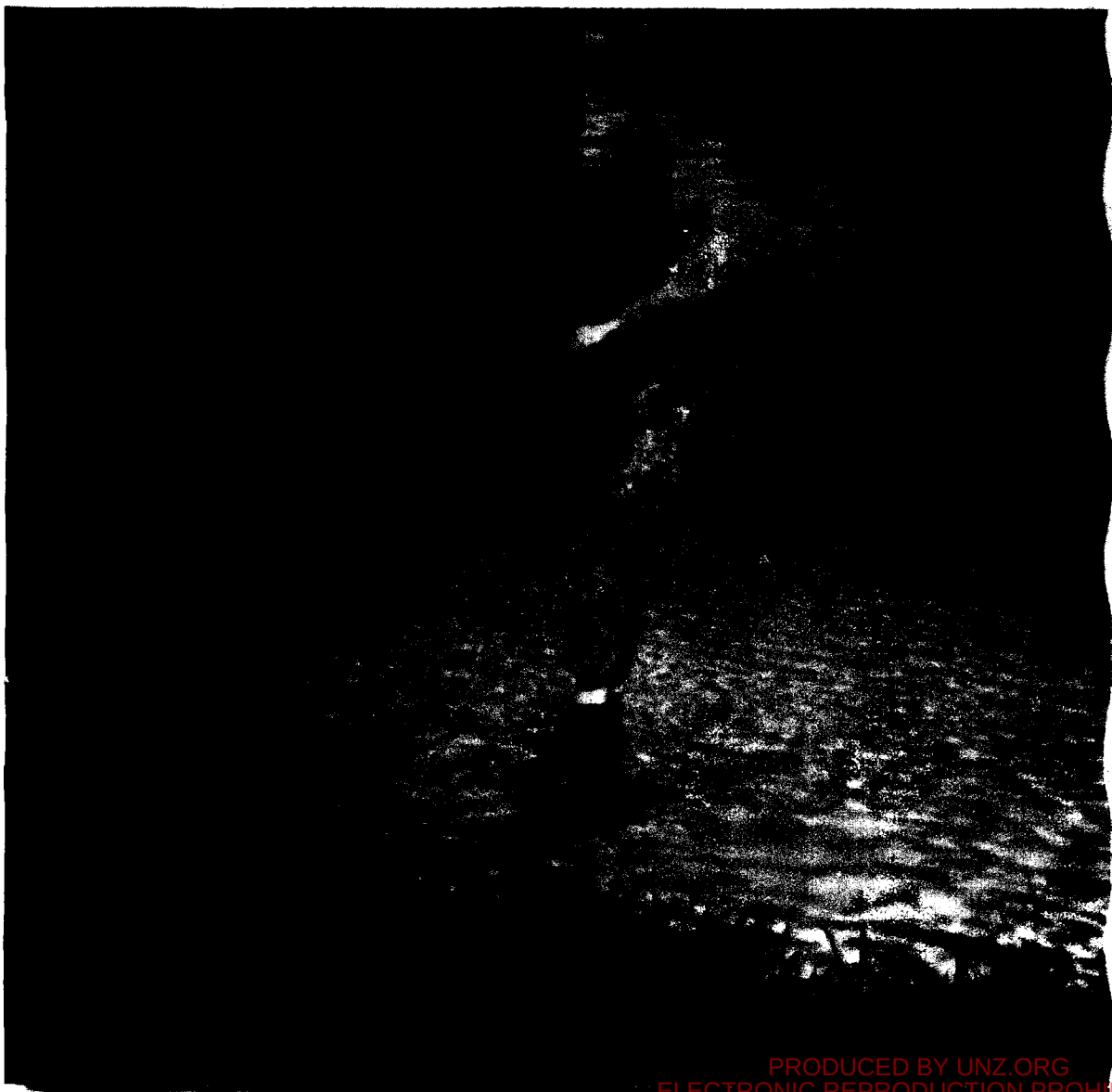


The underwater camera at the left, while photographing a submerged diver at the right, is itself photographed by another camera. Diver wears conventional diving gear



Before going down, the diver checks his suit carefully. In deep water, descent is gradual

The Kaluge photographs the manner in which a life jacket supports an "unconscious" man in the water. This jacket, one of the many types tested by the Navy at Silver Springs, Florida, properly holds the man in almost vertical position with head above the water



A shallow-water diving mask, supplied with air from above, is worn by this cameraman. The weights at his belt overcome buoyancy

This is the love story of a wife whose devotion was proof against deceit, disillusionment and temptation

ALL this happened a long while ago, for I was no more than nine or ten at the time. We lived far out on Franklin Street, at the edge of an area known then as The Garrison, in a house that was really no more than a shanty. The railroad tracks were so near that cinders and soot blew through the windows. And back of us, scattered without streets or order, were squatters' shacks, rich with the odor of fish and filth.

Father had said we would live here for only a short while, until he began to make big money at his new job. But Mother was not a person to fool herself with wishful thinking. She made curtains for the windows, which had no screens or glass in them. She scrubbed the house into almost sterilized cleanliness, despite the nearness of the railroad. She

had Charles and me cut the high grass and clear enough ground for a garden, and Charles, who was eight years older than I, built a picket fence.

A white picket fence and a garden were the symbols of respectability in those days—and Mother would have respectability, even though we did live in The Garrison.

She was a small woman with blond hair that fell below her waist when she let it down, but which she usually wore piled on the top of her head. I can remember now how she looked, walking along the dirt road toward our house, wearing the black dress that she nearly always wore when she went uptown to give music lessons, the music roll in one hand and in the other hand the covered basket in which she delivered her sewing: a small, quiet, sweet woman, with a great dignity upon her, even though her dress was old and the dust thick upon her shoes.

Music lessons were not highly paid for in Tampa in those days, nor was sewing. And Father was an uncertain source of income. Yet somehow Mother saved

money—Charles helped her, of course, as he always helped with everything—in the hope of buying a house on Florida Avenue. Business places were beginning to encroach on that street and a number of families were moving away to new and better sections. But the neighborhood was eminently respectable, and some of the old, abandoned houses could be bought cheaply. On one of these in particular Mother had set her heart.

A house with a parlor, on a nice street, was what Mother wanted most. It was a symbol of more than respectability: it was a sign of permanence, of a certain amount of success, of a place in the community for herself and her family. She wanted a parlor where other ladies could sit and drink tea and gossip about their husbands and their children. And certainly none of the ladies of Tampa was coming to a shack in The Garrison, even if there had been a place for her to sit when she got there.

Father was not very much interested in the house. Of course he was in favor of Mother having it if she wanted it, just as he favored everybody having the

things they wanted. But his own plans were always on a much grander scale. To me he was the most splendid, the most romantic father a boy could have. Who else would have been so casual and fine about a thing like moving to Cuba?

It was at the supper table that he first told us about the plan. Father was very elegant, very handsome in his high collar with the wide, carefully knotted tie that matched his suit so well. Father was always well dressed no matter what clothes the rest of us wore—it was necessary, he said, that a man in his position make a good impression. But it was not his clothes which gave the impression of elegance as much as the way he wore them, so that he always carried about him an air of excitement and high adventure, like a man just come from a strange country.

Father was serving the plates, passing them, for he liked to have us all at the table together, and he said, "Well, Mother, you and the boys will have to get along without me for a little while. I'm going to Cuba."

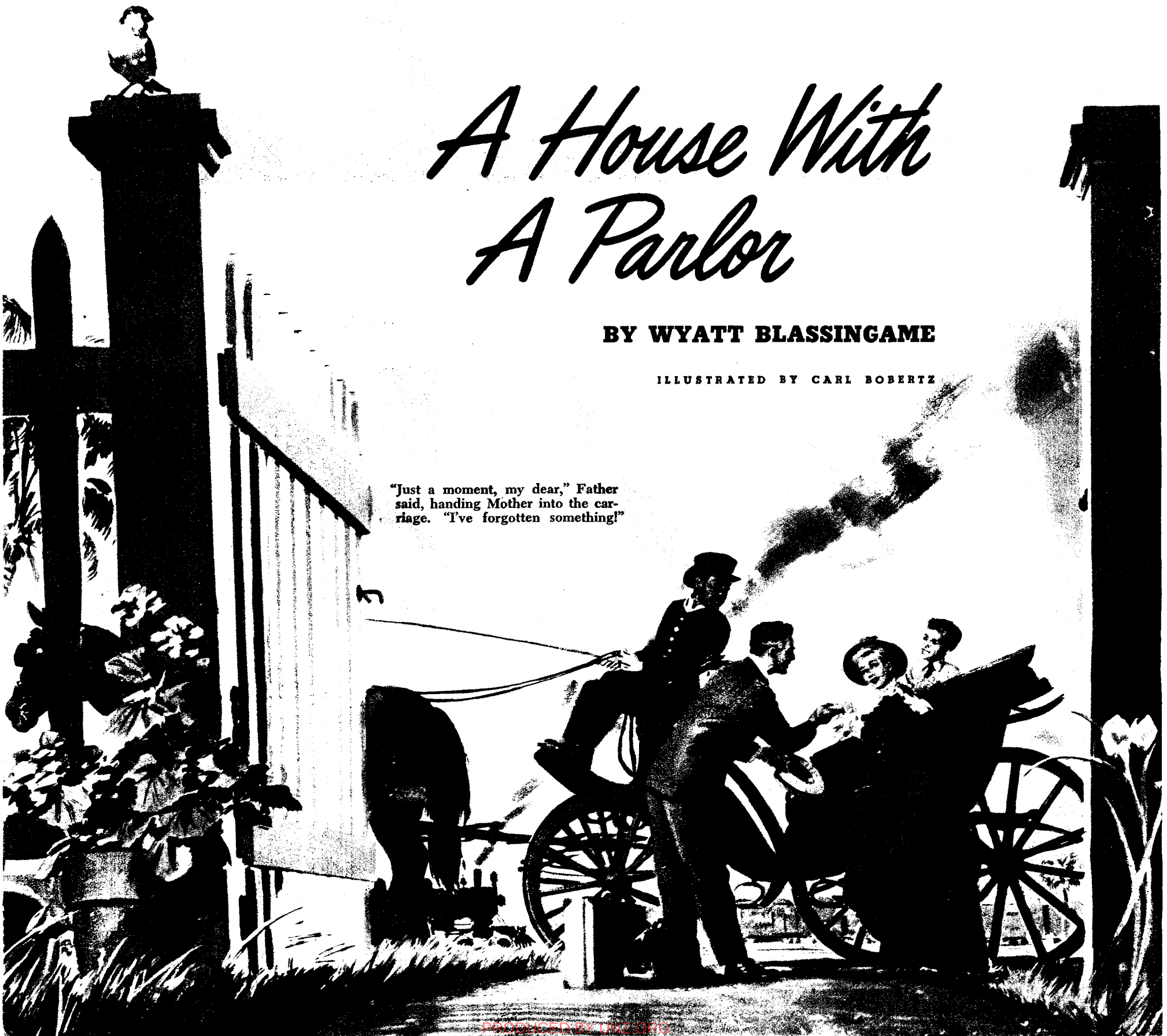
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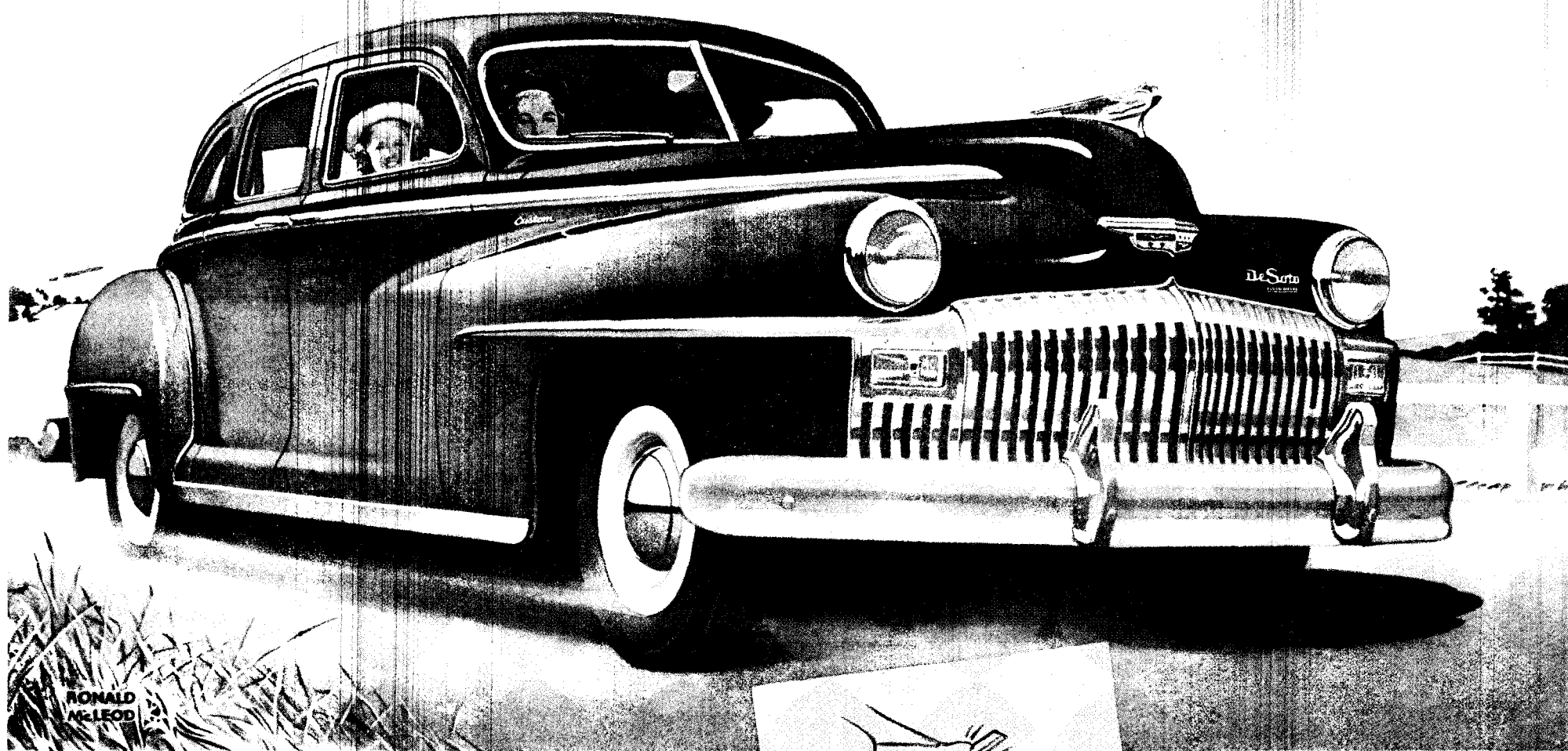
A House With A Parlor

BY WYATT BLASSINGAME

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL BOBERTZ

"Just a moment, my dear," Father said, handing Mother into the carriage. "I've forgotten something!"





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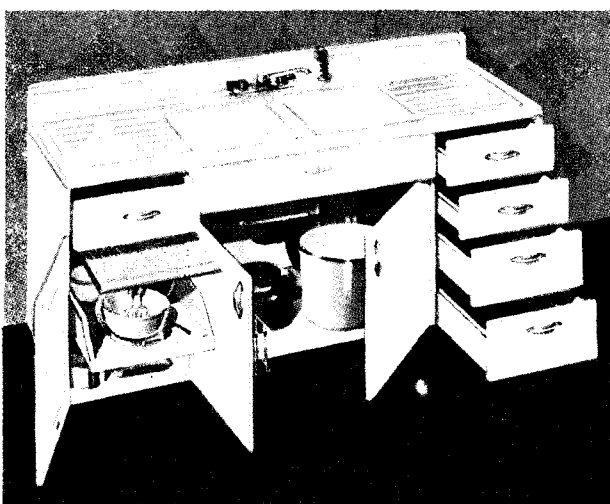
8 out of 10 want **De Soto** again*

Exciting new kitchen! Surprising low price!

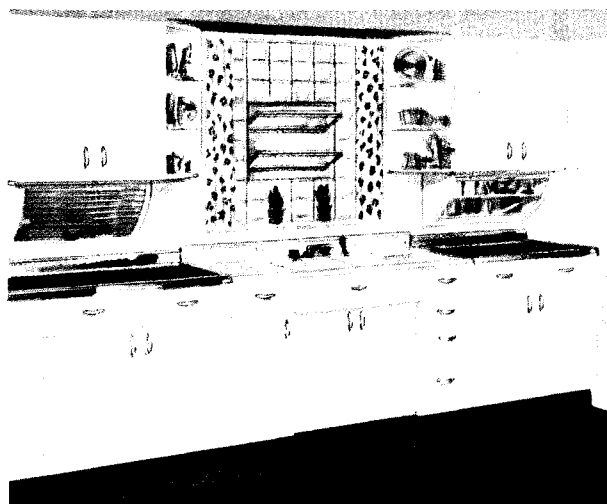


What a cheerful, pleasant room! And *your* kitchen can be just as attractive, just as easy to work in, when you replace your old-fashioned cabinets and sink with spotless white enameled steel Youngs-

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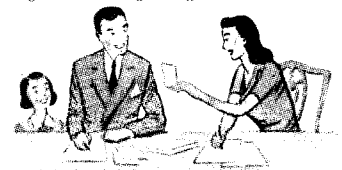
Add wall and floor cabinets within reach of the "Kitchenaid," and you have the beginning of a good-looking, work-saving kitchen. These well made cabinets come in many sizes and styles for any kitchen plan. The arrangement shown above, for a \$6500 to \$7500 home, can be purchased with all accessories for *less than \$8 a month.*



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Youngstown Kitchens

BY MULLINS

Earth and Sun

Continued from page 18

"I've never seen anything like it," Mrs. Tierney said; "the way a man thinks he can go on with a girl as long as he wants to, and then get up and walk off as if he hadn't a responsibility in the world." She began to roll out the pie crust again, striking the rolling pin on the board with quick energetic strokes. "It was the same way after the last war," she said. "The boys coming home and not wanting to settle down, or saying they didn't want to settle down. Those are the things they all say. It's just a notion they get."

"No," said Cath. "It isn't that."

"What is it then?" Mrs. Tierney said. "George is in love with you, isn't he?"

"I don't know," Cath said. "It's not like it used to be any more."

"Like it used to be?"

"Before the war."

"But you and George weren't even engaged before the war," Mrs. Tierney said.

"Yes," said Cath. "But it was different then. We were two people then. I mean we weren't just a man and a woman. I mean I was somebody then he liked, and knew about, and—"

She stopped. Her mother looked worn and embarrassed. "Oh," she said. "It's that."

"No," Cath said. "It isn't that. It's—" She stopped again. Her face colored. "He wants it all to be so simple," she said, trying to explain. "He doesn't want there to be any consequences or any relationships or any personalities. He wants it to be the way it was over there."

Mrs. Tierney put the top crust on the pie, lifted the pan up and with the knife trimmed the edges of the crust to fit it.

"Now that's a silly way to talk," she said uncomfortably.

"No, it's not," Cath said. "It's the way it is. Maybe that's the reason he took up with me again when he came back. Because it was easiest. We knew each other so well and he didn't have to start at the beginning."

"If that's true," Mrs. Tierney said, "you're better off without him."

"I don't know," Cath said.

"Yes," said Mrs. Tierney. "You're better off letting him go to California." She crimped the edges of the pie with a fork, opened the door of the oven, and put it in. "Are you going to see him tonight?" she asked.

"Yes," said Cath.

"You ought to tell him then," said Mrs. Tierney. "Tell him that he can go to California." Cath watched her cleaning up the kitchen in a slapdash way, rattling the pans and mixing bowls in the sink. "There are plenty of other young men as nice as George in this town," she said.

"I don't know any," Cath said. She stood there with a flat, expressionless look on her face.

SHE sat on the front porch at eight o'clock waiting for George to come. It was dark and it was getting colder. She had put on a blue sweater over her dress.

She was thinking about George. Ever since he had come back she had been trying to understand about the way he was now. Sometimes she thought she almost had it, and then it went away from her again. It depended on the way she felt. When she felt secure and feminine she did not have it, but when she felt alone and restless it seemed now and then to come very close to her.

She knew some of the things there were to know about him because she had thought about them so much. She knew about the war making certain things seem important that had never seemed important before, and about it making other things seem very trivial that had always seemed extremely worth while and necessary. Sometimes you thought you were going to die and when you found out you weren't, for a while at least, you wanted to live the way

you liked to live, and not the way other people liked you to live. You did not care so much what other people liked, because you knew it would not make any difference to you when you were dead. When you were not in the war you did not think that you would die, and when you were in the war you did not think that you would, except in special moments, but you knew all the time that it was there. And after the war was over, and you did not have to think any more about it being there, it was still hard for you to get excited about other things. You had been excited about something very big, and sometimes you wanted that excitement again, but mostly what you wanted was a smooth life. You had to learn all over again that there were other things besides being alive and not being cold or hungry and having a girl, that those were important things but not the only things in life.

George's car stopped in front of the house and she got up and went down the walk to meet him.

"Do you want to go for a drive?" he said.

"If you want to. Would you rather come up to the house?"

"No. It's a good night. It's better outside."

She got into the car. She did not want to

from the start how it was with me," he said. "I told you how I felt about it."

"Yes," Cath said. "You told me."

"And now, because I'm doing what I said I would, you're on your high horse," he said. "You want it your way or you don't want it at all."

"No," she said. "You're the one who doesn't want it at all. How can we have anything if you go away?" She felt her lips drawing out into a tight line of exasperation. "We have different ideas about everything," she said after a minute. "Before the war everything was the way we both wanted it to be with us, but now it's all changed. I know things have happened to you, but you've never tried to make me understand about them. You've never tried to talk to me—"

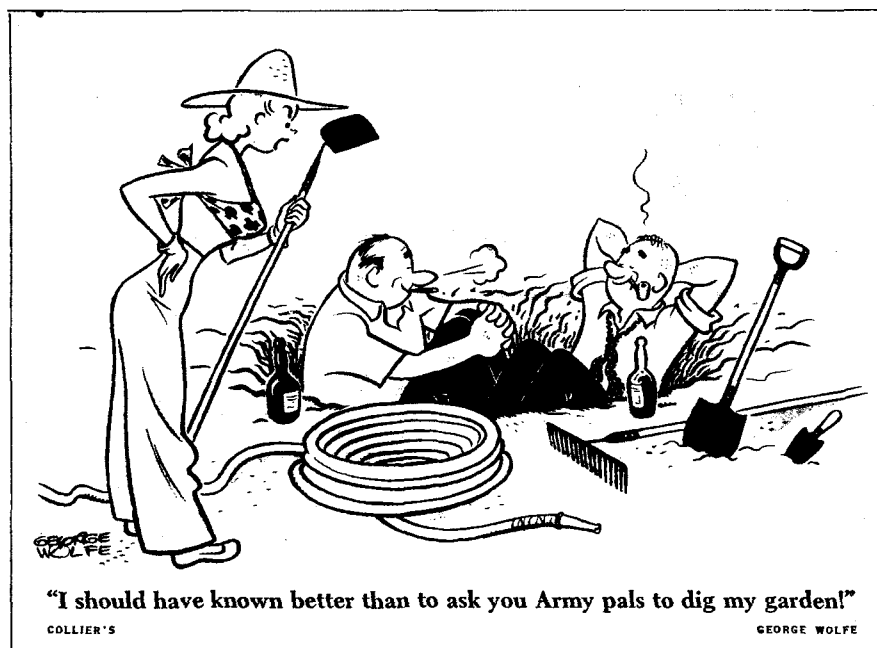
"I've told you every damned thing that happened to me in the war," he said. "I told you I didn't want to talk about it any more."

"It's not what happened to you," Cath told him. "It's the way it's made you feel about things. I want to understand the way it's made you feel."

"You can't," he said. "It's different with you."

"Because I'm a woman?"

"All right. Because you're a woman."



"I should have known better than to ask you Army pals to dig my garden!"

talk because she was afraid of what they would say to each other. He had not smiled at her and she knew that he did not want to talk either, but that he wanted it settled between them.

She watched him driving. She could read the broad dark Slavic lines of his face even in the night.

They drove out to the edge of town.

"Let's get out for a while and walk," she said.

"Do you want to?"

"Yes."

He stopped the car. They were on a country road. The land was flat and black all around them. The wind was coming up again.

They got out and walked along for a while in silence.

"What's the matter?" George said.

They were walking a little apart. She had her hands in the pockets of her sweater.

"Nothing."

"Are you cold?"

"No. I'm all right," she said, not looking at him.

"I told you I'm going, and I meant it," he said, after another little while of silence. By his voice she could tell that he did not want to talk about it. But he wanted to blame her for something. He was stubborn and excited, and it would make it better for him if he could blame her. "You knew

"I'm a human being, too," she said. "Did you ever think of that?" She kept her voice carefully calm. "You'd be surprised at how many things I could understand," she said, "if you ever bothered to tell me. You ought to try it sometime."

"Yes," he said. "I understand you have a very logical mind. That ought to be a big help."

Now he was angry, too, and that was to hurt her, and as they walked along faster she kept her head turned away so that he could not see the expression on her face. Then they came to a crossroads and he stopped.

"Oh, for God's sake," he said. "Let's go back to the car."

She turned around and they began to walk back the way they had come. The wind was at their backs now; it seemed much quieter, and they both felt strongly each other's presence there in the night.

"Why do you want to go away?" Cath said. She looked at him, walking slower; she could feel her throat swelling as she talked.

"You know," he said.

"Because you're afraid of me," she said. "You're afraid of what I'll do to you."

"No," he said. "It's just the way I feel. I just don't like to get mixed up in anything as complicated as marriage when I feel this way."

"It doesn't have to be complicated."

"Where did you learn that one?" he said.

"It doesn't."

"In this town it does."

She could feel the anger running through her like something boiling hard over a steady flame. She walked on faster to the car.

"It doesn't make sense, it doesn't, any of it," she said, "but if that's the way you want it, it's better for me. If you go away now I can forget about you, and you can forget about me, and maybe that will be a good thing, too."

"I didn't say it would be a good thing. I just said about the way I feel."

"It doesn't make any difference how you say it. Maybe I like to say it that way because I've got a logical mind."

"All right," he said. "All right then. Let it go."

AS THEY came up to the lights of the car she could see his face settling stubbornly into silence. He would not even argue about it any more now. He opened the door of the car for her and she got in, and he started the car and drove back toward town. As they drove through the quiet nighttime streets of the little town, she knew everything about the things he wanted to say to her, but she could not tell him that she knew about them any more than he could say them to her. When the car stopped in front of her house and they got out, they had not spoken a single word.

They stood awkwardly for a moment on the sidewalk. She could see the stubborn and now nervous lines of his face. "Good night," she said.

"Good night."

She turned away, then turned back again. "Maybe I ought to have said goodbye," she said.

"That's up to you."

"No, it's not. It's not up to me."

"I'm not going away tomorrow," he said. "It's up to you."

"All right," she said. "If it's up to me, I'll think about it."

She spoke in a flat tone, and she could feel without looking at him that he was angry, too. There was a moment of antagonistic, excited silence between them before he spoke in a voice as hard and dry as hers.

"Maybe you'd better not bother," he said.

"All right. I won't." Then she was angrier than she had ever been in her life before. "There are plenty of girls in California," she said.

"Yes. There are plenty of girls in California."

And she knew all the while that he did not mean it, and when she saw him turn and open the door of the car she was crying, and she turned around, too, and ran up the walk to the house. She stood on the porch in the darkness, crying with her head down, and she knew that she would make it up with him now or tomorrow or a year from tomorrow if he wanted it, because that was the way it was with her. She could not help believing as she stood there alone that it would happen that way. The right time would come and they would make up again, and then he would know that even the things she could not understand she could accept because of the way she felt. And he would know about their being two people who were very important to each other, and not just a man and a woman, and that that made it right about their being married.

The car had driven off down the street. The wind came across the porch, and she was cold standing there, but she did not want to go into the house. She stopped crying and began to repeat inside of her, *Oh, Lord, don't let him go away. Don't let him want to go away.*

As if she could roll away the things that had happened with the words. The war and all of it—with the words.

THE END



Wizard's Wife

"Well, all I hope is you ain't spending more'n you make," Alec said sourly. Wilson laughed and walled his eyes toward his wife. "Trust her to see I don't," he replied

BY OWEN CAMERON

ILLUSTRATED BY DENVER GILLEN

WHEN Wilson rubbed that tin dingus he said was Aladdin's lamp and the door behind me opened, I like to have jumped out of my skin. It had just popped into my head that if ever a man was helped by magic, it was Wilson. My brother-in-law had said as much on our way to the store that morning, so I was prepared and ready for a miracle, as you might say.

Alec—that's my wife's brother—was talking about magic in a joking way, you understand. Riding along in the car, we got to jawing, the way you will, and Alec said it was a marvel the way Wilson had improved the store. He'd bought the place little more than a year ago, when he was first married, and at that time it looked more like a sheep camp than a store. They say he gave fifteen hundred for it, and folks generally figured he got cheated.

"Why, I'll bet he could sell for ten times that tomorrow," Alec said. "Pretty near, anyhow, counting the new buildings and the chickens and all. They tell me he's got the biggest grain business this side the mountains."

"I wouldn't doubt it," I said. "And he's got a bigger variety on his shelves than many a store in town."

"Show me a place in town does half his business! He's got shoes and overalls and hardware and anything you can name. It's a store. Compared to what it used to be, it's like magic."

You see how magic got into my mind? And it was true. Before Wilson took over the place it was just a post office, with a few cans of milk and some stale cookies on the shelves. Now there was a big new building, and everybody round about traded there.

Naturally, there was some didn't like him, for one reason and another, but even those traded with him. When he bought the place, a new-married man and a total stranger, some said he was biting

off more than he could chew, and later when they saw he wasn't going broke they claimed he was just lucky. But it was more than luck. You know as well as I that when a man makes a success, it's hard work and horse sense does it. Though I will admit the easy way Wilson managed might make you suspect he had some kind of magic to help him. Tended the store and five hundred hens and milked three cows, not to mention raising vegetables and making butter to sell and Lord knows what else, and still he never seemed rushed.

"It'd kill some men to take care of a place that size," I said.

Alec is kind of on the shiftless side, and you'll notice that breed is always talking about luck. He said, pretty sour, "Of course his wife helps out in the store. He's lucky he married a good worker."

"I guess she's all right," I said, "though Enid claims she's stuck up." Enid's my wife and Alec's sister.

The road turned out of the timber, into sight of the store, and Alec squinted ahead through the windshield and told me, "Looks like he's started to paint the place. Wish I knew where he gets the money he spends. I never had no such luck."

"Maybe he's got a diamond mine back of the store," I said. "Anyhow, if he told me he was going to start one, I wouldn't bet he couldn't."

"Probably he's running into debt." Alec sounded hopeful.

Most of the store's business came after mail time, and Wilson was taking advantage of the slack morning by painting the building. He was mixing the paint and his wife was on a ladder, trimming the windows green. When I stopped the car, Wilson came over to say hello. He was like that—some men who didn't accomplish half as much acted too busy to spit.

He said good morning and I told him, "It's getting to look like a regular city store. Damned if I see how you get so much done! If I had my iron in half as many fires I'd need thirty hours a day. Alec says you do it by magic."

"There's sixty seconds in every minute if a man looks for them," Wilson said. "I'm going to paint the barn, next."

"My old barn never had a coat of paint, nor never will," Alec mumbled, sounding grouchy. "You must be prospering."

"I'm making better than a living." Alec puckered his lips like a man tasting a sour lemon. "Well, all I hope is you ain't spending more'n you make."

Wilson laughed and walled his eyes toward his wife. "Trust her to see I don't. She can tell you to the penny what I'm worth, day or night. Best little book-keeper this side of Washington, D. C. When we got hitched, I didn't even know she could keep books, but I couldn't have done better if that was my only reason for getting married."

Alec growled something about keeping women in the kitchen where they belonged, and to cover it up I said I needed a money order. Wilson called his wife, her being the postmaster, and while she was making it out he told me about a fishing rod he had traded somebody for. Nothing would do but what I must go back into the living room and see it. Alec tagged along out of curiosity.

The rooms were neat as a new pin, the way Mrs. Wilson always kept them. Alec kind of snooped around while I put the rod together and hefted it. It was a mighty fine rod, though too whippy for my taste. "Let's try it out this Sunday," I suggested.

Wilson's eyes sparkled, but he said, "We planned to go in for a load of barley Sunday. Still. . . . Where would you want to go?"

"Squaw Creek ought to be good. We could leave Saturday night, get the morn-

ing and evening fishing, and come back late Sunday."

"Maybe we can work it out somehow," Wilson said, and I knew he would. He always did.

Alec interrupted us. He had found this shiny metal dingus that looked kind of like a tin boat with a handle, and he asked, "What in creation is this for?"

Wilson laughed. "Your guess is good as anyone's. It was a wedding present from my wife's aunt. My wife claims it's a nut dish, but I say it's Aladdin's lamp." Then he told me, "I guess the boys at the shed won't mind helping her load the barley again, and she can drive as well as I can. Coming home so late Sunday is bad though, because—"

Alec butted in again. "What? What kind of a lamp?"

"Aladdin's lamp, like in the fairy tale. You rub it and get anything you wish for."

I KNEW Alec wouldn't shut up until his curiosity was satisfied, so I told him, "When you rub the lamp a genie—that's a kind of a giant—comes and does anything you want done."

"Gollies, that must be handy!" Alec said, joking. "I might've known you had something like that, Wilson. Here, let's see you work it."

Wilson said to me, "And I guess the Sunday-night chores can wait till she gets home. They have before." He took the dingus from Alec and told him, "All right, suppose I want the barn painted. I rub the lamp like this, presto-hocus-pocus!"

Right then was when it popped into my head that it wouldn't be a bit surprising if Wilson did have some kind of magic to help him, and when the door behind me opened I jumped a foot. But of course it wasn't a genie—only Wilson's wife, wanting to know if he needed anything else, before she got back on the ladder.



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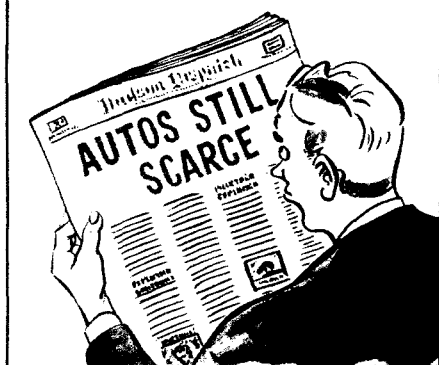
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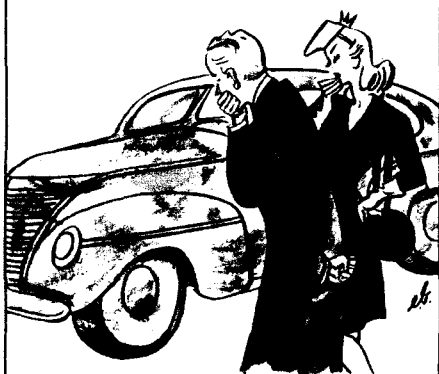
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No. 7 POLISH

Party Responsibility

Continued from page 24

be used as a test issue is the stated belief of the party that the federal government is responsible for using its powers to prevent economic catastrophes—such as serious inflation or deflation, and mass unemployment.

This has been the consistent policy of the party since 1933, and the co-ordination of our economy by the federal government has become firmly a fixed principle of the Democratic New Deal.

A third policy that could serve as a test of party responsibility is the party's belief in federal development and conservation of the nation's resources, through flood control, conservation of soil fertility and the building of power projects. This policy also includes the party's belief that the nation's human resources should be equally conserved and improved by the encouragement of adequate housing, health and educational programs.

Favors More Frequent Caucuses

I suggest these issues as typical. In making the selections, the majority party leaders of the House and Senate should discuss party policy thoroughly with the party's representatives and senators before deciding on the test issues. For this purpose, I believe most strongly that party caucuses should be held more often.

In this connection, I believe that recommendations of the La Follette-McCord Committee on the Organization of Congress should be put into effect promptly—particularly the recommendation that formal policy committees for both parties be established in the House and Senate, with funds appropriated to make the work of the committees available in usable form by our congressmen. Such policy committees would augment the good accomplished by more frequent party caucuses. I heartily endorse the committee's recommendation that the majority policy committee in each House should "hold frequent meetings to consider its role in expediting consideration and passage of matters pledged to the people by their party."

Once the basic test policies of the majority party have been selected, the congressmen of that party would be required to vote with the party on bills designed to put these policies into action. But they would not have to vote with the party leadership on other party measures.

But who and what will require them to vote with the party? And what is to prevent the people from returning them to Congress in spite of their failure to live up to the party's platform promises? Here are some of the answers:

The party organization in Congress could deprive a dissident congressman of his most valuable privileges. The first result of disloyalty to party principles could be the loss of membership in Congressional committees. The dissenting congressman would still have his democratic right to speak and vote on the floor, but he could not participate in the highly important legislative decisions that are made in committee before bills reach the floor.

The constituents of a congressman without committee privileges would not long return him to Congress.

Dissident representatives or senators could also be deprived of their privilege of influencing appointments to federal offices. These appointments usually are subject to review by the National Committee of the party in power, which could discipline a congressman by completely ignoring his recommendations.

On first thought, this may seem like harsh discipline. But the demands of our time—the demands upon our democratic system—also are harsh. And we shall never have a healthy two-party system as long as a recalcitrant minority of the party in power fattens itself on party patronage and com-

mittee seniority and still flouts the party leadership that seeks to carry out a people's mandate.

Even if a congressman had shown himself a party man in name but not in deed, he would still be free to seek renomination under the party label in his own state primary or convention. If such a dissident congressman were reelected and then followed the party leadership on the test issues, party privileges would be restored to him.

I do not advocate, nor do I believe in, the direct use of the national party machinery against a dissident congressman in his own state. I was opposed to the so-called "purge" of 1938—and I told President Roosevelt so on three different occasions. However, I do believe that the President and other party leaders have the obligation to make their views known about dissident congressmen so that the voters can be fully informed. But the direct use of the national party machinery against dissidents in their own states would be an undemocratic act interfering with the people's right to choose their own representatives in free elections.

These, then, are the main points in my proposal for making parties responsible for carrying out their promises to the people. But until some such plan is put into practice, anyone should feel free on occasion to support people who do not belong to their party, but who hold to the expressed national principles of that party. It was in this spirit, for example, that, with the sanction of President Roosevelt, I spoke for the reelection of "Young Bob" La Follette in 1940.

In outlining my proposal, I have not attempted to answer all possible objections as I went along. I well know, however, that all manner of sincere questions will arise and I shall try to anticipate some of them.

Someone is sure to ask: "With this kind of party discipline, wouldn't a senator or representative be merely a rubber stamp?" The answer is that no congressman, as I have said, would be asked to follow the party leadership on every measure. He would be required to vote with the party only on those few basic issues that party leaders, after full consultation, decided were vital to the general welfare, from the party's own point of view.

Suppose a congressman followed the party leadership on some measure against his own better judgment. He would be at perfect liberty to go back to the voters at home and tell them frankly that he voted against his own wishes, that he personally was opposed to the party policy on this particular measure, and that he would work unceasingly to change this party policy. Such activities should not be cause for imposing disciplinary action.

The Problem of Test Issues

Others will ask: "If issues develop after the platforms have been voted on by the people, will the new issues be made a test of party loyalty?" The answer is: "Yes, if they are basic to the party's position." For example, no one could have predicted, in the summer of 1944, that the control and utilization of atomic energy would become one of the most important issues before the present Congress. Certainly, the peacetime development of atomic energy should be a basic issue for testing party loyalty and party responsibility. Then there is the British loan, which, in view of the Democratic position on the promotion of multilateral foreign trade, clearly should be included as a test issue.

Another question that may be asked is: "What can the people do about party platforms besides voting for or against the platforms presented to them at election time?" The people can have a great deal to say about the platforms of their parties if they become active in politics at the precinct level—and keep active.

All too often in the past we have become excited along about the end of October—only to become complacent again after the first week in November. The challenge to democracy today cannot be met by this kind of dabbling in politics.

The national interest demands that the people constantly exercise their privileges of citizenship right down to the precinct level.

If they do this, they will find that they have a powerful voice in the selection of delegates to party conventions and, through these delegates, in making party platforms.

If the present confusion should continue, the people—all of the people—will be the losers. Suppose, for instance, that the Republicans should run a plausible facsimile of a progressive for President in 1948—on a plausible progressive platform. And suppose the people, believing in the platform promises, should elect him and a Republican Congress.

Most of the Republican congressmen elected on this platform, I am sure, would not support a progressive program. Legislation would be blocked. Nothing would be accomplished—unless the progressive Republicans could form a coalition with progressive Democrats to support a progressive Republican President. But this would be a practical impossibility, because the overwhelming majority of Republican congressmen would be conservative or outright reactionary, and they could easily form a coalition with their kind on the Democratic side to defeat progressive legislation. We know from the bitter experience of recent months what harm this coalition can do to national progress.

Disillusioned with G.O.P.

Up to now, I have tried to make this discussion as nonpartisan as possible. I was a Republican once—as my father and grandfather had been. I shared the same disillusionments they shared. I changed my party allegiance because I found that time and again the Republican Party failed to live up to its platform promises. I first actively campaigned for the Democratic ticket in 1928 because I believed in the sincerity of its "equality for agriculture" plank—and I had had enough opportunity to know that the Republican promises to the farmer, for years, had been only empty words. Ever since then, I have been fighting for the progressive principles proclaimed in the Democratic platform.

But having had a Republican background, I think I understand the Republican position. And I know, too, that many Republican leaders feel just as I do about party responsibility.

The following editorial I found quite pertinent:

"If Democrats and Republicans are to have legal standing as such, then Democrats should not make Republican decisions and Republicans should not make Democratic decisions. To permit this is to commit a fraud against the citizens who are trying to make their organization and their decisions according to the prevailing theory of political action and party responsibility."

This editorial is from the Chicago Tribune of April 23, 1938.

It was quite a surprise to find that Colonel McCormick and I were in agreement on even one thing. But this editorial does point to the heart of today's biggest political problem.

In the decisive days ahead, the American people have definite alternatives ahead of them.

They can make an effective and intelligent choice only if our political parties stand openly and honestly for clearly defined principles—and can be counted upon to put those principles into action when the people have made their decision.

THE END

Collier's for June 22, 1946

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For Damages Rendered

Continued from page 23

location for the training of Claims Service teams, for which Colonel Fell sent an urgent request from Europe. A special school was established and former lawyers, insurance investigators, judges and railroad claim agents studied for their part in the invasion of the Continent. On D-Day twenty-eight teams, each composed of eight officers and twelve enlisted men, were ready in full battle dress to invade with the troops and investigate claims promptly on the spot.

In southwestern England the civilian population was being evacuated from the Slapton Sands area which had similar terrain and coastal conditions to that of the scheduled Normandy invasion spot. American troops staged a full-dress rehearsal with real ammunition, destroying all towns, crops and cultivated lands. The Claims Service paid each English citizen for his losses.

One of our principal airborne divisions in the invasion was trained in western Nebraska on the Peterson Brothers Ranch, seventy-five miles long by fourteen miles wide. The owners patriotically offered to charge the Army no rent and asked for payment of only actual damages. At the end of six months the Army left the ranch pockmarked with great holes, strewn with dead cattle and the litter of ruined fences, roads, windmills and buildings. The owners only claimed and were paid \$67,000.

Claims That Are Disallowed

Thousands of small claims are presented wherever Army units are stationed. A British farmer was paid for the value of his parsnip patch damaged by an American tank on maneuvers. Another British farmer collected for the miscarriage of thirty ewes frightened by American artillery practice. Coastal artillery salvos in the United States shatter windows and crack walls for miles around. Harvard experts have devised a method of determining how much damage is due to vibration and how much to age and faulty building construction. In consequence, many such claims are disallowed.

Accidental bomb releases by planes on practice target missions and error bombing cause much damage. One pilot missed the practice target by fourteen miles. Aircraft tracer bullets on bombing areas in the West start grass fires on grazing lands. The Claims Service settled one case where 20,000 acres were destroyed by one fire. It paid the owner 175 per cent of the rental value of the land for one year in view of the time required for the grass to regrow.

Approximately 50 per cent of the claims paid everywhere are for traffic accidents, however. In the European theater the traffic claims amount to 63 per cent. A typical instance is that of a French medical doctor who while waiting on his bicycle at an intersection for traffic to pass was struck by an Army truck making a sharp right turn. He was awarded damages of over 100,000 francs for a permanent partial disability, medical treatments and loss of working time.

Damages awarded differ according to the laws, customs and standards of the various countries. In North Africa the Army pays more for the killing of a camel by a jeep than for the death of a man, as a higher premium is put on camels there. In India the average claim settlement for the accidental deaths of girl babies is five dollars as compared to the \$3,600 settlement in the United States for a small boy killed by an Army vehicle.

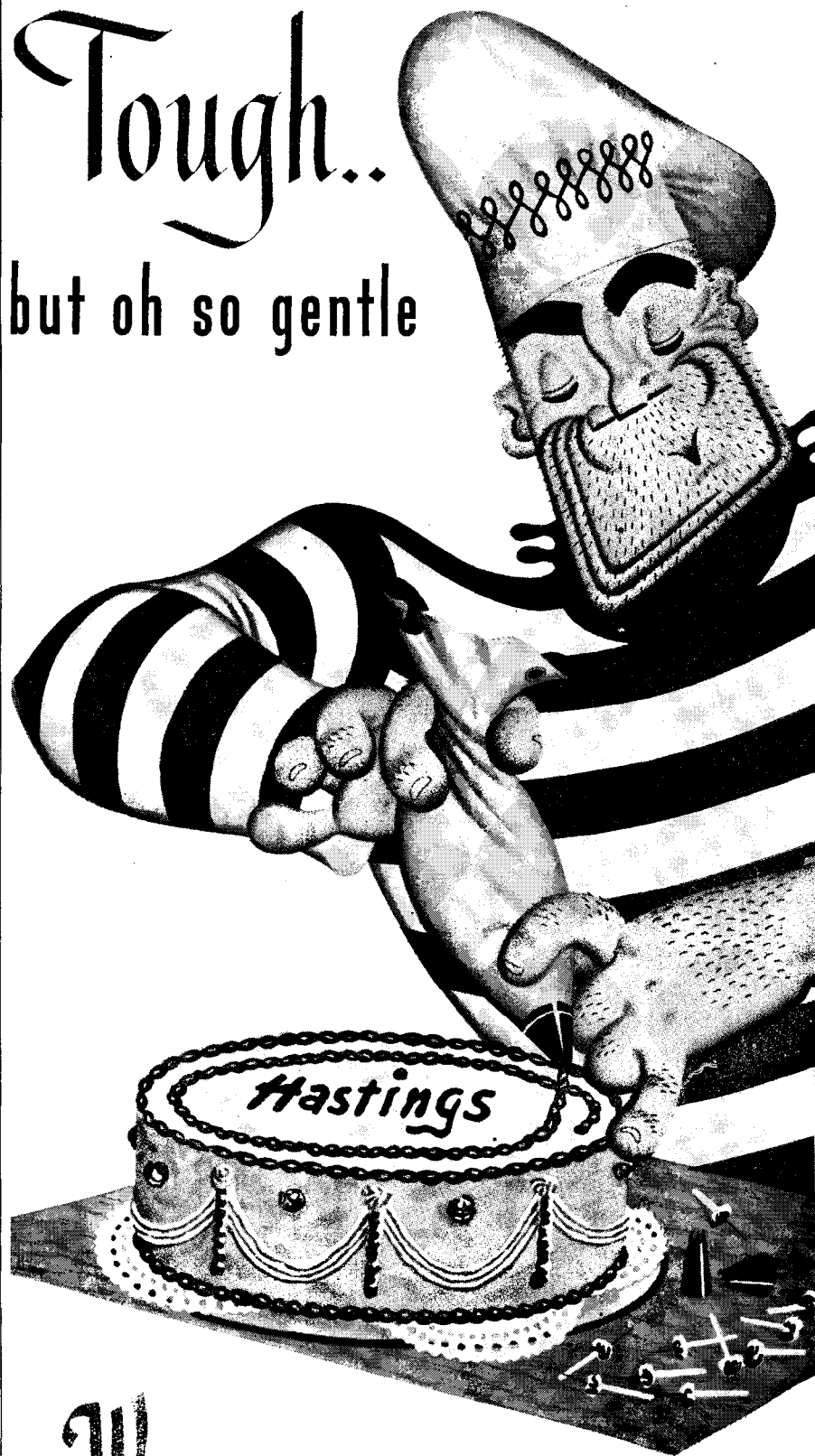
Claims on the Continent are complicated by the necessity to decide whether or not they are the result of war damages for which we do not pay. Borderline cases are frequent. An American ammunition truck exploded in a French town killing many citizens and destroying many buildings. Investigators ruled out sabotage or negligence, but as the town was so close to the immediate battle front, no claims were allowed.

On the other hand an Army plane passing over Laon, France, on a noncombat practice bombing mission opened its bomb-bay doors and, due to a defect in the bomb release mechanism, several bombs accidentally dropped. They landed on a prison killing two guards and an inmate. The widow of one guard filed a claim for several hundred thousand francs which the Claims Service paid on the grounds that the guard's death was caused by negligence of American military personnel in opening bomb-bay doors over the city.

Claims Service duties were expanding rapidly as the war progressed. The tremendous congestion of English ports caused innumerable accidents—craft collisions, injured stevedores, damaged cargoes. Colonel Fell, who had also been an admiralty attorney for the United States Shipping Board and an admiralty law professor at the University of Maryland, established a maritime division. He offered to handle all claims against the Navy to avoid duplication of work by the two services. The Navy gratefully accepted.

The Army hired many civilians abroad to

Tough..
but oh so gentle



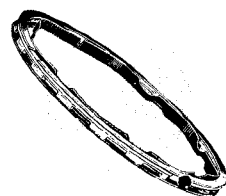
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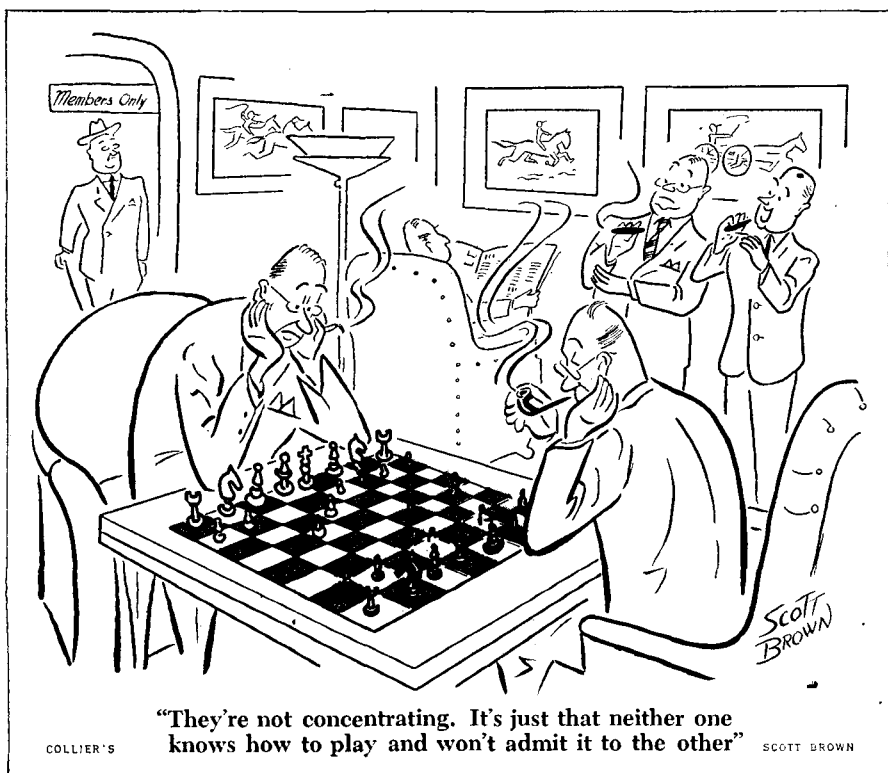
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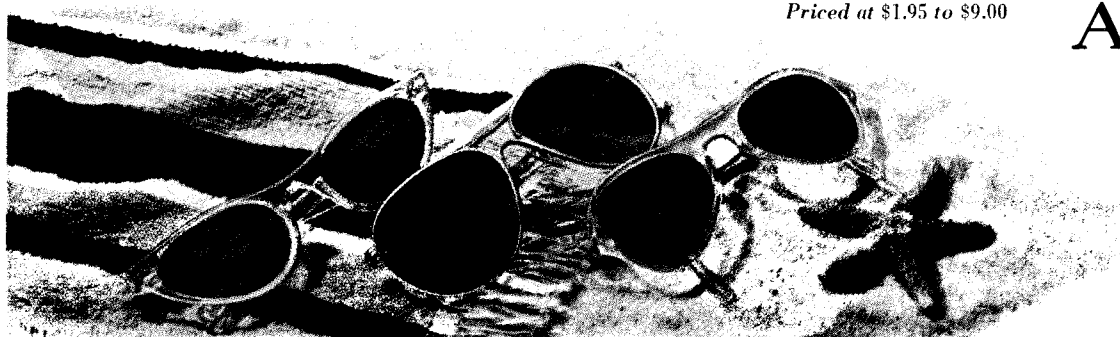
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relieve soldiers from such duties as steevedoring, concrete mixing, carpentry, etc. Colonel Fell established a workmen's compensation division for the sick, injured and killed among the thousands of such civilians.

The efficiency of the Claims Service was becoming so famed that the General Purchasing Agent asked it to share his load. Officers were making contracts in every war theater for tires, shoes, food, construction materials and every conceivable item that could be produced by the civilian population. Many of these contracts ended in disputes. The Claims Service agreed to handle all those less than \$500 although, because of its experienced organization, it handles many larger ones. An Australian business firm put in an apparently exorbitant claim of \$3,500,000. Claims officers have investigated 5,000 individual transactions, and the amount under dispute has already been reduced to \$40,000.

Army purchasing agents and engineers try to properly requisition necessary construction materials, equipment, food, etc., from the countryside as the Army advances. But as the battle forges ahead, officers on the spot seize whatever is necessary and scribble a receipt. Thousands of these irregular procurements must be regularized by the Claims Service. "One sure way of knowing they are valid American procurements," Fell grins, "are the receipts presented signed Dick Tracy, Colonel Hoople or Superman."

Many Claims Paid to Filipinos

In the American retreat from Manila to Bataan, General MacArthur's soldiers grabbed every bus and private car available, payment for which we have been settling since V-J Day. In addition, we are paying for horses, burros, food and equipment taken from the countryside by Filipino guerrillas during Japanese occupation. Investigators are enormously handicapped in establishing the validity of claims as receipts were captured, destroyed or lost and our own Army records were lost.

An alert Army sergeant who recognized a Claims Service officer in the streets of Manila by his shoulder patch simplified one case. The sergeant asked the officer if he would be interested in knowing where the law library of the U.S. Philippine High Commissioner was hidden during the Japanese occupation. While on routine patrol the sergeant had stumbled onto it still intact but forgotten in a farmhouse.

The library was of invaluable assistance in clarifying the local legal problems in claims procedure.

Plane crashes at home and abroad are a sizable share of the claims. Many crippled bombers returning from raids on the Continent crashed in Sweden and claims for millions of dollars damage are being settled. Although the Army investigates these they are handled separately through the State Department as Sweden is a neutral country. Swiss claims are handled likewise as in the case of an entire border town destroyed by American error bombing. Our government sent a token payment of two million dollars to Switzerland the day following.

The Claims Service investigated and a settlement of \$22,000,000 is being handled through diplomatic channels.

Within a few hours after the Army pilot of a B-25 had struck the Empire State Building, eleven Claims Service officers from Washington were on the scene, had set up an office, and six photographic Claims Service teams were at work. The amounts involved are more than the Army is authorized to pay for a single case here, and the Claims Service has recommended to Congress payment of \$290,000 uninsured damage to the building itself. After claims for those killed and injured are considered, the total will run to over a half million dollars.

The fantastic affair produced fantastic claims. One man walking down the street four blocks west and two blocks south of

the building at the time of the crash got something in his eyes which he decided was part of the plane and presented his damage claim. The Army, needless to say, didn't agree with him.

In the war theaters an entirely different policy is followed than in the United States. At home the Army will not pay for damages caused by United States military personnel when not on active duty. Abroad the Army pays whether they were on duty or not, as one of the primary purposes of the Claims Service there is as a military technique to secure respect and good will of foreign civilian populations among whom we are operating. For example, an American soldier accidentally knocked a keg of whisky off a table in a British pub where he was relaxing off duty. The pub owner was paid for the five gallons of whisky spilled. He would not have been if the incident had occurred in America.

If a soldier's act is reprehensible the Army punishes him accordingly, but the damage sufferer is paid regardless of duty

took his home as a billet, sending him to a place of safety without permitting him to re-enter the house. Ten days later when they moved on and he was allowed to return, he found they had stolen all his valuables which he had taken to the basement during the fighting. The Claims Service reimbursed him for the loss of 85,000 francs, 8,500 German Reichsmarks and a gold chain.

A great many crimes are mistakenly laid at the Army's door due to the thousands of civilians, displaced persons and soldiers of other armies who are wearing either whole or parts of American uniforms. This is also true in accidents involving Army equipment, as the majority of trucks, jeeps, tanks, etc., in Europe are American-made and painted with the white star whether they belong to the French, British or Americans. Colonel Fell eventually arranged with the other armies to mark off certain areas where each handles all accident claims when it is impossible to identify whose army personnel was responsible.



status. The serious misconduct of American soldiers abroad such as looting, assault, rape, theft, murder, etc. amounted to only one per cent of the claims in England. On the Continent it ran as high as 30 per cent.

Our soldiers took plenty of private property wherever they went in France, Holland, Belgium and Luxembourg. Colonel Fell prefers to call it "irregular requisitioning." Some was necessary to preserve life under frightful conditions. Paratroopers landing in advance areas had to live off the land, taking food, blankets and supplies where they could be found. If the night was cold and no wood was handy, but a chair was, there was no hesitation about chopping it up for firewood even if it was a valuable Louis Quinze antique. The Claims Service compensates private owners for all these losses.

Many "irregular requisitions" are in a different category. American troops entered a French village in late 1944 driving the Germans before them. A Frenchman who had remained in the cellar of his home during the fighting came out joyfully to greet the Americans. They immediately

The Claims Service also looks after claims from its own soldiers as well as those against them. In active warfare, soldiers lose an enormous amount of personal property—through combat, capture or forced abandonment. For the first time in any army's history the fighting man is fairly recompensed for his personal losses. This is an effective morale builder.

Check Personal Property Loss

The Claims Service, working closely with hospitals, had its investigators question each wounded man brought in from the battle front. As soon as he was in a condition to worry about his personal affairs he would be asked what he had lost, its value, and was compensated in cash within an average of forty-eight hours. Of course, the Army pays him only for items which he would normally be expected to have in his possession. It does not pay for souvenir perfume purchased in Paris on leave, but it will and does pay for clothes and personal valuables such as wrist watches.

The Claims Service makes every effort to

recover a soldier's property and if found he has his choice of buying it back or not at the rate paid him. Prisoners of war were handled promptly upon liberation. General Jonathan Wainwright received a check reimbursing him for his personal property losses during his Japanese internment within two days after presenting his claim.

The Claims Service works for the taxpayer, also, in collecting claims on behalf of the United States Army for damages to its equipment or personnel. These claims are against individuals since all the Allied governments mutually agreed not to make claims against each other. Of the approximately \$1,000,000 collected to date in favor of the Army during the war, 98 per cent has been collected without litigation.

Colonel Fell was awarded the Legion of Merit for his practical idea of negotiating reciprocal aid agreements to handle claims abroad. The British awarded him the Order of the British Empire, and he has the French Croix de Guerre with palm.

With the direct simplicity of a country storekeeper raised on the philosophy of trading pipe tobacco for eggs, he entered the complicated and delicate realms of international accounting. He persuaded the governments of Great Britain, France, Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg to pay for claims against the American Army, with the exception of nonline-of-duty and criminal acts, and credit it to reverse Lend-Lease. The British even volunteered as a war contribution to handle all claims against the American Army in British Pacific Islands without charging it to Lend-Lease.

When the Burgomaster Settles

Claims arise against the American Army in Germany and Austria. Colonel Fell's European headquarters are in Frankfurt and the Claims Service investigates and settles these enemy claims as elsewhere but does not pay them. They are turned over to the local burgomaster who is ordered to pay them from German or Austrian funds. Consequently, the individual harmed is satisfied by his own government, and resentment against the American Army is minimized.

This is an important protection to occupation troops in reducing hostility. Claims against the Army in Italy are handled in similar fashion.

For sheer zaniness the United States, of course, produces the prize claims. In California, an Army airfield was built next to a fig farm. Fig trees are either males or females and their romantic communications are handled by little flying cupids—wasps who carry the male fig tree pollen to the flower of the female fig. The prop-wash from the Army planes training near by blew so much dust on the female fig flowers that the little wasps couldn't carry out their own aerial missions. The figs languished and produced no crop. The distressed owner explained to the Claims Service which made the proper amends.

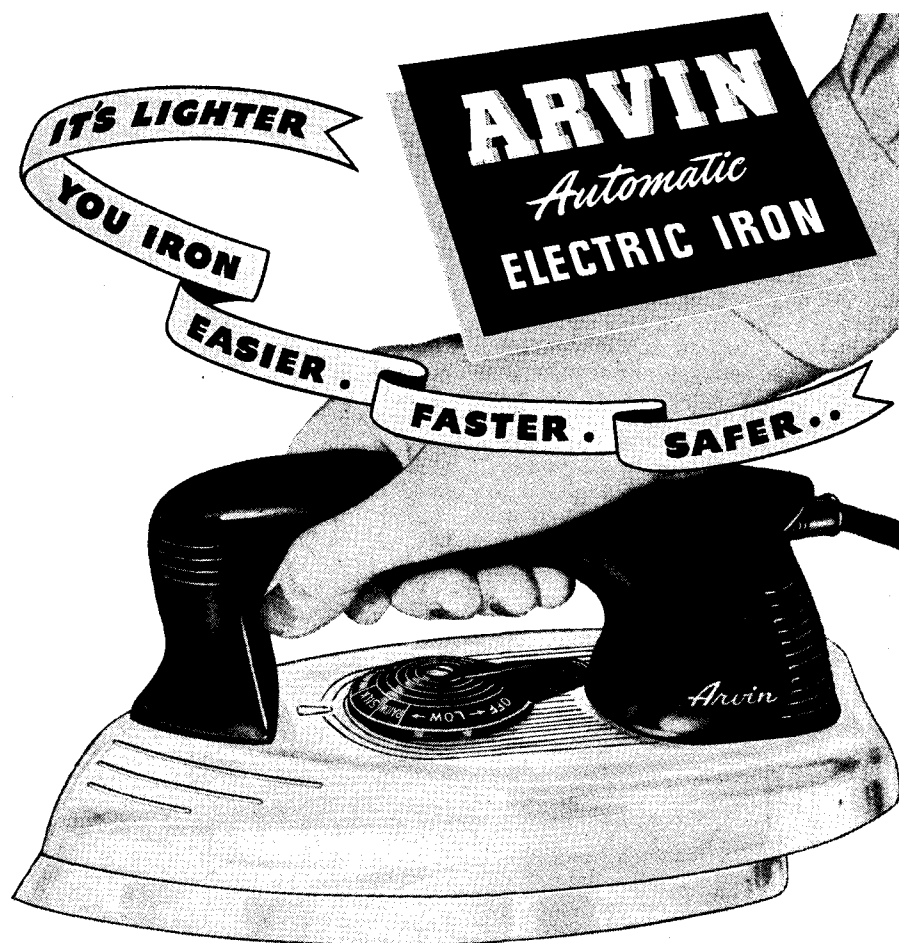
Another airfield on the Canadian border is near a silver fox farm. The mother foxes were so frightened by the terrifying monsters zooming over their heads that following a maternal instinct of the wild they killed their babies to protect them from this unknown menace. The Claims Service sympathized with the mother foxes and their owner and assumed the financial responsibility.

The Claims Service is now sympathizing with itself. It has dealt with the woes and misfortunes of hundreds of thousands of people so efficiently that it has no backlog of claims and its desks are cleared to handle each new claim as presented. But when the last soldier and installation has been withdrawn from the war areas, the Claims Service will be able only to go down to the dock and wave the boys goodbye. Unless other arrangements are made they must patiently wait in each country for one year more to handle any claims which dilatory claimants may present.

THE END

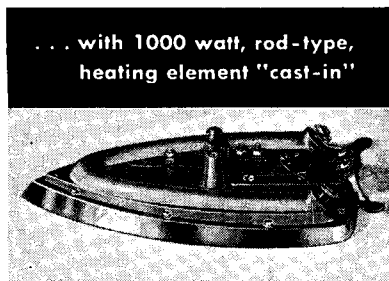
The Long Denial

Continued from page 19



IT HAS THE *Aluminum Sole Plate*

● Three big advantages come to you in the Arvin aluminum sole plate. (1) It cuts the weight of this full-sized iron to a mere three pounds—so light it's much easier to use. (2) It distributes the heat so much faster from the "cast-in" element, all over the ironing surface. (3) It holds a steadier heat at any fabric setting—even on cold, damp linens.

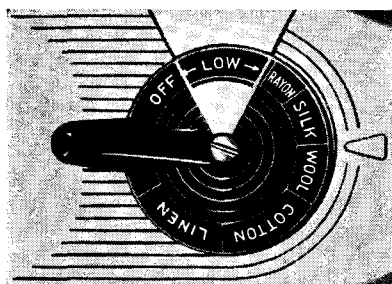


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the absolute truth and not conceal anything."

"Sure, Dale, sure," Poker said, waving aside the flow of rhetoric. "I'll have to ask you a few questions myself—that's why I sent for you. First of all, did they arrest Luke Jordan?"

Corbett was on the alert at once. "Jordan? No. Why? Has he anything to do with the shooting?"

"No! That's just it. That's the most important thing I want you to do for me—make it absolutely clear to them that Luke had nothing to do with it. Nothing whatever! Why, Luke hasn't talked to me or Marylynn since the summer of '45, when he came to Paris for a reconciliation that didn't come off. You've got to see to it that the police don't get silly notions about Luke being jealous or something. He didn't know anything about this marriage of Marylynn's."

"But you did! Since when?" Corbett asked angrily.

"Not until last night. It was as big a surprise to me as it must have been to you," Bess said.

"Except that I didn't shoot her."

"Good for you. But what about Luke? You haven't answered me yet."

"You don't have to worry about him. He's been pacing the hospital floor since four o'clock this morning."

Bess knew that she was turning pale. How much he must still love Marylynn, in spite of everything, she thought. "Oh, is that where he is?" she said very quietly. "That means Marylynn isn't dead."

"Do you wish she were?"

"No, Dale, oh, no. Do you?"

"My personal feelings don't enter into this at all. I'm your attorney now and have nothing in mind but to get you off as easy as possible. Besides, I'm a civilized person, and I wish Marylynn and her young man nothing but happiness. However, I won't conceal from you," he added, unable to suppress completely the very faintest trace of satisfaction in his voice, "that her condition is still very critical. Sid Carp just called me to tell me she isn't past the danger point yet."

"Is she suffering much? Lord Almighty, I didn't want to hurt her. The poor girl—I wouldn't want to hurt her for anything in the world."

Corbett pounced on this admission with an attorney's agility: "Then you didn't have any intention of shooting her?"

"I wanted to kill her. But I didn't want to hurt her. Can't you see, Dale? It was all such a muddle—I still don't know how it happened. I remember that when I took that gun I wanted to kill myself. Every minute since then I've tried to understand why I shot Marylynn instead. I know it sounds crazy—but I always put Marylynn in my place. It was my career which Marylynn made, and my successes she had and my love affairs and my life. So, when she wanted to take it all away from me, it was my suicide that killed her."

IT SOUNDED crazy for Corbett to speculate that he could probably plead insanity for Poker. Aloud he said, "Fortunately you didn't kill her, Poker. I hope you understand the legal situation. So far you are booked under suspicion of assault with a deadly weapon; if Marylynn pulls through you'll get away with a sentence of from one to five years. Maybe I can prove you insane or at least temporarily insane and get you off scot-free. In other words, the whole case would fizzle out quietly." That was what Corbett hoped to achieve—as much for his own sake as for Poker's. "If Marylynn dies, on the other hand, things look pretty bad. Manslaughter. If the D.A. gets nasty, he might even pin you down for premeditated murder. By the way, where did you get the gun?"

"Out of that little French cabinet in

Marylynn's bedroom; you remember it? She kept it there with her evening bags."

"Funny place to keep a gun."

"She wanted to have it at hand since a burglar tried to break into our basement last spring."

"Legally speaking, it's bad that you took it out of a drawer. That makes it premeditated. If you had just grabbed it blindly—Did you know it was loaded?"

"Of course I did. It was a German Luger. A soldier gave it to her as a souvenir, but he took out the magazine so she could use it as a paperweight. But a few weeks ago that soldier visited us in New York, and when he heard about that burglar he fixed and loaded the gun and told us to be careful but keep it handy, just in case."

"Do you remember the name of the soldier?"

"Yes. It was Sergeant Lee Crenshaw."

"The husband?" Corbett shouted. Vaguely he sensed that there might be a possibility of involving his rival. But Poker said, with the same air of quiet sarcasm, "Yes, the husband, Dale. And you can't bring him into this, either. He hasn't been in New York for a week. He was fixing up their apartment in Taunton, getting everything ready to receive the bride—that's what Marylynn told me. It was one of the things that drove me into a rage last night."

Corbett sighed at this information. "You seem to defend everybody but yourself, Poker. It's you we have to worry about."

Bess shrugged her shoulders. "What's there to worry about, Dale? I'm finished, one way or the other. I don't care what happens to me."

DALE CORBETT decided he had to break this attitude if he was to get all the information he wanted. "You are only numb from the shock, Poker. Why don't you let me bail you out and take you home?"

"No, thanks, Dale. I'm better off where I am. There couldn't be a worse place for me than what you call home. Don't you understand that?"

If Corbett understood, he didn't feel like wasting time on any psychological problems. He went directly at the matter that interested him personally: "This Crenshaw—was he a frequent visitor at Sutton Place?"

"You mean, did Marylynn carry on an affair with him while she strung you along?" Poker said, too absorbed for subtleties—and Corbett clamped his back teeth together till they hurt. "I suppose she did, but I assure you that I didn't know anything about it. Everything happened behind my back, from the beginning to the end."

"We've both been duped, haven't we, Poker?"

"I'm sorry, Dale. I was all for you." She smiled a little. "But Marylynn preferred to be Mrs. Lee Crenshaw, and that's all there is to it."

"What sort of a boy is this Crenshaw?" "Oh, he's nice," Poker said; and a second later it came back to her like an echo of Marylynn's lazy approval.

"You know him well?"

"What's there to know? We met a few hundred thousand just like him on our USO tours. That's just it. I'm only now beginning to realize that his type is all Marylynn ever wanted. He could be the twin brother of a guy with whom Marylynn used to run around as a high-school kid—or the twin brother of a million other nice American boys. He was our driver on that USO tour in Luxembourg and Belgium. I remember that I was puzzled because I was almost sure I had met him before and couldn't trace him. I know I've seen this boy before, but where? I kept on asking, because it annoyed me like a melody which you know and can't place. 'For God's sake, stop bothering about that fool sergeant,' Marylynn told me. In the middle of the night, while

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we were hobbling along one of those forlorn Belgian side roads, it suddenly came to me. 'Now I have it! He looks exactly like Jack!' I yelled. 'Jack who?' Marylynn asked me. 'Jack. That kid from Blythe. Your first love, the boy you wanted to marry.' 'I've never known any Jack,' Marylynn said.

"Well, that's Marylynn for you. For her nothing exists but the present. 'Grasshoppers have a singularly short memory,' Luke always used to say when she forgot her lines.

"I was too stupid to see what was going on between her and that Lee Crenshaw. I had flu at the time, and they packed me into the back of the car to sleep off my fever. Sometimes I heard them talking and laughing in the front. I would fall asleep, and when I woke up again they would be very silent.

"One evening when I was washing our things in a little tub he had requisitioned for us, I said to Marylynn: 'I like our sergeant. Don't you think he's nice?'

"Who? Sergeant Crenshaw? I think he's awful,' Marylynn answered.

"That's when I should have listened. There never had been a man before who Marylynn didn't think was nice. To me he was just another sergeant. But to her, he was The Only One. And that's the whole stupid, idiotic truth."

THERE was little consolation for Corbett in this report, yet he found one brighter thread in the dull texture, and began picking at it. "In other words, she was carrying on this affair not only behind your back but also behind Luke Jordan's. And when you found out, you shot her?"

"What melodramatic nonsense, Dale! Avenge Luke Jordan's honor? Why should I?"

"Because you love him," Corbett said, and Bess turned white. Corbett, proud of having hit the center, kept on hammering. "You love Luke Jordan. You've never loved anyone but him. That's the key to everything, isn't it?"

There it was now, her innermost secret, so well concealed all these years. She struggled to regain her composure. "All right, Dale. All right. I love Luke. God knows, I tried hard to stop loving him, but I can't help it. And I gave him to Marylynn, served him up to her on a silver platter. And look what a mess she made of the man! The way she played with him and dropped him again—and for what? To marry a Lee Crenshaw and bear little Crenshaw brats and cook Crenshaw meals and fetch the Crenshaw slippers. What does Marylynn care if Luke goes to the dogs? And he does go to the dogs, fast. I saw him last night. He looks terrible—all the drinking, all the

dissipating. I know Luke. He had one flop after Marylynn left him, and he's been writing bad music ever since. How many more flops can he stand? And he knows it himself, better than anyone else."

Dale Corbett listened to Bess with a certain degree of pleasure. It was soothing to his own bruised self-respect to picture Luke Jordan ruined by Marylynn. Also, with a little coaching one could probably make a good case of this Poker girl and impress any jury. "When did you talk to Jordan last?"

"I told you. In the spring of '45, in Paris."

"And never since?"

"Never. Luke wouldn't have talked to me to save his life. He blamed me for everything—for his marriage, for breaking up the marriage, for their separation, for his flop. He knew me and he knew Marylynn, and he didn't believe that Marylynn had a will of her own. But she showed she had, for the first time in her life, when she refused to go back to him. I didn't understand it then. I didn't know that in the meantime she had fallen in love with her Sergeant Crenshaw. After all the love affairs which didn't mean a thing to her, she had fallen in love for the first time. If I had known it then, maybe I could have made Luke understand it. As it was, he called me Marylynn's bad demon—and I never learned the truth until last night."

She was still walking in circles and talking in circles. Corbett was confused, especially as his personal feelings were mixed up in the emotional tangle. "Do you mind if I make a few notes about the chronological order of events?" he asked matter-of-factly. "Do you mean to say that Marylynn and Luke Jordan had separated before she met her irresistible sergeant?"

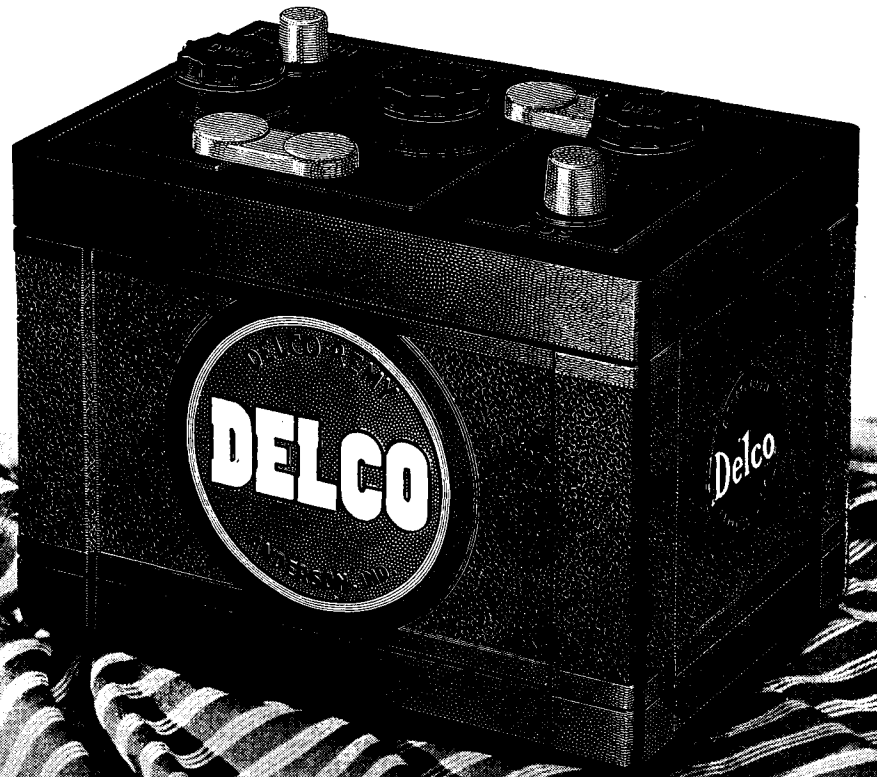
"Yes. I arranged that USO tour for her after they split up. I hoped that after a cooling-off period they would make up again. What a fool I've been!"

Dale Corbett rubbed his forehead as he remarked, "I don't want to be personal; but at that time Marylynn gave me reason to believe that she had got tired of her marriage since she and I had become friends. I suppose you would say that she played me for a sucker."

"Not at all, Dale. Marylynn is too lazy to be anything but sincere. Marylynn liked you very much; and if she hadn't met Crenshaw I think she would have married you."

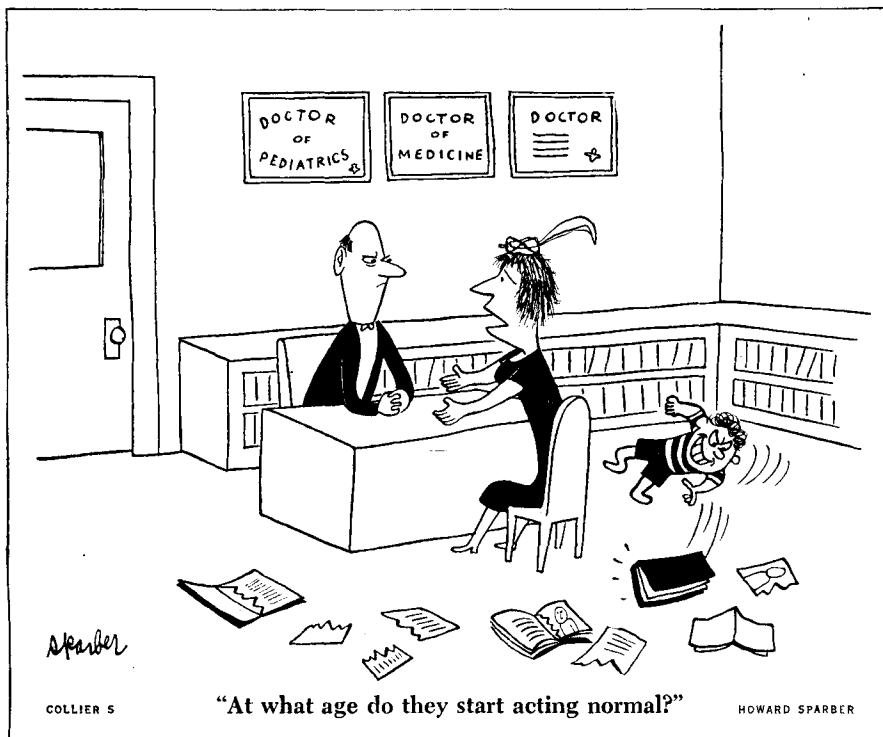
"Thanks," Corbett said, feeling as if a clumsy dentist had touched a raw nerve. "How long were Marylynn and Jordan married?"

"Six months and seventeen days, and every day of it was hell for all three of us. But the worst hell was for me. How do you think I felt when Luke told me, 'I bought a love nest for Marylynn and me in Nyack,



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"At what age do they start acting normal?"

HOWARD SPARBER



**"I'll bet you five dollars
you can't guess!"**



"Five dollars, honey, says you can't guess the big reason why you'll like this Arrow sports shirt!"

"Well... the pattern is prettier. I dote on a well-done plaid."

"That's one reason, Sweet Seer, but not the jumbo reason."

"Then, how about the wonderful way it fits? It doesn't bunch up a-t-a-l-l!"

"Yes, it's cut on trimmer lines. But try again, Madame Zaza—there's a bigger reason."

"Let... me... see. It's not... no, it couldn't be—"

"But it is, my love. Almost all of these new Arrow sports shirts—plaids, checks, solid colors—are positively WASHABLE! No need for special treatment—just wash 'em like a regular Arrow shirt. Isn't that great news? Hey—where are you? You're on the phone... telling your dad... telling your brother. Wait, Helen, wait!"



And why does he want her to wait? Because Arrows are still somewhat hard to find—despite the fact that we are making and shipping them as fast as we possibly can. Demand is terrific—and our hero wants to save a few more of those shirts for himself.

ARROW SHIRTS

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and you can have the guest room upstairs.? It's an old house with thin walls, and I had to hear everything, whether I wanted to or not. They quarreled and they were noisy and Marylynn threw her shoes at Luke—she doesn't smash plates but she throws shoes when she gets mad. They made up and they giggled and they kissed, and they called me into their bedroom in the morning, and they slouched around in their pajamas all Sunday long; and during the week they were too tired even to talk to me. Six evening performances and two matinees, plus all the fights and the love-making, was too much, even for Marylynn. And Luke, poor guy, was trying to write a new show. And both came to me to complain about each other. Marylynn told me that this was not a marriage, it was like being caught in a monkey cage, except that monkey girls could have all the babies they wanted and Broadway stars couldn't, not if they had a hit running at capacity houses. And Luke would come in fuming and tearing his hair and yelling at me that he'd break Marylynn's neck if she brought one more ruffled chintz curtain into the house or baked one more waffle for him. It was as clear a case of incompatibility as you ever want to see; and with me as the buffer between the two—

"But why did they get married in the first place?"

"If you ask Luke, he'll tell you that I pushed them into it. Maybe I did. I've never been much interested in my subconscious, but maybe it was at work against me all the time. Maybe subconsciously I felt that their marriage would make me stop carrying my hopeless little torch for Luke Jordan. Or maybe I substituted Marylynn once more for myself. If I couldn't marry him—she could; and, in a way, that was a fulfillment of some dream that must have been brewing inside of me for a long time. Except that this marriage didn't turn out the way I expected. Nothing ever did—not even that shot last night. I've been a stupid, bungling fool all along—and the worst fool when I thought I was being very clever. I always had the most wonderfully reasonable reasons when I acted unreasonably."

"After Marylynn broke with Old Huysmans, I played up her romance with Luke because it was good publicity and we needed good publicity for putting over that first show of theirs. I talked it over with Sid Carp from every angle and we thought that marriage would be the best thing at that particular moment. We didn't figure on the scandal that came later, but I made the best of it. I took Marylynn on that USO tour, and that was as good a move as any manager could have worked out. It made her much more popular than she'd have been if she'd stayed on Broadway. I thought a separation of a few weeks would give us a little rest and be good for all three of us. I never dreamed that Marylynn would fall in love with a little nobody and that Luke would go ahead and have a show produced without Marylynn in it, just to spite her! It didn't even get to New York, but the flop in Washington was bad enough. I knew how desperate he would be. I wrote him that he should try to meet us in Paris and make up his quarrel with Marylynn. I arranged for him to play in the hospitals, and he came right away."

BESS remembered the arrival of a very small, heartbreakingly meek and plaintive Luke. She had counted on the memories of their year in Paris to soften all edges and bring them together again. But Paris was not the same and they were not the same and it was the meeting of three ghosts in a ghost town, taking ghost walks through the crooked little streets of their youth—streets that had been taken over now by raucous sight-seeing G.I.s. For twelve days the three of them were polite and gentle with each other, a thing they had never been before; and then it all blew up in one colossal explosion which left nothing but a burnt-out lonely silence.

"Well, go on, tell me everything," prompted Dale Corbett. Bess had tem-

porarily forgotten that she was in a New York police office, and that Dale was with her. "There's nothing else to tell," she said. "Luke came, and Marylynn refused to go back to him—and that was the end of everything."

To Corbett, this was an anticlimax. He had come here to find out what part he himself had played in Marylynn's life. Well—no part at all, it appeared. She had dined with him and smiled at him because he had raised the money to back their show, and she had used him as a fairly ornamental escort while she was waiting for her sergeant to be discharged. In Marylynn's show he was no more than a well-dressed extra, while he had foolishly believed himself to play the lead. And for this he had jeopardized his career and his future. He felt a great surge of sympathy for Luke. Suddenly he understood how she could have wanted to kill Marylynn. He could have killed her himself.

"Let me recapitulate," he said, very much the lawyer. "When Marylynn refused a reconciliation with Jordan and he blamed you for it, you were desperate. The world had come to an end for you. But there's one point I don't understand. Psychologically speaking, you should have shot her then. If you didn't grab a gun in Paris, why yesterday? In Paris, you had lost Luke; yesterday, when Marylynn told you that she was married to Crenshaw, didn't it occur to you to catch Luke Jordan on the rebound?"

THIS was so new and amazing that Bess burst out in a breathless laugh that was almost a sob. "No, it didn't occur to me, neither yesterday nor ever before. That's just it, Dale; swapping my own life for Marylynn's has been bad for me. It has taken from me whatever little self-assurance I might have had before. Marylynn was so much of a woman that living at her side made me forget completely that, after all, I am a female too. I—catch Luke for myself? He's tramping the hospital corridor right now. He'll never get over being crazy about Marylynn. Can't I make you understand that shooting Marylynn had nothing to do with Luke? I gave up Luke the day he met Marylynn. I haven't done anything but give him up again and again ever since. I gave him up for good in Paris—and I didn't shoot. It was the hardest part of the bargain, but I stuck to it. I had given up a lot. I had given up myself, and in the end I had to give up Luke, too. But I still thought that I got a fair deal. I'd got all I'd bargained for. I lost Luke, but I still had Marylynn. That meant my share of her success and her glamor and her money and her way of living—free, wide, and handsome."

"And all the time Marylynn—this helpless, useless, lazy little number—was lying to me and keeping her great secret hidden from me. And then last night she comes into my room in her sloppy pink negligee and tells me, completely cold, that she has been married these last three weeks and that she'll never sign another contract and never sing again—except lullabies for all the babies she wants to have as soon as possible. Not for a second did she stop to think what would become of me without her. This time she didn't even offer me a guest room upstairs. After all I had done for her, she treated me as if I were her worst enemy, as if I had stolen her life. 'You've outlived your usefulness, Pokey. Thanks for everything, but this is where I get off.'"

"I still don't quite know what happened to me then. It was like being caught in a landslide, or running with a car smack up against a wall—a dead end, no way to go ahead, no way to turn back. I had given up everything—even Luke—for my share of Marylynn's life. When she took that away from me, there was nothing left, nothing. 'If you let me down now I'll kill myself,' I said; and I meant it. She sat down on her bed and told that silly doll of hers, 'Did you hear what Pokey said? She must have gone nuts.' I took the gun out of the cabinet. I suddenly had a chill that made me tremble."

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It felt like black water running through me. When I turned around with the gun in my hand, I heard Marylynn laugh. "Oh, quit it, Pokey—you look so funny!" she said; and that's the last I remember. Everything turned white, and something gave, and there was the smell of powder and I had shot Marylynn."

Bess stopped talking. She took out a fresh, clean handkerchief, unfolded it carefully, and dabbed a bit of perspiration from her forehead. She looked at the window, she looked at the lawyer, she smiled politely. "It's hot, isn't it?" she said.

Corbett got up. "I think we've discussed enough for today. I'll outline our next steps, and in the meantime we'll probably know more about Marylynn's chances for recovery. And don't worry too much; you've got a good case. Just don't answer any questions. And stick to the fact that you were unconscious when you fired that gun." Bess, who deduced that Corbett hadn't understood half of what she'd told him, answered only with a somewhat superior and regretful smile. He patted her reassuringly, the way all men used to pat Pokey: not like a girl but like a horse. The guard outside opened the door, and Matron Nestler took her back to her cell.

Dale Corbett, never a man to underestimate the power of the press, allowed himself to be interviewed by the two reporters who caught him downstairs. He told them that he would plead insanity for his client. And this was the second blunder he made that day, and the one that finished him off as a candidate in the coming election.

FOR some reason, the adjective "old" was inseparably linked with the name of Alan W. Huysmans: he was "the Old Man" for the staff of his newspapers, "the Old Boy" to his friends, "Old Huysmans" to people who boasted of being acquainted with him. At college they had nicknamed him "Old Owl," for there had been something musty and unyoung about him even as a student, and this name had stuck to him through his years as a member of the Club. But, curiously enough, Alan W. Huysmans had never thought of himself as old. Like every reactionary, he felt himself strong as a rock, right in every respect, and perfectly fit to take care of every issue, while the world around him was deteriorating and changing from bad to worse instead of remaining immovable like himself.

However, when he left the hospital that morning after his outrageous encounter with the second of Marylynn's husbands, he did not feel well at all. A latent discomfort lodging in his veins and nerves had suddenly become very tangible, and on the way to his office he suffered a slight attack of car sickness.

Behind his office Huysmans had installed a room that represented one of the few real luxuries to which he treated himself. It was half barbershop and half gymnasium, and A. W. turned hopefully to its intricate equipment for relief.

He was too hot and too tired for the electric horse, but he expected much from a cold shower and massage. However, these proved disappointing, and he ordered Jeffries, his private barber and masseur, to give him a shave and a facial. While he was lying stretched out on his private barber chair, having his face alternately rubbed with ice and steamed with hot towels, something happened to him like the delayed explosion of a time bomb.

It was only at that moment that he actually felt the shock he had suffered at Lee Crenshaw's appearance. There was a loud dialogue going on somewhere near the nape of his neck, where, from a heavy, hot center, a terrible headache began to spread—one voice questioning vulgarly: *What has this Lee Crenshaw got that I haven't got?* and another voice answering brutally: *He's got nothing, but he's young.* Huysmans pulled the towel from his face, pushed Jeffries aside and went to the full-length mirror to look at himself. He still did not think he was old. But, for the first time, it occurred to him that he wasn't young. A heavy man, with blue veins on his legs and gray hair on his chest. If not being young meant dragging this heavy, listless, joyless, disgusted body through an endless succession of days like this one, then—Huysmans felt—he would gladly have exchanged his whole empire for the slim, merry sixteen years of the office boy who came in just then with a batch of cables.

It was only a second in which the discomfort of a lifetime culminated, and it passed quickly. From then on, his day took its usual course: conferences, meetings, listening to reports, dictating letters, distributing largesse to charity institutions, and poisoning a few causes that weren't to his liking. He also decided to go on a diet and take off a few pounds. He canceled a luncheon appointment and ordered a frugal tray to be brought to his office. But at the sight of his buttermilk and his banana he was overcome by revulsion, and he didn't touch his food.

The smell of the hospital still lodged in his nose, and the taste of his own breath displeased him.

At three o'clock he took himself with all his miserable symptoms and malaise to his mother, grumbling about the old lady's whim of staying in the town house during a heat wave. The unadmitted knowledge that his mother had left The Grange because she expected to die soon and wanted to do so in the old family home near



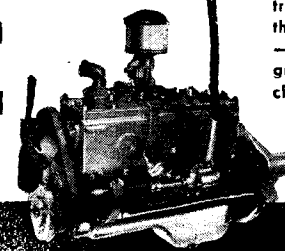
A new or reconditioned engine needs adequate lubrication more than at any other time! All parts are tight fitting—friction is high between moving parts and undue wear is possible because of improper lubrication.

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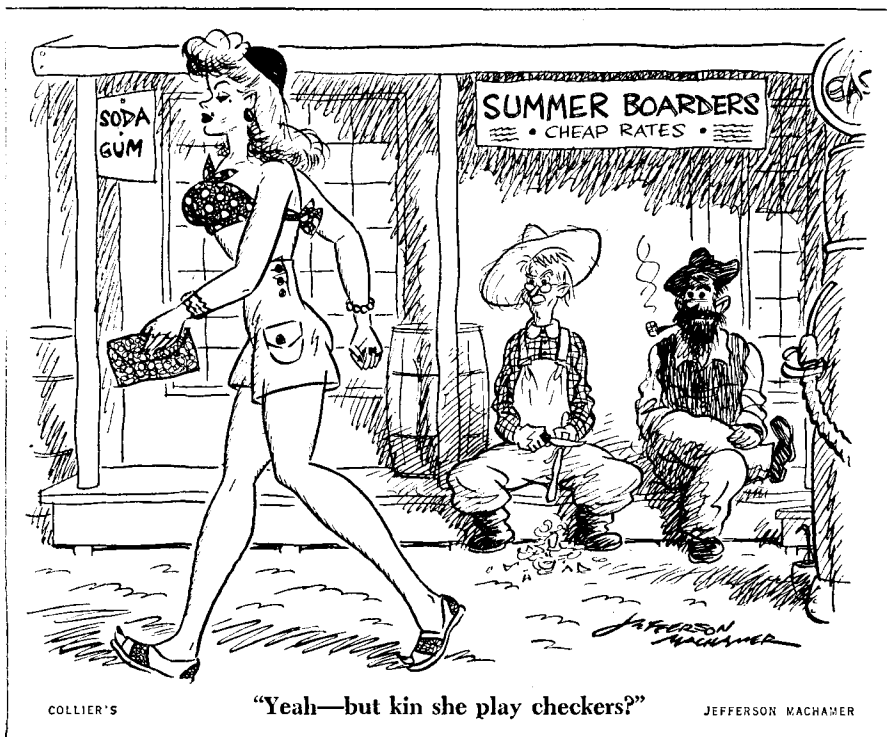
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"Yeah—but kin she play checkers?"

JEFFERSON MACHAMER

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Longines watches have won more public honors than any other timepiece—including 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals, and countless citations for accuracy from government observations all over the world

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Gramercy Park didn't make him feel any better. But no sooner had he placed himself in his accustomed chair in his mother's sitting room than he began to breathe a little easier.

"How are you, my boy?"

"Fine, thanks, ma'am, and you?"

"Excellent."

"Not too hot for you, ma'am?"

"I'm glad it's a little warm. Now that I'm past seventy, I always have cold feet, especially when I'm staying at The Grange. With you it's different, my boy. You work very hard, and you're young and full-blooded."

There ensued a little silence filled with the fine harmony which Huysmans found only in his mother's presence—probably because his mother was the only person who knew that he was a shy, sensitive and vulnerable youngster. Then he discovered a newspaper resting on the thin knitted rug that was spread over Mrs. Huysmans' old knees.

"Been reading the paper, ma'am?"

"Only some of the gossip. You know that I'm a fiend for gossip."

"Our Schreckenbacher writes quite an amusing column."

"Fairly amusing," said Mrs. Huysmans. "Poor Mary." It was the first time the name had been mentioned between them since the disaster of the broken engagement.

"Poor Mary has gone and made a public spectacle of herself again. Disgusting," Huysmans said in a cold fury.

His mother smiled. "I wouldn't exactly call it that. She didn't get herself shot by her own choice, did she?"

"She married again by her own choice. And what choice! You should see what type she married this time! The first husband was a decadent communistic sot. This one is—well—a football player at best. How do you think I feel when my former fiancée gets herself married to a new man every six months? Life in the rabbit hutch—utterly repulsive."

"She's a good, honest woman, Alan. She could have married your money and taken a new lover every six months instead of another husband. You wouldn't have preferred that, my boy?"

"Frankly, that possibility hadn't entered my mind, and I don't feel like discussing it now." Huysmans felt a suffocating anger against his mother. He looked at his wrist watch and got up. "Sorry, Mother, but I have to be at a directors' meeting at three-thirty."

"Don't you want to have dinner with me?" old Mrs. Huysmans asked, scanning his flushed and strained face.

"No, thanks, Mother. My stomach is a little upset. I think I'll drive out to Oyster Bay tonight and catch up on my sleep."

"Alan," Mrs. Huysmans said, as he reached the door, "don't you think you'd feel better if you sent some flowers to the hospital?"

"Definitely not."

"That's too bad, my boy—but never mind. I phoned Oyster Bay this morning and told Ohmsted to cut three dozen of your Maggie Vandenholts and send them to Mary."

THE day dragged on and on, without relief, without a meaning. More headache, the pressure at the nape of the neck still growing, long after it had reached the point of being unbearable. A few clouds, but no rain.

"How's the Old Man?" the editor Jenkins asked the columnist Schreckenbacher, who emerged from the inner sanctum.

"Pretty awful. Acting like a poisoned rat."

Shortly after four o'clock, Huysmans broke away from his office in a sort of panic, leaving a minor mountain of unfinished business behind.

"To Oyster Bay, Wallace," he said, because suddenly it seemed to him that a little evening breeze from the Sound was the only thing that would make him feel better. But he was a sick man. The roaring of traffic on the Queensborough Bridge was too

much for the pain in his head, which by now had been joined by a hard, hot ball wedging itself in between his heart and his stomach.

"Turn around and go back to the Club!" he ordered.

"Yes, Mr. Huysmans," Wallace said obediently, and drove on—for there was no turning around in the middle of the bridge.

"Don't you hear me? Turn around, damn you!" Huysmans shouted in a miserable fury.

Wallace drove to the end of the bridge, and made a U-turn; and Huysmans had to face for a second time the infernal noise and hustle as they crossed back to Manhattan.

But the Club was no better. Huysmans felt himself skewered on the curious, derisive glances of the men he knew. He heard his name mentioned on all sides, and Marylynn's, and Dale Corbett's; and he heard the hidden laughter that followed him, and heard the conversations that stopped abruptly as he approached, and started up again as soon as he had passed. He met Dale Corbett there, and their interview was nasty and unrewarding and depressing.

One of the evening papers carried pictures of all the men who had ever been in-

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Red. With
Amendments
Block
Kept

BEGINNING
IN NEXT WEEK'S
COLLIER'S

The inside story of a startling and puzzling murder, set in the city room of a great daily newspaper. It's the story of young Arthur Leslie, city editor of the New York Courier; of Sue Wharton, a lovely and loyal reporter; of Marilyn Carter, who was not what she seemed to be; and of Forrest C. Willshire himself, a tyrant whose life was a strange paradox of bold violence and deep secrecy.

You'd say "Call it Murder!" but the city editor says

SLUG IT SLAY!

A New Serial By
EDWIN LANHAM



volved with Marylynn. There were eighteen of them. The snapshot of Alan Huysmans was ugly and cruel: it made him look like an old, grimacing baboon.

He ordered a drink and lighted a cigar. He took a gulp of his highball, but there was a foul taste to it, and he had trouble keeping it down. He wanted to steady himself, and took a deep pull of his cigar, but the next moment he felt miserably sick. He mashed out the cigar in the ash tray, and put the highball glass out of reach. He rolled the paper into a tight sausage; suddenly he hated the smell of printer's ink that had been part and parcel of his life. He was dizzy as he got up, but he successfully navigated the long voyage to the wastepaper basket, into which, with a trace of his old arrogance, he dropped the paper.

This done, he started out for the second stretch of the voyage and, sailing through an ever denser fog of dizziness, he reached the men's room.

He was beginning to tremble with a chill that drilled a million needles of ice into his blood. The floor was swaying under him

like the deck of a boat in a ground swell. He fell down into a chair and covered his eyes with his hands. There was a great roaring in his ears, and the pain in his head was unbearable. . . .

Bob Simms, the old reporter of the Star Tribune, stumbled into the bar on Third Avenue like a very drunken man, although he was sober. Without stopping at the counter, he rushed into the telephone booth, fumbled his nickel into the slot and got Jenkins on the phone.

"Get this!" he shouted. "Scoop one: When Marylynn came to, she didn't want to see her new husband, she sent for Luke Jordan, the ex. Naturally the husband didn't like that, and they had a fight in which Luke knocked out Crenshaw. Yes, you heard me right. Luke Jordan, hundred and forty-eight pounds, against Sergeant Lee Crenshaw, hundred and eighty-two pounds, and that's God's holy truth. I have it from Sid Carp, who got a black eye when he tried to break it up. Scoop two: Barring unforeseen complications, Dr. Bassington declared Marylynn out of danger. Scoop three: Marylynn was shot by accident. It was only horseplay, and that Poker girl didn't know the gun was loaded. You can believe that or not, but that's what Marylynn told the police. Now is that a scoop or not? Is it a fifty-dollar scoop, or is it?"

There was a silence—a long silence. Then Jenkins' voice came over the wire, sounding curiously distant and tired.

"Good work, Bobby, but I can top you. We have a thousand-dollar scoop right here in the office. Ten minutes ago the Old Man kicked the bucket."

IF JUDGE BRADLEY had been a movie actor, he would have been exactly the type the casting office would have picked for playing a judge.

"Sit down, Miss Poker," he said, when Bess was brought into his chambers. "Now we'll have to have a little friendly talk."

Bess was very tired of all the friendly talks she had undergone since last night: with Fowler, with the matron, with Dale Corbett. Everybody seemed eager to help her, but she did not want to be helped. All she wanted was to be left alone, to lie on her cot, and to go on with an interminable silent dialogue between herself and Marylynn. She had put her case before a court in which she herself was accused and accuser, defendant and defender, judge and jury. And she found herself guilty on many counts—least guilty when she had fired the gun, and most guilty when she had pushed Marylynn into one success after another—substituting her own vicarious ambition for the girl's simple natural instincts.

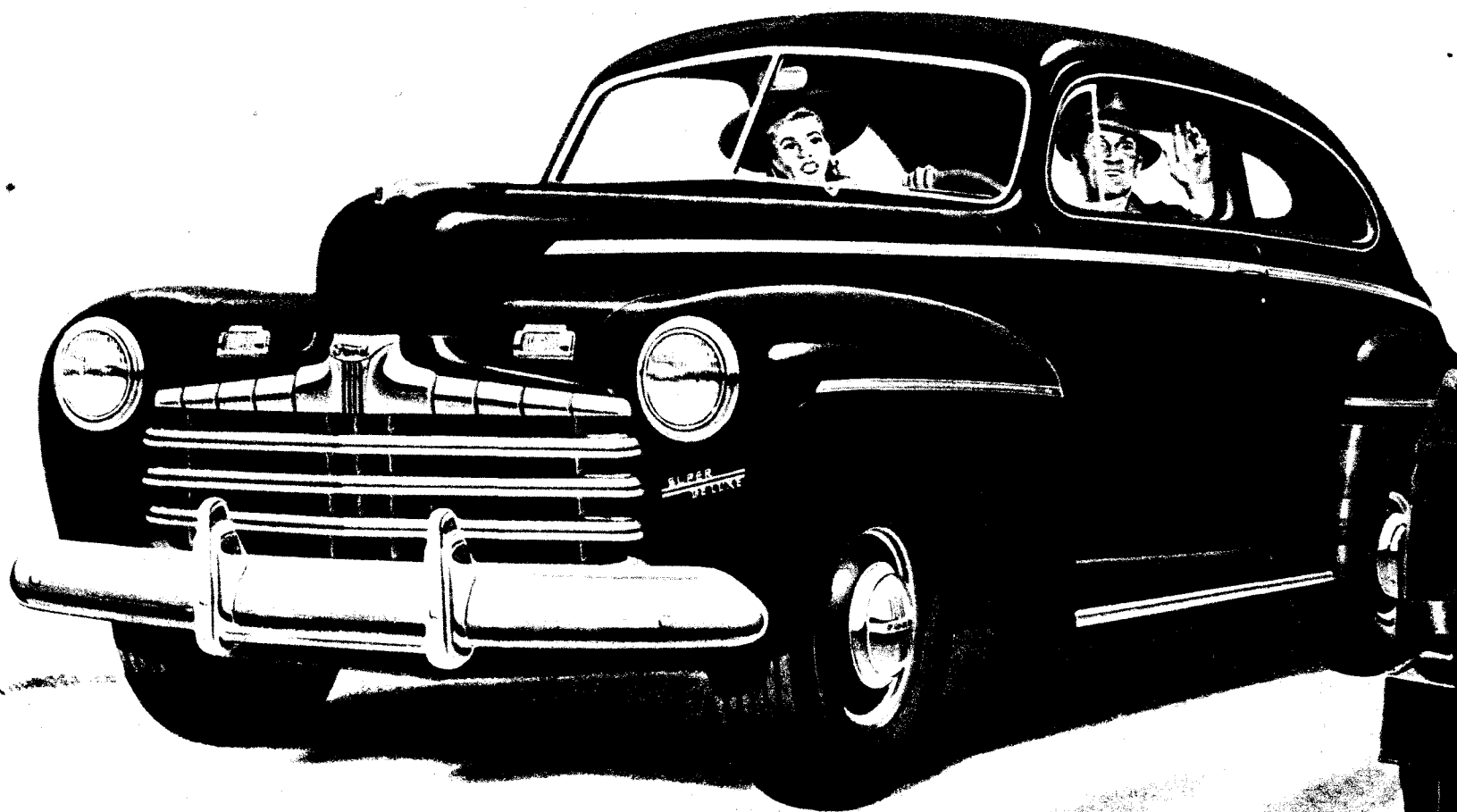
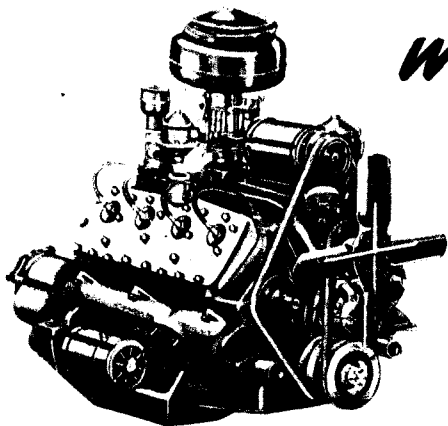
"Miss Poker, I have here," said the judge, "a signed statement by Mary Crenshaw, the person against whom you accused yourself of having fired a shot with the intention of killing her. What your real intentions were we shall discuss a little later. First of all, I will read you Mrs. Crenshaw's statement. 'At or about 12:30 A.M., I informed my manager, Miss Elizabeth Poker, that I had married without her knowledge and that it was my definite decision to retire from any and all theatrical and radio activities. In the course of the argument which followed my announcement, Miss Poker took from my desk a Luger pistol used as a paperweight, and threatened playfully to kill herself if I gave up my career. This was obviously meant as a joke, as Miss Poker had not, and could not have had, any knowledge of the gun having been repaired and loaded. As I tried to wrestle the gun from her, it went off by accident and hit me. I blame myself as much for neglecting to inform Miss Poker of the fact that the gun was loaded as I blame her for the careless handling of the gun which caused my injury.'

"I have no accusation whatsoever to make against Miss Poker, and consider her innocent of, and not responsible for, the unfortunate accident. . . Signed: Mary Crenshaw."

The judge looked at Bess for a moment through his bifocals before he asked, "What do you have to say to this, Miss Poker?"

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IN THE LOW-PRICED FIELD!



The new 1946 Ford engine has full one hundred horsepower. It's a V-type eight . . . smoother and more flexible than any other car in the low-priced field. Ford is the most spirited performer of them all. In traffic, on the straightaway, and in the hills, you'll find Ford's plus-power not only thrilling but an extra factor of safety as well.

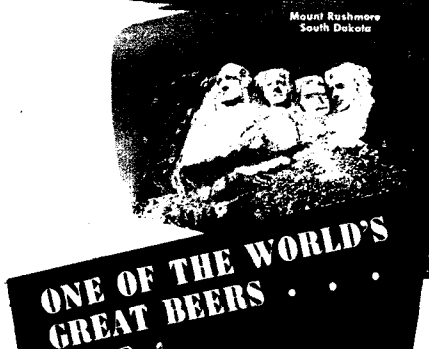
The new Ford V-8 is also economical—4-ring aluminum pistons and balanced carburetion make it even thrifter! See this new car at your friendly Ford Dealer's today.

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Brewed and Bottled by
BURLINGTON BREWING CO.
Burlington, Wisconsin

White-lipped and shaken, Bess heard herself answer, "Nothing, Your Honor."

Of all the things that broke into her mind at that moment, there was not one she could have told the judge. It was all between her and Marylynn. It was Marylynn, generous and indulgent, against herself, selfish and uncompromising. It was Marylynn saying, "You see, I'm not as stupid as you thought, Pokey. I know you were desperate. I don't blame you. I know what you did for me all these years, and I know what I did to you when I let you down for good. I can't help it, and neither can you. I hit you and I don't blame you for hitting back. Whatever I owe you I'm paying back with this. Let's forget whatever you owe me and call it quits." It was an answer so clear and simple that Bess could almost hear Marylynn's husky, lazy voice speaking the words. Something strange happened to her, something that hadn't happened in many years. It began way down in her spine, rose up to her heart, constricted her throat. It pressed against her ribs and rang in her ears and pounded in her temples. It was a great ache and a great relief. It felt like a huge geyser gushing up from deep down and breaking sky-high through the hard crust that had kept it imprisoned.

"Now, Miss Poker, the statement I just read to you exonerates you completely. No crime has been committed: it was an accident." The judge met her bewildered stare. "You understand me, don't you, Miss Poker? You are free to leave at will."

"Thank you, Your Honor."

She stood there, hesitating, expecting she did not know what, uncertain what to do next. At last she whispered, "Thank you, Your Honor," and left the room.

Downstairs were a few reporters, one lone photographer, noise, laughter, perfunctory questions, flash bulbs, a mild routine of professional curiosity from which Bess Poker could gauge that she was stale news and that her picture wouldn't get into the papers anyway. For seventeen hours she had been urged to talk about herself and think about herself. She had been the center in her own drama. But now she sank back into the insignificance and anonymity of being just Poker, just an appendage of Marylynn.

THROUGH the jumble of voices and the blur of faces, Bess discovered Sid Carp, who came bursting through the door and rushed up to her. Sid, a quivering, round-faced mess of a man, breathless, perspiring, with a black eye and a cross of adhesive tape near his chin. He grabbed Poker and pulled her with him. A few minutes later he had her installed in a taxi and they were driving up Lexington Avenue. Only then did Bess realize that an abyss of embarrassment separated her from her oldest pal. "Thanks for getting me out of there," she said tentatively.

"That's all right, Poker."

It was the longest day of the year, but a dense ceiling of low, dark clouds had ushered in an early darkness. The roof of the taxi was open, and the air flapped against

their faces like a steaming towel. Bess Poker remembered a very small thing, which touched her with such an impact that she thought: I'm getting soft. Twelve years back, on a day just as hot as this, Sid Carp, the office boy, had gone to the water cooler and fetched her a cup of fresh water without being asked for it. Across the stretch of years she could still see his boyish face peering over her typewriter. Then, too, he had a black eye and an adhesive plaster on his face—minor injuries he had received as an umpire in a sandlot baseball game.

"You haven't changed, Sid."

"Why should I?"

"Lots of things have happened."

"You're telling me!"

Bess looked into the palms of her white-gloved hands. "Sid, tell me the truth—how is Marylynn?"

"Don't worry, she'll be all right. I had another talk with Dr. Bassington before I left the hospital and he told me she'll be as good as new three weeks from now."

"Thank God—thank God for that."

"Thank God is right. The doctor says she must have an indestructible will to live."

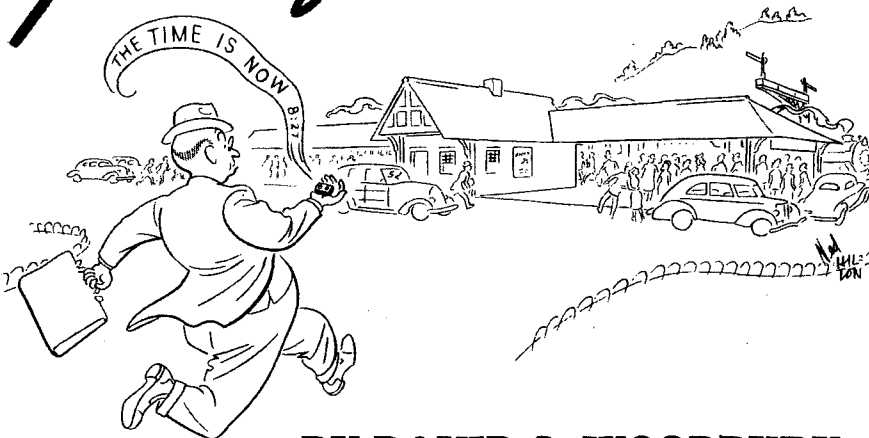
"She has so much to live for," said Bess Poker, who was left without anything to live for at all.

"By the way, she wants to see you as soon as she's allowed to have visitors," said Sid Carp. They drove on, slowly inching forward in the dense evening traffic.

"Sid," Bess Poker said, "Marylynn didn't tell the truth to the police. I knew the gun

(Continued on page 46)

Your Life TOMORROW



BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

No More Watches?

A new kind of radio gadget and service has been designed that will provide a set permanently tuned to the U.S. government time-signal station of the Bureau of Standards. Day or night, if you want the right time, you will only have to snap a switch and listen.

The receiving set, bringing in only that station with fixed volume, will be half the size of a package of cigarettes and can be carried in pocket or handbag.

The service, proposed first for New York City only, will include a short-wave broadcasting station atop a tall building. It will pick up the Washington time signals, relay them over the area 24 hours a day, correct to within ten millionths of a second. Included in the broadcasts at frequent intervals will be brief reports on the weather, perhaps a few important headlines of up-to-the-minute news, lasting not more than ten seconds. The promoters of the idea believe that it can all be done without advertising plugs, by payment of a small fee. The pocket sets are expected to sell for less than the cost of a good watch.

Two larger sets will also be available; one

about the size of a tobacco pouch, for desk use, the other slightly larger, in which an electric clock will operate to turn on the acoustic time signals at whatever intervals you choose. This one will also perform as an alarm clock.

Penicillin Will Be Abundant

Such vast quantities of penicillin have been prescribed for serious illnesses since the war that the demand rose to 800 billion units per month—100 billion more than all the country's laboratories could turn out.

When the government put the drug back on the restricted list to ease the shortage, botanists at the University of Wisconsin began attempts to make the famous mold grow more rapidly. They have just found that treatment with ultraviolet light may greatly increase, perhaps double, national production.

When the drug-producing fungus is rayed, the light kills all but a few of the producing spores, but the survivors are many times as active as before, as a result of internal changes in their structure. With these hardy spores as a start, fast-multiplying new strains can be grown.

Lately the Department of Agriculture has announced experimental work with penicillin in treating animal diseases. If expected results are obtained, huge new supplies of the drug will be needed. The discovery Wisconsin will help meet the new demand.

Stop That Moisture!

Humidity in the air, that makes people listless and causes mildew, is an even worse enemy of electrical insulation. And nowhere is the effect of dampness worse than in a hearing aid. The sensitivity of the tiny electronic amplifier which builds up sounds for the deaf depends upon perfect insulation between the parts. When moisture lodges on the miniature vacuum tubes, electricity leaks away and many times the aid goes dead in bad weather. Now, a wartime discovery called "Dri-Film" promises to make the hearing aid waterproof.

The chemical film used to treat the aids is a member of the famous silicon family—a cousin of "bouncing putty." It was used in the war to protect radio insulators on fighter planes in the tropics and to prevent plane windshields from fogging on damp days. Now it will be used instead of wax for coating the insides of the aids, to give permanent reliability in any climate.

Now You Can Get . . .

A new kind of miniature loud-speaker for attachment to your bedside radio, that can be put under your pillow. With this speaker you can hear programs perfectly while lying in bed, though people even a few feet away hear nothing at all. The speaker is only four inches in diameter and can be plugged into any radio. It is especially good for invalids, at home or in the hospital. It does away with the cumbersome and uncomfortable head receivers which were formerly needed to keep radio programs quiet. . . .

A new kind of "waterproof" photographic printing paper that will save hours in the home or professional darkroom. It develops completely in one minute, fixes in two and washes in four, then dries in a jiffy. Made with a water-shedding plastic base, the paper absorbs practically none of the solutions, so that chemical action works only on the surface. It can be bought in all grades, for contact printing and enlarging. ★★

Collier's for June 22, 1946



Fred H. Barrows, Jr., and his dog, Mark.

“I buy home and car insurance like I buy food!”

FRED H. BARROWS, JR., Providence, R. I., gives you a new slant on protecting your home and savings

“Everything I buy,” says Mr. Barrows, successful restaurant operator, “has to be the best. If it is food, taste and quality determine my choice. In insurance, security and freedom from worry are the real measures.

“That’s why I switched to Liberty Mutual for liability insurance — and to United Mutual for my fire insurance. They have made it easy for me to understand the coverages I have. They’ve put complete protection for home and car owners into one convenient ‘package.’ At any time I can pick it up and see exactly how

much I’m covered for against automobile, fire, storm or other casualty — and exactly what to do if I have any trouble. Whenever there has been a loss, they have handled it promptly, skillfully and fairly.

“Buying the best doesn’t always mean paying the most — and that’s true with the Liberty-United ‘package.’ I have found that their sound, complete protection costs less than most companies charge — because they have kept losses and expenses down and returned substantial dividend savings.”

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- If you have an automobile accident, can you be the victim of a \$20,000 damage suit — even though you are not at fault? See Page 79 of this new book.
- How can the standard fire insurance policy be supplemented so that you won’t be wide open to serious loss? See Page 24.
- What new policy covers your personal belongings against practically all forms of loss or damage — at home or away from home? See Page 60.
- Can you be sued for damages if someone falls on the sidewalk in front of your house? See Page 63.

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Matching Repeater Pencil feeds new points like a machine gun when you press the magic button with your thumb. Compare!

TUNE IN Phil Baker in "TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT" — CBS, Sunday Nights
Ann Sothern in "MAISIE" — CBS, Friday Nights



EVERSHARP *Skyliner Set*

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- 2 Gives antiseptic protection
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Start your Five-in-One hair care today. Ask for Jeris at your favorite barber shop or drug counter.

JERIS ANTISEPTIC HAIR TONIC

The Long Denial

Continued from page 42

was loaded. And I did want to shoot her."

"Of course you did. But if you have any sense left, you aren't going to broadcast it."

"But why did she lie for me? Why?"

"How should I know? Better ask Luke. He had a confidential talk with her. I'm only the innocent bystander who gets the black eye."

"You mean, she and Luke made up again?"

"That's how it looks from where I stand."

"I see," said Bess. "I see." There was a brief silence.

"Do you know that Marylynn never wants to sing again?" she asked afterward.

"That's the information Mr. Crenshaw gave me."

"Do you believe it? Can you imagine Marylynn as the wife of a boy selling aspirin and hot-water bottles in his father's drugstore in Taunton, Mass.?"

"Yes, Poker, it's tough on us," Sid answered, as though she had asked quite a different question. "We're left out in the cold. Let's all go back where we came from. For Marylynn it's the small town and the soda fountain, and for us it's another Grayson, Caldwell & Grayson. Well, it was lots of fun while it lasted."

BESS didn't say anything, her face was pale with the reflection of the first city lights on it.

"Where would you like me to take you, Poker?" Sid asked. The lights changed, the traffic cop whistled, and the cars behind them hooted impatiently.

"Forty-one Sutton Place South," Bess told the driver, and the taxi turned east.

"Are you sure you want to go there?"

"Perfectly sure, Sid," Bess said. She could not explain to him her urgent reason for returning to the empty house.

"Fishy would have loved to have you come to our place, except it looks as if the baby might come tonight. Might be a bit too restless for you. I called Fishy just before I went down to the police station, and she told me that she was getting her things ready, just in case. She wants me to give you her love."

"For goodness sake, Sid! Why aren't you with Fishy? Go on home at once!"

"Aw, that's okay. I'm with Fishy all the time," Sid said, heroically making the supreme sacrifice. "I had to promise Fishy not to get under her feet and to take care of you tonight. Don't you want to have dinner somewhere?"

"Thanks a lot, Sid, but I'm not hungry—really. I'm just dog-tired, don't you see? All I want is to creep into my bed and sleep it off."

"Okay, it's 41 Sutton Place South," Sid told the driver.

Bess Poker fell back into silence. All the time a wheel had been turning in her mind; the same thoughts repeating themselves over and over again. Nothing has changed; I am exactly where I was yesterday when I took up the gun. Nowhere to go. Nothing to live for. Bridge out, road closed. This is not a through street.

Sleep. If only my sleeping powders are still there. If only the police didn't take them away. A little brown bottle, still untouched, a coil of white cotton covering the capsules. If only the police hadn't taken them away. Fifty yellow little capsules. She could see the small label on the brown bottle. *Take one at bedtime.*

Take fifty at bedtime and get rid of yourself. Creep into bed and sleep. If only the police—but even if the police had taken them away, the old druggist at the corner of First Avenue would sell me some sleeping powder. An old customer with an unbearable toothache. I won't bungle the job tonight.

Poor little Sid. Good little Sid. "What's it going to be? A boy?" she asked him, preoccupied.

"I guess I'll take what I get," Sid said,

and the cab stopped in front of 41 Sutton Place South. Through the transom she saw the light burning in the entrance hall.

"I guess Connie parked herself here for the time being; she thought you might need her," Sid remarked, in answer to her questioning glance.

"No, I don't need her," Bess said impatiently. Her urge to be left alone grew stronger every second.

"Shall I wait, Mister?" asked the taxi driver.

"Yes, wait," said Bess. She did not know how pale her face looked under the street lamp, and Sid did not want to show her that he was worried about her. As if he had not enough worries of his own, with Fishy in pain and a baby coming, and his job shot to hell. He took the key from her hand and opened the house door.

"Thanks, Sid—for everything. So long."

"Don't you want me to come in? Won't you even give me a little drink?" he asked, vaguely disturbed but with every thought already at Fishy's side.

"Certainly not. You should be holding Fishy's hand right now."

"Are you sure you don't want me to stay with you for a little while? Sure you'll be all right, Pokey?"

"Absolutely sure, Sid." If only the police didn't take the bottle away—"I'm keeping my fingers crossed for Fishy. Now scat, boy!"

"Okay, Pokey. Try and sleep it off. I'll call you tomorrow morning."

Bess closed the door behind her and waited till she heard the taxi drive off. The house was quiet and made an innocent face, as if the walls had not heard last night's shot and the stairs had never been tramped by the homicide squad. Bess went down the long narrow hall to look in the kitchen for Connie. It would be necessary to get rid of Connie and her motherly fussing. If only the police—In the kitchen, too, a light was burning. On the kitchen table a note was propped up against two water glasses:

Have gone to church—back at 10:30—Good night, Miss Bess.

Connie.

It looked like one of thousands of domestic notes they had exchanged. She picked up the pencil and wrote under it:

Good night, Connie. Please don't wake me up till tomorrow noon.

She went to the icebox and filled both the empty water glasses with ice water to take them upstairs. As she crossed the hall toward the stairs, the grandfather clock cleared its throat and struck the hour. It was eight o'clock when Bess Poker went upstairs.

IT WAS eight o'clock, the hour when the day sounds of the hospital were muted. The last visitor was cleared from the wards, the last dinner tray had clattered down in the service elevator, temperatures were read for the last time, and all pains were hushed for the night by hypnos and sedatives. The nurse who had relieved Miss Cripps—an apple-faced young creature named Miss Brindle—stuck her head in the door of Room 35 to look after her patient. Marylynn seemed to be asleep. The room was very tranquil, luminous with the diffused bluish light of the night lamp. Lee Crenshaw was sitting at the bedside exactly as he had been an hour ago—immovable, like the trunk of a tree.

"Eight o'clock, Mr. Crenshaw," whispered the nurse. "You'll have to go now."

With utmost caution he tried to withdraw his hand from Marylynn's, which he had sheltered up to now under his tough, warm palm. Marylynn didn't open her eyes as she said almost inaudibly, "Not yet. Please don't take him away."

"It's okay, sweetheart, I won't leave you,"

Collier's for June 22, 1946

Lee said, turning toward the nurse. "I promised I'd stay with her till she was asleep."

"Well, she's been asleep for an hour, hasn't she?" the nurse said. She was a young nurse and very strict. Lee Crenshaw gave her his engaging grin and a wink of conspiracy. After a moment's hesitation, Miss Brindle softened and returned his wink and grin. Girls always did. "All right, I'll give you another ten minutes," she whispered. "But see that she keeps very quiet."

"You bet," said Crenshaw, and the door closed. After she had gone, Lee felt Marylynn's fingers twitch under the careful pressure of his own. He tried to make his heavy hand lighter. "Easy, easy there, easy," he said.

"Just want to make sure you're here," Marylynn told him.

"Where else would I be?"

"For a few hours I lost you, this morning. It was awful."

"That's what you think. I went right under the anesthetic with you. The nurse says you spilled all our little secrets while you were under."

THIS seemed amusing to Marylynn. She opened her eyes and beamed at him—or so she thought—with the mischievous radiance that had made her famous; but what he saw was only the flickering shadow of a smile on her small, drained face. She closed her eyes again, diving down into the scopolamine twilight where lovely strange shapes were floating in a submarine landscape way beneath the surface of her mind. Breathless as a successful pearl diver, she came up after a few minutes, holding out to Lee the treasure she had found. "You are my husband," she informed him. "We're married."

"We sure are; but you mustn't talk so much," he said.

"I won't. You do the talking. You tell me something."

Lee Crenshaw was not a talker by nature and felt regrettably inept at the art of self-expression. "Ever held a one-day chick in your hand?" he asked. "Well, that's exactly like your hand feels; soft, sort of fluffy. You know how the little chicks duck a bit as if they were scared, but they aren't really; they like to be picked up if they know you—" The little smile petered out in an embarrassed silence as Lee realized that it was impossible to express the immensity of feelings Marylynn's fingers gave him. But she understood him well enough.

"You've got nice hands," she whispered happily. "I like them; so big. I can make them still bigger—as big as a house. I can curl up inside of your hand and close the door and let no one come in. Did you ever play snails when you were little? I did. When I was little I didn't want to be a girl; I always wanted to be a little snail—have my own little house where I could pull in and nobody would find me. They always had to

drag me out from under the table or the davenport where I was playing snails."

"You just get well in a hurry, and we'll have a nice big davenport where we can play snails together to our hearts' content. But don't talk now," said Lee Crenshaw, wondering where to put that davenport in the makeshift house they would live in. Three rooms over a garage, until they could build their own. But he had no doubt that Marylynn would transform them into a perfect paradise, and he rarely suffered any compunctions about the life he had to offer her. He knew Marylynn too well for that. He knew what she needed, and it wasn't spotlights and fanfares, or mink coats or aquamarines, either.

What she wanted and needed was just the opposite. And that, he was sure, he could give her.

"Go on," she said, "tell me more." But Lee's store of narrative was exhausted. He had told her a hundred times the fairy tale of their future, complete—the entire cozy heaven of the average American, as dreamed up and promised in a glowing flood of advertisements.

"Don't forget, I don't want a radio," Marylynn muttered drowsily.

"What's that, sweetheart?"

"I don't think I'd want a radio. I'm fed up with all that," muttered Marylynn.

"Anything you say, sweetheart," said Crenshaw, whose own idea of paradise included a little workshop behind the garage and a lot of tinkering with radios. Marylynn was quiet for a while, and Lee thought she had fallen asleep.

"I love you, Lee," she said softly. "It's funny, but I've never been in love before, not till I fell in love with you. I haven't been a very good girl, you know—not a good girl, at all."

"I never asked you," Lee said, embarrassed. "I don't want to know about it. Our love—just yours and mine together—is so much more important than anything that's ever happened to either of us. All I know is that I love you, and you're all I've ever wanted."

"But I want you to know. It wouldn't be honest not to tell you. And I don't want you to think I lived that way because I—well—because I wanted to."

"Please," Lee said tenderly, "please go to sleep, Buddy. You mustn't—"

"Whatever happened to me in these last ten years wasn't my life, not my real life. My real life is just beginning. What I did in those years wasn't my life, but Pokey's, only I didn't know it until I met you. I've made a lot of wrong turns, and I wish now that I hadn't, because I want to be so good for you, and be all you deserve, and be—"

"You must go to sleep now," Lee said. "You know the doctor said—"

"But I'm so glad I told you. I've worried so, and now I feel so much better, just for having you listen to me and understand."

"I'm glad," Lee said. "I want you to be

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happy, Buddy. And now promise me something."

"Promise?" She was almost asleep, and her words were very hard to hear.

"Promise me you'll never talk about it again."

"I promise, sweetheart," she said, softly; and a great weight was gone from her heart, and she was happy, and she was asleep.

BESS switched on the light in her bedroom, and went to the cabinet in the dressing room without taking off her hat or gloves. With the urgent compulsion of an addict, she was driven toward the small brown bottle and the ultimate relief it contained. The light of her make-up lamp ricocheted, sharp and bright, from the mirrored door of the cabinet. The narrow shelves appeared untouched, but she could not find the bottle among the backwash of nostrums left there by former insignificant ills. Like frightened white mice, her hands slipped in and out among small jars and bottles. For one awful moment she was afraid she had thrown away those precious sleeping pills. At last she found them on the uppermost shelf, where they had been hidden, in a miniature first-aid kit; and, as she finally held them between her fingers, she felt again as spent and empty as she had the night before after firing the shot.

Finding that bottle had been an end in itself, and Bess had to jerk her thoughts sharply back into focus to remember what it was she intended to do with the pills. She emptied them into a small crystal bowl on her dressing table, and began methodically to count them. After she had counted twenty-eight of them, she stopped for a moment because she realized that she was trembling and that her hands had grown stiff and cold. She looked at these trembling, unwilling hands with a contemptuous smile, as if they were quite detached from the rest of herself. Afraid? she thought; who's afraid? Afraid of what? Of bungling the job once more; of making a mess of this just as we've made a mess of everything else. We? Who's we? Not any longer Poker and Marylynn, but Bess Poker all by herself. And yet—we. There was a queer sensation of being split in two parts, with a tug of war going on between herself and herself. There was this creature Poker, who had always known what she wanted and knew it even now—casual, fearless, mature beyond her years, humorous even on the verge of suicide. And there was Bess, a girl no one had ever taken the trouble to discover—shy, sensitive, emotional, confused, scared and inexperienced like a fifteen-year-old child. It was the Poker part of her that wanted to die, unwilling and unable to face the drab life of the unsuccessful; and it was Bess who wanted to live, who pleaded with a small timid voice, "Not yet—it is too early for the end; I haven't lived yet, I've gone hungry while you filled yourself with the thrills of a success that was never your own, and I'm afraid to die."

Then the crisis subsided, and Bess went on counting the capsules up to fifty. She was still trembling, but now she felt nothing but a cold anger against this body of hers. This plain body that had never been anything but a burden which she had dragged through life, an undesired, unfulfilled, unattractive load of bones and flesh and skin that had hampered her at every step and that now, when she wanted to shake it off, proved to be cowardly and disobedient. It was this mounting anger that helped her to regain her control. When she had arranged the fifty yellow capsules into a little hill and carried them to her night table, she stopped trembling. It's the adrenalin coming up, she thought, almost amused; at last my glands are shocked into action. Now let's see what comes next.

Dying was a lonely business at best, and everyone had to do it for himself; but at least you could make it comfortable, even luxurious. Bess turned on the faucet of her bathtub, carefully tested the temperature of the water until it was just right for relaxing in a long, soothing bath. Then she emptied into the tub, with a feeling of

utmost extravagance, a full bottle of bath salts. She laughed softly about herself when she realized that actually she was being, not wasteful, but thrifty. It would have been a shame to leave this expensive bath salts behind. I still don't know how to make a splash, she told herself. I've never outgrown that boardinghouse back in Brooklyn.

Emerging from the bath, she felt refreshed and clean. After a moment's reflection, she sat down in front of her dressing mirror and began to make up her face as carefully as she had—once, long ago—for the opening of Why Not Tonight? It was twenty past nine when she plucked the last stray hair from the heavy line of her eyebrows and brushed back her expertly blued, graying mane. She intended to have it all behind her by the time Connie returned. The lights would be out. She would be deeply and completely asleep. And there would be no alarm clock to wake her up tomorrow.

lonely room; but only when Bess found Emily did the whole impact of loneliness rear up and break down over her like a tidal wave.

Somebody had dropped Emily and broken her face.

Marylynn was alive, but Emily was dead. She was a dead little doll, one side of her stupid head smashed in; and, where her sleepless blue eyes had been, only two black holes remained. It did not matter. Marylynn had no need of Emily now. Bess knelt down and picked up the broken doll carefully and tenderly. She had always despised Emily, but now she gathered her up in her lap with great compassion. You're ugly, she told the doll, and you are quite dead and Marylynn won't miss you; never mind, sister, tomorrow I'll be just as dead as you, and no one will miss me, either. Suddenly there was the sting of the whip again, the lashing pain, the stabbing hurt: "You've outlived your usefulness."

A moment ago Bess had still felt the im-

the green pajamas. "I wouldn't be found dead in the sort of black nightie you fancy," she remembered having said to Marylynn. No, I'm not the type for seductive chiffon, she thought, holding her mood of sarcasm before her like a shield. This was no time to let herself get soft. She buttoned her tunic neatly up to her neck, pulled the sash tightly around her thin waist, and tied her hair up with a green ribbon. She hoped she wouldn't toss around too much and look all rumpled and messy in the morning. She intended to be a tidy, well-dressed, and thoroughly satisfactory suicide. She sat down on her bed, astonished that only an hour and a half had slipped by since she had come home. Now all lights were turned off except the one on her night table. It shone brightly and innocently upon the yellow hill of sleeping pills. It reflected on the two glasses flanking the small crystal bowl.

"It won't be easy," she said hoarsely into the breathless quiet of the room as she reached for the sleeping pills. It was not in the program that one of her nervous fits should seize her just then. She suddenly broke out in a cold sweat, choking, trembling—not a shred of dignity left for the important moment. Her throat was stone-dry and constricted, and it seemed entirely impossible to gulp down this mountain of sleep. With an effort she forced down a sip of water. The next moment her mouth was dry again. Don't be silly, she commanded herself. Dizzily, she thought she heard steps in the downstairs hall, and a door softly opening and closing. A panicky tremor ran down her spine. If this was Connie returning, there was no more postponing, no time to lose. She turned off the last light, her heart all of a sudden a frenzied jungle drum. A Niagara was roaring in her ears.

AND then Luke began to play the piano in the living room downstairs. Bess knew that it was Luke the moment his hands touched the keys and the first four bars of a song she had never heard before came galloping into her dark room—a clarion call, a challenge, a fierce caress, a sound apart from any other sound in the world. Bess could recognize Luke's touch as a dog knows his master's scent and a blind man the one dear footfall in a shuffling crowd. She never knew what happened to her during the next thirty seconds, except that she was standing in the door of the living room before Luke had repeated the first four bars.

"Hello, Pokerface," he said, neither interrupting his playing nor looking at her.

"Luke—Luke—oh, Luke—you're here—Luke—you're here—"

"Where else should I be when you're in trouble?" he said, playing on and on.

"But, Luke, you don't know. You came just in time. You don't know, Luke."

"No?" he said, still playing, and suddenly Bess understood that he did know, that Luke knew everything and had known it all along.

There he was, so deeply, so rapturously familiar in every smallest line and movement—his long, busy fingers on the keyboard, fondling the small ivory-and-ebony keys; the hard, strong line of his uplifted chin, his glance fastened on the ceiling in strict concentration; the little hollow between the tendons in the back of his neck, as if he were still a hungry boy. His ridiculous red hair, the great clouded landscape of his face, the inward flame burning through the lank vessel of his body; the knowing melancholy of his eyes, the contemptuous arrogance of his wide mouth, the idiotic careless stub of a cigarette almost singeing the corner of his lips.

"Oh, Luke—how come you're always there when I need you?"

"Yeah? And how come you get yourself in a mess every time I turn my back?"

"If you hadn't started playing the piano just when you did—the mess would have been much worse," Bess said, almost to herself.

"Really?" said Luke.

All the sleep he had allowed himself dur-

BUTCH

by LARRY REYNOLDS



"We noticed your sign. My accomplice an' I would like to make arrangements"

COLLIER'S

The first thing she noticed as she opened the door to Marylynn's room was a strong smell of dead cigarettes. She frowned, for smoking was taboo in this velvet-lined little jewel box. A moment later she shook her head and began to laugh. You couldn't expect too much tender consideration for a musical-comedy star's fragile voice by the policemen who were called upon to cart the bleeding body away. Bess did not know what shudders, what shattering remorse, what terrible, pitiless ghosts she had expected to confront in that room; but as she stood there it seemed very commonplace. She found nothing but a great emptiness, a great loss, the letdown after a game played badly. Mechanically she picked up several cigarette stubs from the white carpet and brushed a speck of cigarette ash from the gleaming satin cover of Marylynn's bed. Otherwise, the police had left hardly any disorder, or else Connie had straightened up the room in a hurry. It was a little too quiet, because the clock on Marylynn's night stand had stopped. It was a terribly quiet, terribly empty, terribly

pulse to collect every little splinter and sliver of the injured little china creature, put Emily to bed, tuck her in as Marylynn had always done. But now she took the doll and dropped her without pity into the wastepaper basket. Now she was through with sentimentalities. She was through with being sorry for Emily or for Marylynn or for herself. Now she was ready.

SHE turned off the lights and locked the door. She pulled the thin, green silk tunic of her lounging pajamas tighter around her narrow hips as she resolutely crossed her room to lock the other door. It was necessary to keep Connie out until tomorrow noon. As she turned the key in the lock, she had a queer sensation, as if someone were standing outside in the dark corridor, breathing, waiting. She stood still, held her breath, listened. Nothing. The old man with the scythe, she thought, and only half of it was irony. . . .

After her bath, she laid out her best nightgown on her bed; but suddenly it seemed to her more decent to be found in



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ing the last thirty-six hours had been the twenty-minute nap on the Carps' davenport. He had spent the day in the hospital, answered Fowler's sharp questioning, racked his brain for some means of saving Pokerface from going to jail. He had knocked out Crenshaw, given poor Sid a black eye, broken into Marylynn's sick-room, taken advantage of her feeble condition, hypnotized her into clearing Pokey of all guilt. He had made the highly questionable statement stick with Fowler, he had pried Sid Carp away from Fishy and her labor pains and made him take care of Pokey; and only when he could be sure that Marylynn would live and Pokerface be free had he rushed to the house on Sutton Place to take over where Sid had left off. Sitting quietly downstairs, he had hoped to give her time to recover from the shock while he could line up the next few steps. He had listened to the sounds in her bedroom, figured how her mind would work; and, knowing her slightly better than he knew himself, he had suddenly perceived what would seem the only fair way out for a girl of her kind.

He had raced upstairs and, standing in front of the door which had been locked in his face, he had spent the most nightmarish minutes of this nightmarish succession of events. He had stood there outside of that locked door, not daring to move, to breathe, not daring to knock or call her name. It was impossible for him to imagine what fatal fireworks, what earthquake and final disaster even the tiniest disturbance might set off. Maybe she had another gun. Maybe she would pull a trigger again, jump out the window, blow herself out of this world. There was only one way he could speak to her without stampeding her into a crazy and desperate suicide. Incongruously he had remembered a newsreel in which some pale, tense, perspiring and utterly efficient men had removed the fuse cap from an unexploded time bomb in the rubble of London. That's how he felt as he crept down the stairs in the most soul-shattering moments of his life, and began to play the piano.

"Sometimes you're lots of trouble, Pokerface," was all he said.

THE room stretched full of dusk and shadows as if it had no walls. There was one swimming circle of light from the piano lamp, lifting the keyboard and Luke's hands and the lower part of his face out of the darkness. He was still playing as he turned his eyes toward the door and said, "Don't stand there like Lot's wife. Come here, Pokerface. Sit down with me and listen. It's a new song." He made a little space for Bess on the piano bench, and she crossed the room to him like a sleepwalker. The cigarette in the corner of his mouth had burned down to almost nothing, and he let the stub drop to the floor. Bess reached into the pocket of his coat, found a crumpled package and a book of matches, lighted another cigarette for him, took a few puffs, and put it into his mouth. It was a gesture as old as their friendship, and it blotted out years of estrangement. The years slipped away, dissolved, had never been.

"Are you listening, Pokerface?" Luke asked impatiently. She worked herself out of the riot in her heart and listened. "Play it once more, Luke," she begged him. "What's it called? Can't you sing the words for me?"

"I guess I'm going to call it Out of Bounds," Luke answered, playing on and on. "I've got to polish the words some more. It goes into the beginning of the second act."

"Second act of what?"

"Of my new show."

"I see. I didn't know you had a new show."

"Yeah. It's all set for September. I'll tell you all about it. But now listen. There. Just listen." The song ended on an undiscovered harmony. "Like it, Pokerface?" Luke asked.

"Yeah, I like it. It's good, Luke. It's very good."

Immediately Luke flew into a rage. "Good? No more than good? That's not enough. But that's all you can do: criticize! Gripe! You're destructive. What's the matter with this song that doesn't please Your Majesty? Or don't you know, yourself?"

"It's where you change the key after the theme comes in for the second time. That's where it begins to sag. Not original enough. You can do better, Luke."

"Oh, hogwash! What do you know about keys and modulations! It's the best damn' song I've written in a year! What do you expect from me? Jasmine and rosebuds? Cradle songs? Or what?"

A MOMENT later they were deep in as beautiful a fight as they had ever had—Luke pulling his hair, pounding out the questionable sequence over and over, glaring at Bess with eyes that were hot with disappointment and the striving for perfection. And Bess, silent, shook her head, obstinately refusing to let Luke Jordan get away with anything that was even a hair's breadth below the best his genius could produce.

"But I tell you it's the best I can do. It's much better than the best song in my last show," he cried desperately. Bess only raised an eyebrow, and Luke reached the pinnacle of his wrath. "Okay, okay!" he shouted at her. "So my last show was a flop! You don't have to rub it in! There was good music in it, all the same! It just wasn't organized well enough. And you ought to know best why it was a flop: because you left me!"

Now it was Bess' turn to get angry. "I left you? I? You mean Marylynn left you! Why blame me for the bust-up between you? God knows, I tried everything in my power to get her back to you, Luke. You think, and everybody thinks, that I had her completely under my thumb. But that isn't true, Luke. From the day she met that—that husband of hers, I had no influence over her at all. She isn't the same girl you knew, Luke. She isn't obedient and easy to manage and grateful. Oh, no! She's discovered what she wants, and she's got it all by herself, and she's going to hold on to it, and she doesn't care a tinker's dam what it's doing to you."

Luke stared at her, his anger giving away to something resembling deep amusement, as he said quietly, "And what makes you think that I want Marylynn back, may I ask?"

"But, Luke, you know you can't put over a song without her—"

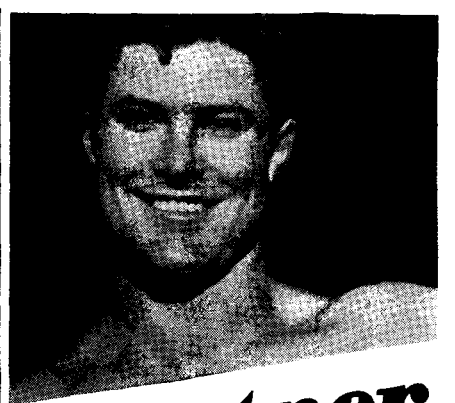
"Oh, can't I? Well, that remains to be seen; that remains very much to be seen." He took his hands from the keyboard, put them on her shoulders and began shaking her. "Stop talking about Marylynn, you dope. I'm talking about you. It's you who left me and it's you I need and it's you who's got to see that I don't have another flop."

"Isn't that too big an order? If Marylynn isn't going to sing the lead in that new show of yours—who is?"

"I think we can sign up with Carmen Allison."

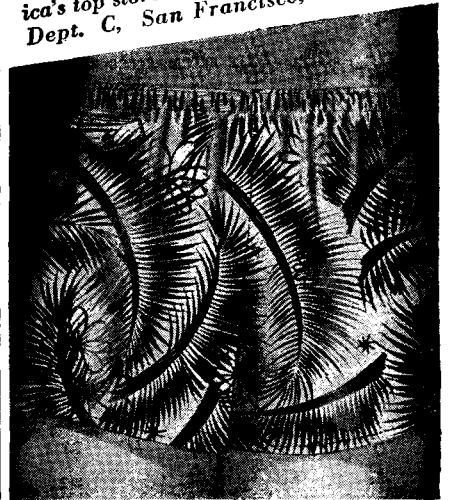
"That old battle-ax," Bess said in disgust. "Oh, what's the use? Let's not kid ourselves, Luke. Without Marylynn we're sunk, both of us. I'm just one half of something that'll never be whole again, and I'm sure you feel just the same. You haven't given such a good account of yourself since Marylynn left you. That's what made me so desperate. Last night, after I saw you in the elevator, I had it out with her again. You don't know how I begged her to go back to you. Well—you know her answer now, and you know what happened then."

"All I know is that I'm utterly fed up with that Siamese-twin act of yours. Sure, Marylynn is a girl with very sound instincts: when you picked her up she was an attractive hussy, like all the others that come thirteen to the dozen on Broadway. But after you had done your Svengali trick with her, she was as irritating a fake as I've ever seen, and no wonder you began to hate

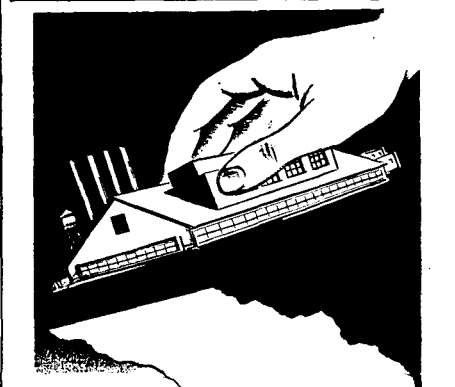


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Collier's for June 22, 1946

your own handiwork. I could have strangled her myself, bless her little heart. And now that she's on her own again, she'll let herself grow fat and lazy and sloppy, and she'll fight with her husband about who's going to wash the dishes and take the dog for a walk, and they'll live happily ever after. So much for Marylynn. This is about you and me. Great heavens, Pokerface, don't you know who *you* are?"

"That's all right, Luke. But you're in love with Marylynn," Bess said feebly.

He put the knuckles of one hand under her chin and tilted her face up. "What do you know about love, kid?" he said, very gentle all of a sudden. "What do I know about it, for that matter? There are too many articles sold under the name, and most of them are cheap imitations. Look, Pokerface—I smoke a lot. But that doesn't mean I'm in love with my cigarettes, does it?"

"Maybe not. But you certainly couldn't give them up."

"I never tried," Luke said slowly. "But supposing I start trying now." He took the cigarette from his mouth and squashed it out on the foot of the piano lamp. Suddenly his face was very near and very naked.

BESS remembered when she had seen it like that for the first time. The staircase in Brooklyn, the musty smell of the long-ago; Marylynn in her shiny raincoat walking past Luke, and Luke staring after her. There had been the same expression on Luke's face then: a queer mixture of hunger and contempt; amusement, too, and even vulgarity. Suddenly Bess felt terribly weak and terribly young and ignorant; she wanted to run away, and she wanted to give in; and, more than anything else, she didn't want to make a fool of herself. Abruptly she got up and fled into the shadowy depth of the room. She hoped, and she was afraid, that Luke would come after her, take her, kiss her, hold her. But he remained seated at the piano.

"By the way, did you happen to see the exhibition of Persian miniatures at the Fishbein Galleries?" he asked. It was such a totally unexpected question that it stopped Bess in her tracks.

"No, why? Should I? Why do you ask?"

"I went there four days in succession. They are the most delicate things you could dream of," he said. "I fell in love with one of them in particular. It's the picture of a young Persian prince surprising some bathing nymphs. I wanted to buy it but it isn't for sale."

"That's too bad, Luke."

"Yes. He looks exactly like you. He's riding a horse as red as a fire wagon, and he wears green, just like you, and he has the same flaring big nostrils you have and the same wonderful long legs and such an impudently proud expression as I've never seen on anyone but you. Exquisite. When you left me, these visits with my Persian prince were the best thing I could do for my mental balance. However," Luke said quietly, and now he left the piano and walked slowly over to her, "however, I don't care for substitutes. Never did."

"Please, Luke—please—don't make fun of me—please," Bess muttered desperately; and then she let go of herself, let herself be swallowed up by the blackout of their first kiss. For an immeasurable time they stayed down there together, in the whirling, dark depth, until they came up at last, unwilling to part, separating slowly, reluctantly. "How I missed you—great God, how I missed you," Luke said without breath. "It's a hell of a tough break to be in love with a girl like you, Pokerface."

"You are not in love with me, Luke. Or are you?"

"Yes, you dope. With a few detours, maybe, but always in love with you. Always," he said, and began stroking her hair; it was a gesture of unexpected, unknown tenderness that made Bess want to cry.

"It's getting gray, Luke. Don't look at me. I'm ugly," she said, and now she began to cry after all. Because Luke loved her and needed her; because she was ugly and

Marylynn was beautiful; and because he would forever compare them and never be completely hers; because God was kind and had let Marylynn stay alive and given her a reprieve at the last moment. She sniffed all her grief and gladness back into herself, wiping her nose with the green dolman sleeve of a lovely Persian prince.

"What's the matter now?" Luke asked.

"Nothing. It's raining at last."

Outside the open window, there was a stir now and an even calm rustling; a little gust of air lifted the edge of the curtain and dropped it gently. Luke was still holding her right hand tightly against his chest, over his strongly beating heart.

"Come here, Pokerface. I want to show you something," he said, pulling her to the tall mirror between the windows and turning on the lamp on the small table. "Look at yourself, just have a good look at yourself, Pokerface." Bess threw a shy glance at her reflection in the glass; but if she had expected to look as newborn and changed as she felt, she was mistaken. She saw nothing but the same bony work horse called Bess Poker, a sight of which she was unspeakably tired. "Ugly?" Luke said. "Sure. I remember you as a plain little frump back in the Brooklyn days. But what do you think happened since? Either you've changed a lot—or my eyes have. To me, you represent the loveliest collection of bones I ever saw—and beautiful bones don't lose shape and don't go out of fashion." And with that he gathered her up in their second kiss. Outside the window, the rustle of rain was growing into a loud and ever louder crashing down of larger and larger drops, a cloudburst, a flood, a blessed deluge sweeping down from the dark sky onto the dark river.

"Nice crescendo," Luke said appreciatively, as he released Bess and took a deep gulp of fresh, sweet, moist air, only to clasp her to him once more. But Bess, being Bess Poker, wriggled free. "Let's be sensible, Luke," she said. "We've got lots of work to do. Let's snap out of it."

Luke let go of her with a reluctant sigh. "All right, let's," he said, as he obediently followed her to the piano. "But then I'll need a drink."

HE BEGAN playing again while Bess went to the small bar in the corner, where she spent a few minutes in deep meditation, her mind far away from the special Rum Collins she was mechanically fixing for him.

"Listen, Luke. Do you remember Birdie?" she asked, as she put the glass down on the piano.

"Birdie which?"

"That little redhead who had the walk-on in the opening chorus of Why Not Tonight? Don't you remember her? The one who did that dance. The one with the skin like buttermilk. Don't you think she had something?"

Luke remembered Birdie. "Oh, *that* Birdie!" he said, suppressing a grin. "Yeah, I remember her. Well, what about her?"

"I don't know—but it just occurred to me, if we could take her in hand, you and me, I believe we could make something of that girl. Build her up, you know, give her some personality. Why, she'd be ten times better than your Carmen Allison. She has no name, but she's young. We could put Sid Carp to work, put out some clever publicity—she'll do the rest. What are you grinning at?"

Luke gave no answer. Automatically he fumbled with his left hand in his pocket for a cigarette while he kept on playing with his right. Bess struck a match for him, but before she could light that cigarette he remembered something and, not without a certain formality, he put the unsmoked cigarette aside.

"Pardon me," he said. "I forgot that I was going to give 'em up."

Pardon me, but this is where we came in, he thought to himself. He pulled Bess close to his side on the piano bench, and went on playing.

THE END

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What's Russia Up To?

Continued from page 13

attaché has occasion to obtain information he gets it. That is the purpose of his presence in a country. He must not steal or operate as a spy. I don't know how, apart from this, the situation differs in Canada."

Standley described the possibility of war with Russia as "perfectly absurd." He couldn't understand why people "have to talk about it." He didn't believe that the Russians aim to establish their rule over the world and he saw no difference between Russia's preoccupation with the internal setup in Bulgaria and our own concern about what was happening in Argentina.

But on the whole it was a field day for jingoists. An anti-Russian speech by former British Prime Minister Winston Churchill delivered at Fulton, Missouri, in the presence of President Harry Truman contributed to the tension with the Soviet Union. In it he accused Russia of having drawn "an iron curtain between it and the rest of the world." The speech aroused a storm of argument for and against Russia but had the effect of clearing the air. The country knew, after the Churchill speech, just how bad relations with Moscow had become.

Mistrust Revealed by Polls

By the end of March, confidential polls of public opinion made by the State Department showed that American confidence in Russia's desire to co-operate with the democracies in the preservation of peace had sunk to a new low. Popular distrust of the Soviets climbed to a high of 52 per cent, confidence was expressed by only 34 per cent, and 14 per cent were "confused" or had "no opinion." The figures clearly reflected the impact of speeches, headlines and the experting of commentators.

The State Department's polls were undertaken for the first time in February, 1942. Through subsequent years they in-

dicated a progressive growth in the faith of the people of this country in Russia's willingness to meet us at least halfway in matters affecting the peace and prosperity of the world. The first poll showed the country to be evenly divided as to whether it believed that Russia could or couldn't be trusted. About 40 per cent said yes and 40 per cent said no, and the rest didn't know. By the end of 1942 the ayes comprised 46 per cent and the nays 27 per cent and the undecided 27 per cent.

But during the Moscow Conference of October, 1943, when the Big Three successfully negotiated an alliance for the rapid destruction of their Axis enemies, the barometer of faith in the U.S.S.R. registered confidence of 55 per cent while the skeptics numbered only 26 per cent.

Confidence in Russia remained just above or just below the 50 per cent medium and rose to 58 per cent during the Yalta Conference in February, 1945. It fell when it was disclosed that secret agreements had given Russia the Kurile Islands, recovered somewhat and then dropped again when Foreign Commissar Vyacheslav Molotov of Russia and Foreign Minister Ernest Bevin clashed during the United Nations discussions in London over whether British troops' presence in Greece constituted a threat to world peace.

After the London meeting and during the heated sessions of the United Nations Security Council at Hunter College, dealing with Iran and touchy subjects like Spain, the confidence curve turned downward and met the upcoming curve of mistrust. At the turn of the year more people mistrusted Russia than trusted it by 44 per cent against 40 per cent and today the figures stand at 45 per cent and 34 per cent respectively with 21 per cent undecided.

Today the antagonisms between the capitalist democracies and Soviet Russia are such that whether there'll be another war in five, ten, fifteen or twenty years depends

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almost entirely upon the ability of the Big Three to argue away their mutual mistrusts, restrain their respective ambitions, calm their fears, dispel their hatreds, pocket their prides and rise above their prejudices.

Each side sees in the pattern of whatever the other says and does a plot to dominate the world and annihilate the opponent. Both are often right and as often both are tragically wrong. Leaders in both camps agree that they must "co-operate" and "understand" one another to avoid war.

But neither side, the records show, has co-operated quite wholeheartedly — not even during the period of their enforced intimacy as Allies against the Axis—and neither has contributed much to that understanding essential to demobilization of their mutual animosities. Co-operation and understanding have, in fact, been conspicuously absent from relations between the Western democracies and Russia since the first shot was fired in the Red Revolution in 1917.

The two sides have been in a state of *de facto* ideological war for 29 years and the conflict arises out of the fundamental clash between free enterprise and its antithesis, state capitalism. It's possible that there isn't room in the world for both systems. But it's also possible that there is. If so, neither side has done much to prove it. In 1927, for instance, Premier Stalin received a delegation of American workers in the Kremlin. What he told them didn't help to allay the fears of the Western countries about the rising tide of Communism.

"In the course of the further development of the international revolution," Stalin told his visitors, "there will emerge two centers of world significance. One will be a socialist center drawing to itself the countries which tend toward socialism. The other will be a capitalist center drawing to itself the countries that incline toward capitalism. The battle between these two centers for command of the world's economy will decide the fate of capitalism and of Communism in the entire world."

The notion persists in the Soviet Union, or in its Communist hierarchy, that the U.S.S.R. is encircled by capitalist enemies with which there can be no permanent co-existence. The Russians' only major attempt to alleviate the fear of Communism was the dissolution, in May, 1943, of the Comintern. Russia thus officially disavowed the machinery for world Bolshevization. By that time, however, the Comintern was probably useless as an instrument of universal

revolution. The seeds of socialism had been planted throughout the world and had sprouted lustily in many lands in both hemispheres. The strong left-wing movements in South and Central America, the Caribbean countries, throughout the British Commonwealth, Europe and Asia were undoubtedly influenced by the Red Revolution.

How directly the propaganda and agents of the Comintern were responsible for the left-wing upsurge and how much of it was due to existing social inequities for which Marxism had the answer, it's difficult to assess. Undeniably Russia did its utmost to obtain as wide a dissemination as possible of anticapitalist Marxist principles. It had been an easily identifiable program of action for the guidance of its actual agents, friends and sympathizers abroad.

Theoretically this mechanism was scrapped during the war.

Soviet Propaganda Reactivated

Actually the Russians did soft-pedal their propaganda activities, particularly in America and England. Since V-J Day, however, the party line is again visible in the behavior of Russia's allies in key points throughout the world. Soviet propaganda policy appears to be to (1) do everything to stress the relative power of the U.S.S.R. as a factor in international affairs, (2) exploit the differences and conflicts between capitalist nations, (3) utilize the democratic progressive elements abroad to exert pressure on their governments to conform to policies advocated by the Soviet Union and, at the same time, (4) oppose foreign moderate left-wingers whose loyalty to democracy is stronger than their sympathy for the Russian experiment.

The democracies, however, have fought Communism just as vigorously. In the last phases of World War I, British, American, French and Chinese troops—among others—entered Russia ostensibly to prevent Germany and Japan from moving into the vacuum created by Russia's military collapse but actually to prevent the emergence there of a Marxist state. The democracies' objectives in intervening in the revolution may have been noble, but it's difficult to convince the Russians that they were, in view of past history and in the light of events following World War I.

The Versailles Treaty, for instance, established the famous Curzon Line delimiting the eastern frontier of the new,

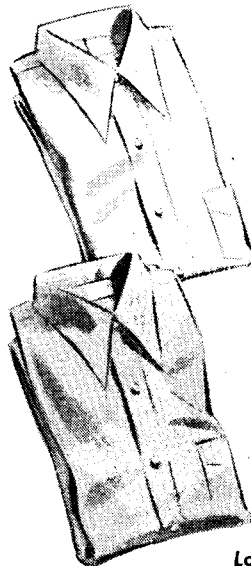
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independent Poland. Marshal Pilsudski and his colonels, however, rejected this definition of their frontier. Polish land barons had traditionally sought to dominate White Russia and the Ukraine whenever Russia appeared too weak to defend those areas.

Polish troops under Pilsudski, taking advantage of the Soviet's internal difficulties and weaknesses, entered the Russian cities of Vilna and Minsk, beyond the Curzon frontier. Even then the Soviets were prepared to accept a Polish frontier far inside their territory. But Pilsudski demanded Polish occupation of further Russian territory and actual control of the areas of the Baltic and the Black Sea as well as of White Russia and the Ukraine. His demands were so absurd that the British and American governments immediately asked Poland to return to the Curzon Line.

But the Polish appetite for Russian real estate was insatiable. Pilsudski ordered the invasion of the Ukraine, occupied Kiev and tried to take Odessa. The Soviets counterattacked and, under the General Budenny who was to become a Soviet hero in World War II, drove the Poles back from Kiev to Warsaw. The arrival of British munitions via Danzig and of General Maxime Weygand from France to direct the defense of the Polish capital alone saved Poland from becoming a Polish state in the U.S.S.R.

Out of the stalemate at the gates of Warsaw came the Treaty of Riga of March 18, 1921, which gave Poland a considerable slice of Russian territory (along with 4,000,000 Russians) but actually much less land than the Soviets had been willing to settle for before Pilsudski's attack.

No single incident in the troubled years between the end of World War I and the beginning of World War II could have more completely justified the Russians' fear of their neighbors and of the use of those countries as springboards for attacks against the U.S.S.R. What happened after World War I merely served to confirm that fear and built up the seemingly insurmountable suspicion on the part of the Russians of every move of the Western democracies to consolidate the peace after World War II.

A Sound Diagnosis That Failed

Only a pathological sense of insecurity and an equally psychotic mistrust of capitalist America's motives could have caused Russia to scorn, in May, Secretary of State Byrnes' offer of a 25-year military alliance uniting Great Britain, France, the United States and the Soviet Union against Germany and Japan. Byrnes offered the Russians the pact out of recognition of their mental state. Like a good psychiatrist, he tried to cure the neurosis by removing the cause. If, he reasoned, Russia can be guaranteed that Germany and Japan will be demilitarized, it will have nothing to fear. What Byrnes failed to see was that the demilitarization of the enemies, particularly of Germany, was no longer a factor in Russian thinking.

Had Byrnes' offer been made on or about V-E Day or even V-J Day it might have been accepted by the Russians. But a year had elapsed. Nothing which has happened in Germany and, in fact, wherever the self-interests of the British Empire and of the Soviet Union geographically meet, has been conducive to calming Russia's old, old fears or to bolstering Britain's own sense of future security.

The keys to Russo-British antagonism are the postwar events in Germany and the Middle East. But it's in Germany that World War III is being gestated. When the German zones of occupation were determined, Britain and Russia divided all-important Prussia between them. Prussia is the war-making core of Germany, containing the raw materials and the industries, the ports, the invasion highways into the Low Countries and Poland, the toughest population in the country with the best military, economic industrial brains and the business centers and the capital, Berlin.

The mutually suspicious antagonists, Britain and Russia, are aware of the power

of Prussia and of its potentialities in a possible future war.

Nowhere is the Soviet "party line" of foreign policy more clear than in Prussia. The Russians are backing the Communist and residual left-wing socialist workers' elements which survived the Nazi regime. They hope to form one single labor movement under Communist domination. They hold before the masses the vision of a Soviet Germany, united and strong. The technique is identical with that employed in Yugoslavia and, as in Titoland, there is in Germany a new and vigorous nationalism. It hopes to enlarge its acreage at the expense of Poland just as Yugoslavia hopes to increase its own at Italy's cost.

As in Italy, the British in Germany are supporting the Old Guard military and financial elements and the Social-Democrat, middle-of-the-road and outright conservative opponents of Communism. They, too, are intensely nationalistic and revengeful. Neither the British nor the Russians seem

him, that Byrnes offered the Russians the 25-year alliance. Significantly it was not only received with suspicion by the Soviets, but coolly regarded by the British and the French.

Which side—British or Russian—bears the burden of guilt for the present chaotic state of world affairs it's impossible to say. The responsibility is probably evenly divided and must also be shared by the U.S. for having failed, thus far, in exerting that strong leadership necessary to avert catastrophe.

Those of us who covered the war in the Mediterranean know from personal experience that long before V-E Day, in fact right after the decisive battle of El Alamein in the fall of 1942, formerly loud British talk of a brave new world tailored to the specifications of the Atlantic Charter diminished to less than a whisper. Once victory was assured, ideals gave way to practical considerations of power politics.

Wherever we went as correspondents—

by him into the Soviet Post Office only 10 reached their destination. One of them was cut from 200 to 51 words by the Russian censor.

Secretary Byrnes has repeatedly and vigorously remonstrated against the form of censorship practiced by the Soviets, up to now with singularly negative results. Soviet censorship is "curative" as well as "preventive," which is to say you can be fired out of Russia if the Soviets don't like what you write and your dispatches can be butchered without your knowing what's carved out of them.

Freedom of Press a Grave Issue

The Russian correspondents are free to travel and report what they see, hear and learn throughout the United States. American—and other Allied correspondents—are kept in a corral in Moscow, seldom allowed to travel and never permitted to report freely. This lack of press reciprocity in Russo-American relations is serious.

The power conflict, however, is principally one between Soviet Russia and Great Britain. And in history, past and present, may be found both the dimensions of the physical and political domain which the Soviet Union seeks to re-establish, and the roots of Anglo-Russian discord. Russia became a reality as a nation 500 years ago under Ivan III and became an empire during the rule of Ivan IV, known as the Terrible.

Historically, Russia, a landlocked continent, has sought to reach the sea. Poland, Lithuania and Sweden had encroached on Russian territory in the century between the reigns of Ivan III and Ivan IV. The latter, in the middle of the 16th century, made the Baltic coast the goal of his foreign policy and reached it after a long and successful war against the invaders.

But Ivan the Terrible's successors were weak men. Poles and Swedes, aided by Finns and Lithuanians, overran the country. Not until the advent of Peter the Great, early in the 18th century, did Russia revive as a major nation. It became, then, a potential European power, and Peter called his new capital, St. Petersburg, the Russian "window to Europe." Poland, however, still held Russia's western provinces.

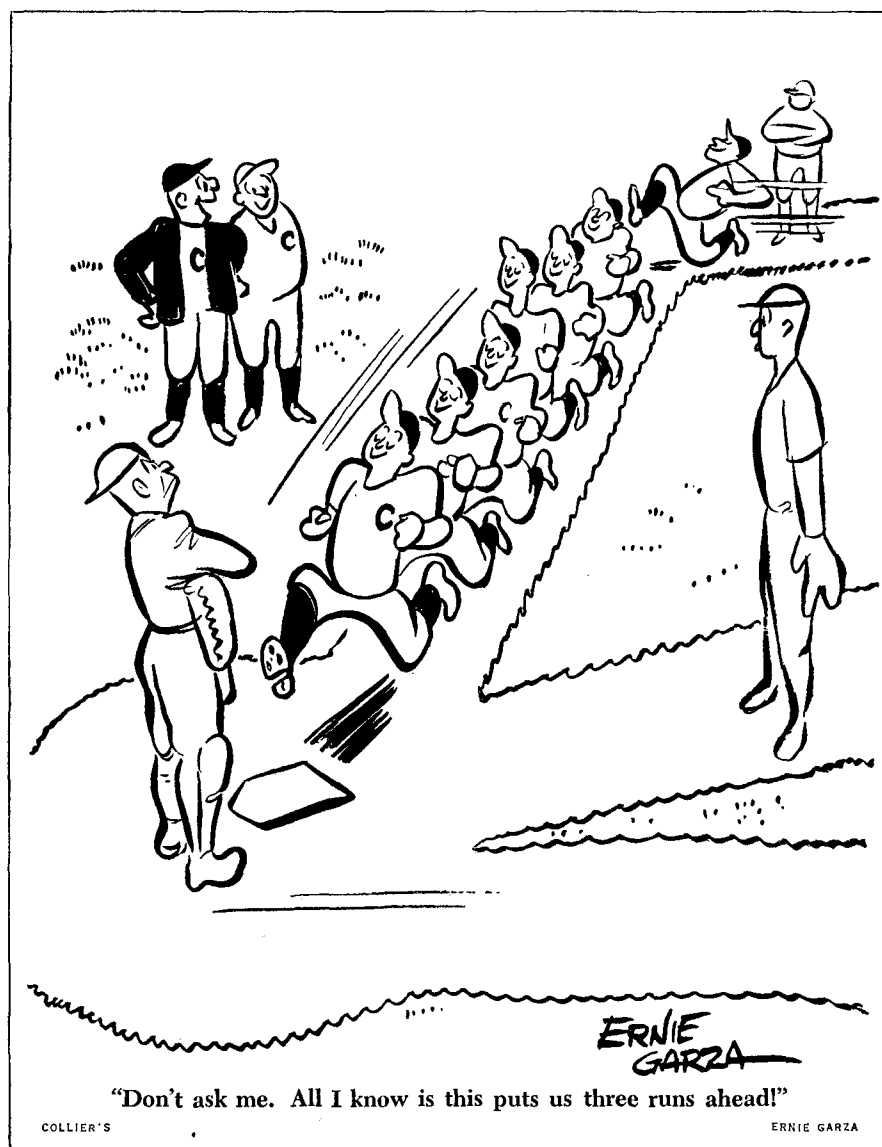
The reign of Catherine II marked the beginning, however, of Russia's true imperial glory. She conceived and successfully fought the campaigns to recover territory lost to Poland and to extend Russia's frontiers to the shores of the Black Sea. But it was Alexander I, in the years between 1801 and 1825, who extended the influence of Russia westward throughout Europe and caused Britain to recognize in Russia a powerful ally and a potential conqueror.

Britain and Russia between them conquered Napoleon, but it was Alexander's army which, after Moscow was surrendered in 1812, pursued Napoleon to the gates of Paris in the War of Liberation. After the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, Alexander I was hailed as the "savior of Europe." Britain was no more pleased at Russia's success in war and popularity with the liberated people than it is today.

Thereafter Britain and Russia became silent, behind-the-scenes antagonists in the struggle for power in Europe. What is happening today is merely a logical outgrowth of that conflict.

Editor's note: The second and last article of this series will trace Anglo-Russian rivalry over eastern Europe, the Balkans, the Dardanelles, the Middle East and Asia since the Congress of Vienna. It will describe how Anglo-Russian antagonisms were accentuated between 1918 and 1939, how Russia sought and failed to obtain a pact with Britain and France against Germany and then turned to the Nazis in an attempt to fulfill what it felt to be its destiny in Europe and Asia, and to obtain, finally, what the Nazis denied it—at Teheran and Yalta.

Collier's for June 22, 1946



to be aware of the dangers to both of such a state of affairs. A union between what are now German political opponents may produce another powerful Germany with which the world will need to contend in another generation.

Russian policy in Germany signals a reversion to the diplomacy which culminated in the Nazi-Soviet nonaggression pact of 1939. With it the Soviets hoped to secure their western frontiers and keep Germany's energies directed against Britain and France. British policy, on the other hand, one must conclude, seems to mark a resumption of those British tactics which sought to direct Germany's militarism toward the East.

Both policies failed. There is no reason to believe that they won't fail again. They will inevitably result in a renaissance Germany or a war between the British and the Russians into which we will be drawn. It was undoubtedly in recognition of these dangers, for the facts are well known to

in Italy, France and Greece and the Middle East—British officers talked of Russia as the next and logical enemy. At Bari, in the grim October of 1943, as we began our long, bloody conquest of Italy and while victory over Germany, although certain, still looked distant, some of us were shocked to hear a high-ranking British officer talk openly of war to come with our ally, Russia.

It is altogether possible, of course, that had correspondents in Russia enjoyed an equal amount of freedom of reporting they would have heard the Russians talk with the same hardheaded antagonism toward the democracies. It's a crime of major proportions that Russia's side of the war couldn't have been more fully reported. Had it been, the Allies' intramural antagonisms might all have been aired and argued away.

The completeness of Russian censorship is illustrated by the experience of the Associated Press correspondent in Moscow on March 5th. Out of 24 telegrams handed



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... *Now* in Production!

BODY STYLING BY
Darrin

YES, the production line at Willow Run has started to move! FRAZER automobiles are *now* being built! And KAISERS will follow later in the year.

The giant body plant is operating, the specialized machine tools are marshalled in their seemingly endless rows—the great Willow Run bomber plant is now producing America's most exciting new peacetime motor cars! Seasoned experts working around the clock have literally accomplished the "impossible." America's first 1947 automobiles are on their way. Wait and see them—before you buy *any* car. You will be glad you did! For their performance matches their breath-taking beauty.



KAISER

FRAZER



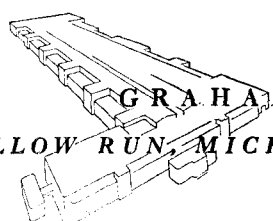
KAISER—With Front-Wheel Drive! Plus war-proved Torsionetic Suspension, for all-load, all-road smoothness of ride! Wheelbase, 117 inches. Six-cylinder, 92 hp. engine. Widest seats in any volume-production car. Unexcelled driver-vision.

FRAZER — World's Smartest Car! Exquisite beauty of line. Wheelbase, 123½ inches. Six-cylinder, 100 hp. engine. Rear-wheel drive. Unexcelled driver-vision. Deep, extra-wide, luxury-cushioned seats. Smart two-tone upholstery.

KAISER-FRAZER CORPORATION

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WILLOW RUN, MICHIGAN





...and now a short solo

by **HARRY JAMES**

The Nation's Number One Band Leader

"Sure it's fun, to play solo. But there's more to it than blowing your own horn. You've got to be in tune with the gang...know when to make a big noise, when to soft-pedal your own part and let others sound off.

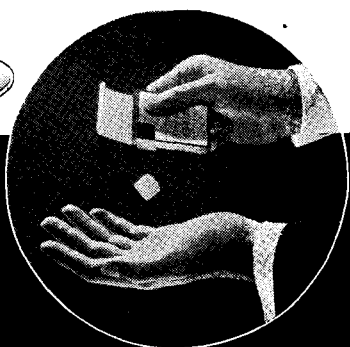
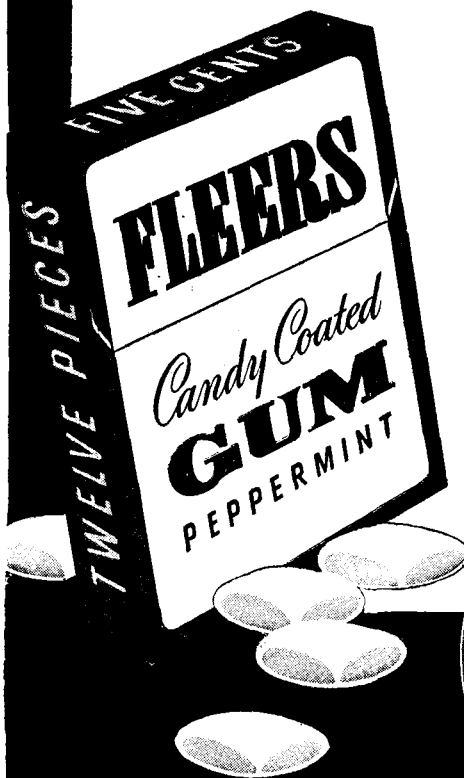
"When everybody's in the groove, and *nobody* hogs the spotlight, that's solid sending...whether it's *my* band, *your* glee club, or *our* new 'world symphony,' the United Nations.



"Thanks to the Fleeer people for letting me sing out on my pet subject. I like their democratic thinking... and I like their gum, too."

You'll join the chorus of cheers for Fleeer's yourself, once you try this delicious gum with the *extra* peppermint flavor. Twelve snowy fleerlets, just 5¢. There's a trend to candy-coated gum... try Fleeer's today!

Frank H. Fleeer Corp.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Established 1885



Candy Coated—Chewing gum in its nicest form!

A House With a Parlor

Continued from page 22

"Mr. Myers is sending you?" Mother asked.

"No," Father said happily, "I've accepted a new position. A much better one! I am to be the Cuban representative of the Tampa Export Company!"

"No!" Mother said. It was like a prayer, half whispered, and said without her even knowing that she had spoken.

But Father was saying, "I was getting sick of the old job anyway. There was no future to it. It was never the thing for a man of my ability. Now this new position is excellent. It's a new company, and within five years it will be the biggest thing in the Florida-Cuba trade. I tell you, Martha, we'll get rich on this!"

"When are we going?" I cried. "Can I go with you, Father? Can I go with you to Cuba?"

He began to laugh and reached over and ruffled my hair, which Mother had carefully combed before supper. "Not so fast, Eddie. I have to go alone at first. It is a new position and I'll need to feel my way for a while."

"How long before we can come?"

"A few months. That is, if Mother would like to live in Cuba. It may not be necessary for the family to move there, unless she wants to. We could keep a home here and a place there also, and all of us go down for the winter. It would be a good thing for you and Charles to learn a bit of Spanish. Eh, Charles?"

Charles did not answer. He was looking down at his lap where his hands, with their big, blunt, dirty nails, were knotted into fists. He must have been about eighteen at that time.

Mother said, "Is it a salaried job, Charlie?"

"Straight commission," Father said. "So we may be a bit short for a month or two, until I get things going. I'll have to brush up my own Spanish, of course, and that will take a little time. But within a few months things should be doing splendidly."

"But you were doing so well with Mr. Myers," Mother said. Her voice had a slightly desperate sound. "Why do you have to change now?"

"There was no future to this thing with Myers' Shipping," Father said again. "I was wasting my time."

"But we were saving money," Mother said. "With what Charles has given me"—her voice hung there a moment—"we could have the place on Florida Avenue in a few more months."

"That abandoned landmark!" Father said. "That shibboleth of broken-down gentility!" He could say things like that, his voice loud and ringing like a lawyer's (he

used to tell people that he would have made an excellent lawyer). "Once the money from this Cuban deal is rolling in, you would blush at the idea of living in the place!"

Neither Mother nor Charles had touched the food. Mother said, "You won't need the—the money we've saved toward the house?"

"For just a little while," Father said casually. "But it won't be a drop in the bucket when the other starts to pay off."

"It's taken us over two years..."

"For your house with a parlor," Father said, laughing. "Martha, in Cuba I'll buy you a palace. And we'll build a home here, out in The Heights, if you'd like it there. We'll build a house such as these people in Tampa never saw before."

NO ONE answered him and it grew very quiet in the room, so quiet that I became aware of the way my brother Charles was breathing. He was sitting there with his head still bowed; his hands, still clenched in his lap, were beginning to tremble. Then he raised his head. His nostrils were flared like those of a running horse and his eyes were white-hot. And it was then, even before he spoke, that I understood for the first time how intensely Charles hated Father.

"You've told us all this before," he said. "A dozen times before!"

"Charles!" Mother cried. There was terror in her face. "Charles, don't say anything!"

I don't think he heard her. He was looking at Father, leaning toward him. "Even you ought to know by now," he said, "that it's all lies!"

Father sprang out of his chair, the chair crashing over. "You young—"

But Charles had got up and was turning away, not hurrying but walking with a stiff-legged, slightly swaying movement like a man who has drunk too much, going out the back door and across the little porch and into the quiet, golden heat of a Florida twilight.

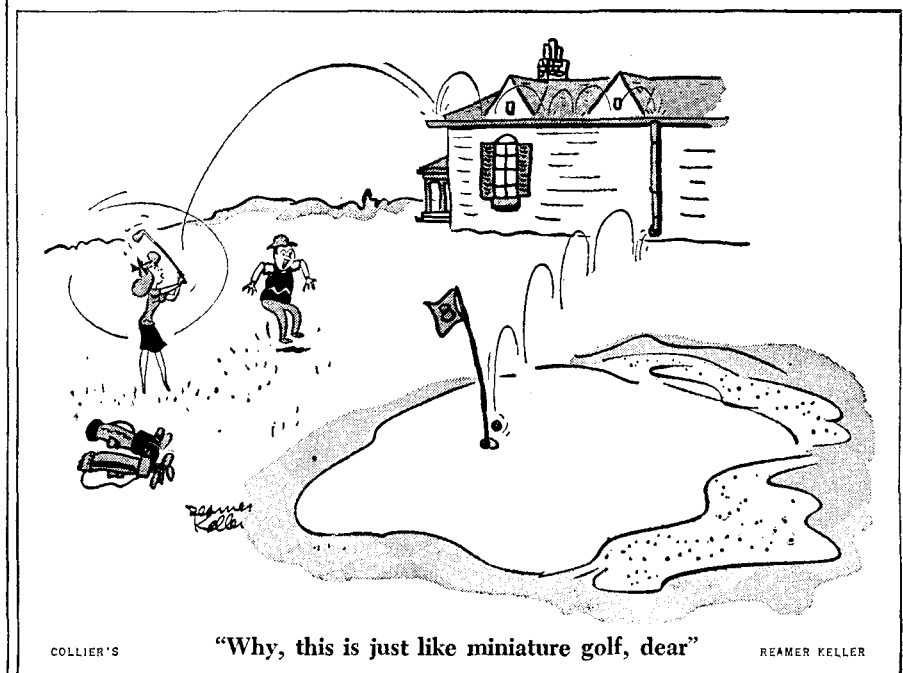
Mother stood in Father's way to stop him from following. "Sit down, Charlie! Please sit down. The boy's upset."

"He's not too old for me to whip," Father said.

"He's upset! He didn't know what he was saying."

"Perhaps I ought to teach him," Father said. But he went back to his chair and sat down. And within a few minutes he was in a good humor again, laughing and telling Mother and me about the wonderful opportunity he would have in Cuba.

Of the next week or two I remember only

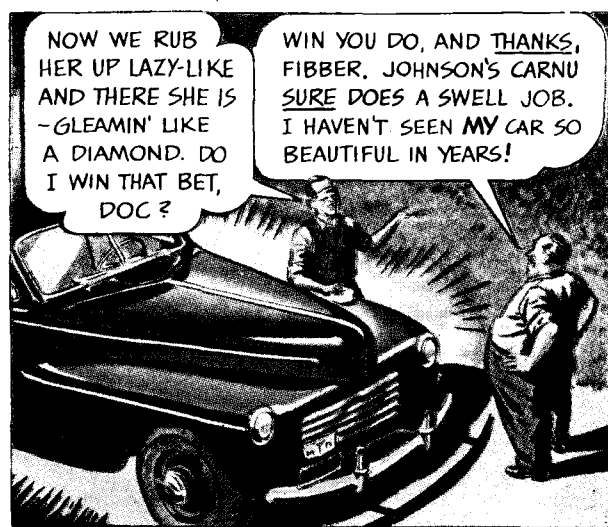


COLLIER'S

"Why, this is just like miniature golf, dear"

REAMER KELLER

FIBBER MCGEE and MOLLY



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—There's nothing like a fast volley to . . .



—turn heads back and forth. But when . . .



—someone delivers a master stroke like this, it's hard not to . . .

Keep your eye on the ^{high} ball!

Master Stroke: Serving Kinsey, the unhurried whiskey, is a master stroke *any* time you have an unhurried moment. Its rich, distinctive flavor makes highballs and cocktails of unusual excellence.

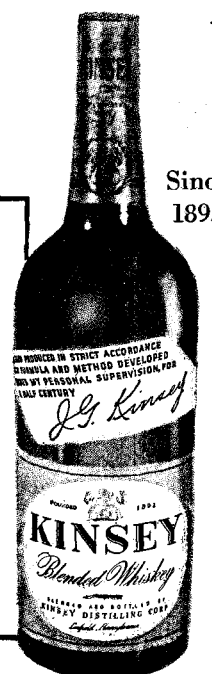
Net Result: Kinsey, one of America's favorite blends for more than half a century, is fast winning more and more friends. If you haven't already discovered this superbly smooth whiskey, don't put that pleasure off another day. Try Kinsey . . . *tonight!*

KINSEY

Blended Whiskey

the unhurried whiskey
for unhurried moments

86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits.
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the excitement which, to Father and me at least, surrounded his preparations for the trip to Cuba. I knew of Cuba only as the place from which came the cigar workers and the dark-haired, dark-skinned, strange-looking men who brought the sailing vessels to tie up in the river near the foot of Washington Street. But Father was not going on one of those sailing boats. "I might save a few dollars," he told Mother, "but it would take a week to get the smell off me after I arrived. And it would hardly be an auspicious beginning for me. With the Latins, you know, a great deal will depend on first impressions." So he was going to take a train from Tampa to Port Tampa, and from there he would take a passenger ship larger than any ship I had ever seen.

So to me it was a happy and exciting period of waiting. There were no more clashes between Father and Charles. Charles must have kept out of the way as much as possible, and Father had apparently forgotten the whole affair. He was never one to hold a grudge. But I know now that it could not have been a happy time for Mother. She had seen Father move too often. He had been in the lumber business in Canada, and he had managed a store in Kansas, and he had gone West to mine gold. He had come to Florida, originally, to operate an orange grove.

And at all these things he had been, in a way, successful. He was a smart man, very handsome and likable. But as soon as a business began to pay, as soon as it began to run smoothly, Father would grow restless, or he would have trouble with his associates, the men who had been so favorably impressed with him at first, and he would move on—to what he always said was an infinitely better opportunity.

FATHER could always explain why it wasn't his fault that a venture would fail just when it should have succeeded. He was completely sincere in this, and it did seem that he was possessed of a curse which made the best and noblest of intentions go wrong. I remember the time he brought me two goats. He was always bringing home presents, thrilled with the pleasure of giving them. He said the goat milk would be good for us and I could raise kids and make a lot of money. But it developed that the nanny was sick when he got her and she died within a few days; the billy butted a hole through the fence and got into the garden in which Mother took so much pride and practically destroyed it. And then we found that Father had not paid for the goats (he didn't have the money in his pocket at the time, he said, and he thought I would make enough out of the kids to pay); so it was Charles who paid for the dead nanny, and I took the billy back to its owner.

It was on a Sunday that Father left for Cuba. A carriage with a Negro driver stopped in front of the house. It was a very handsome carriage and I was climbing all over it before it had stopped and the Negro driver was frowning at me and telling me to be careful with my feet. Mother and I were going with Father to the station, but Charles had said he would be too busy.

Father handed Mother into the carriage, then said, "I've forgotten something. Just a moment, my dear." While he was gone Mother noticed that I wasn't wearing my cap, and she sent me for it.

Father and Charles were in the kitchen and neither of them saw me enter the house. Father was saying, "... care of your mother and Eddie. You'll be the man of the family while I'm gone."

Charles did not answer. He just stood there, wearing overalls and a shirt that had no collar. He was as big as Father, with the same dark hair and wide forehead. He was like a picture of Father, but it was like a poor picture, recognizable, but without the color and charm of the original. It always seemed significant to me that Father was called Charlie by his friends, but my brother never had a nickname and was never called anything but Charles.

"So goodbye," Father said.

Still Charles did not answer. Father turned away, then stopped. "By the way, you'll be around Myers' Shipping quite a bit now?"

"Yes, sir," Charles said. They were building some schooners there and Charles was one of the carpenters.

"It's possible I've left a few small debts there which I haven't had a chance to take care of. If they're mentioned, I'd appreciate you looking after them without bothering your mother. And when we are all settled in Cuba I'll repay you." He turned away.

It was very fine riding to the station. I saw some of the boys I knew and shouted at them, and Mother told me not to make so much noise, but Father laughed. It was fine at the station, too, with the crowd milling about and Father introducing us to people. Then the conductor was shouting that everybody had to get aboard and there were tears in Mother's eyes, though she wiped them hastily away. Father kissed her. "It won't be long," he said.

Mother stood for a while looking after him. She touched her handkerchief to her eyes again, hard, and said, "Let's start back for the house again, Eddie. It's a long walk."

But on the street the carriage was still waiting. The Negro said, "Mr. Hanan told me to drive y'all home, ma'am."

Mother hesitated, then got in, smiling a little. "It's like your father," she said, and put her hand on my head, the way Father

RARE BIRD

Before I die I hope to meet
Him whom I seek with great
avidity:
The man who can discuss the
heat
And never mention the hu-
midity.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

would often do although it was a gesture Mother rarely made. "Your father can be very sweet," she said. "Things may really work out for him this time."

It was not every day that a big carriage with a Negro driver came to The Garrison, and we had something of an audience on our arrival home. I wanted the scene to last as long as possible, but Mother only thanked the driver, politely, and pushed open the gate in the picket fence.

The Negro said, "Scuse me, Miz Hanan."

Mother stopped. "Yes?"

"Mr. Hanan said you would pay me when I brought y'all home."

"Oh!" Mother said. I saw her teeth bite at her lower lip for an instant.

She didn't have enough money. She had to go in the house and get some from Charles.

I DON'T remember just how long it was after that—a month, two months—that I came home late one afternoon and found a man standing at the front gate. He was a man of about Father's age, about forty, and he wore a cattleman's boots and a shirt open at the throat. He said, "Hello, son. Your name Hanan?"

"Yes, sir. I'm Eddie Hanan."

"Charlie Hanan your father?"

"Yes, sir."

He had been filling his pipe and now he put it in his mouth and lighted it, looking through the smoke at our house. "This where you live?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your father home?"

"No, sir. He's in Cuba."

He took his pipe out of his mouth and looked at it thoughtfully. "I'd like to speak to your mother, then," he said.

Mother was in the kitchen. I told her there was a man outside to see her and she went out. I went with her.

The man introduced himself as Mr. Henry Myers. "Your husband was a cattle

buyer for my company," he said. "I understand he is in Cuba now?"

"Yes," Mother said. "He's with the Tampa Export Company. It's a new concern, I believe."

"I wonder if you would let me have his Havana address?"

"Why, certainly," Mother said, and she told him the address. Mr. Myers compared it with something he had written on a slip of paper. He looked again at Mother and he seemed puzzled, a little hesitant now. Mother said, "I'm sure you can get in touch with him at that address. I had a letter from him only yesterday."

Mr. Myers started to speak and shut his mouth again as though he had changed his mind. Finally he said, "Does he plan to come back to Tampa soon?"

"I don't think so," Mother said. "He wants us to join him there as soon as he has things in order. He is doing very well."

"That's good," Mr. Myers said. And after a moment: "Just you and the boy are here?"

"And my other son. He is working for you now as a carpenter."

"When will he be home?"

"Within a few minutes, I expect."

MR. MYERS looked thoughtfully at his pipe and asked if he could wait. Mother was embarrassed; there was no place in that house where you could take a guest. But Mr. Myers said he would just sit on the front steps if she didn't mind.

Mother went back to the kitchen and I sat on the front steps with Mr. Myers. He didn't talk like a man who owned a whole shipping company and built schooners of his own. I liked him from that very first meeting. We were getting along splendidly, I thought, sitting there in the hot, mosquitoey dusk; but soon after Charles got home Mr. Myers said something about me which I didn't hear, and Charles told me to go in the house.

It was about fifteen minutes later that Charles came in. A lamp was burning on the kitchen table and Charles stopped near the door, where the ring of yellow light faded into darkness. His face was above the light, pale in the gloom. "I'm not going to help him," he said. He sounded as though the words had been choked out of him. "I won't help him ever again."

Mother turned from the stove. "What's wrong, Charles?"

"He told me he might have left a few little debts. He didn't have time to take care of them, he said. He wanted me to look after them, without bothering you."

"What are you talking about?"

"Father. He's stolen five hundred dollars from Mr. Myers' company."

A plate slipped from Mother's hand and broke on the floor. I know it broke because I heard the sound, but no one looked down. "I don't believe you!" Mother said. "You don't know what you are saying!"

"Mr. Myers has written him three times, without an answer."

"He didn't steal the money," Mother said. She had moved forward and was holding onto the table now.

"That's what he'll say. He just borrowed it. But it was company money, to buy cattle, and it's gone."

"What does—" The light shone up on Mother's face. I could see her lips parted with no sound coming from them; her eyes were like a visual prayer as she looked across the lamp at Charles. "What does Mr. Myers—want?"

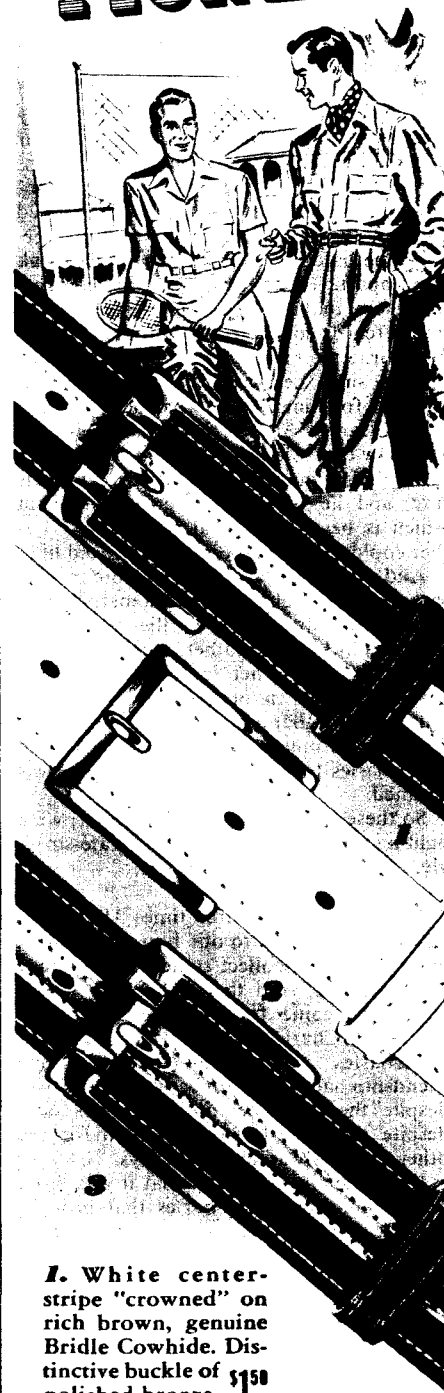
"He wants his money."

"You'll have to help Father, Charles. We both will help. He didn't steal the money. Not really. He didn't mean it as stealing."

Charles said, "I told Mr. Myers I hope he sends Father to jail."

She swayed as though he had struck her. Then the strength seemed to go out of her and she slumped into a chair and buried her face in her arms upon the table. She was not sobbing; there was no movement of her body at all; she was like a dog that lies on the ground to avoid further beating. And Charles came around the table and knelt beside her and put his arm around

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2. Cool-looking, snowy white selected calfskin, harness-stitched and cowhide lined. Chrome-plated, nickel \$250 buckle.

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her shoulders. Neither of them spoke. There was no movement except that now and then Charles would pat Mother's shoulder with his big, dirty hand.

I couldn't keep still any longer. I began to cry without knowing why I cried. Mother looked up and saw me then; I think it was the first time she realized I was there. She put her apron to her face and when she took it down again her eyes were dry. She said, "Come on, Eddie. It's time for your supper." And to Charles, "We'll talk about it later, when the boy is in bed."

So that was all I learned about Father's trouble for a long time. When I would ask Mother about it she would say, "You didn't understand, Eddie. It's nothing to worry about. Father borrowed some money, but he is doing very well in Cuba now, and will be able to pay it back." And if I asked when we were going to Cuba she'd say that would have to wait a while yet.

It was all very indefinite to me. Yet I must have known something of the quietly desperate struggle that was going on in our house. Mother, after the manner of mothers, was fighting to hold our family together; and Charles, because he loved Mother—worshiped her almost—and because he hated Father, was trying to break them apart. I have read somewhere, I forget where, that it is impossible to feel hatred unless fear is connected with it, and Charles had borne the brunt of Father's impractical heroics since he was very young. But it was not for himself now that he may have had a fear of Father; it was for Mother. He knew that a leopard does not change his spots and a man does not change his nature, and he knew the anguish, the pain which is beyond physical pain, which Father could cause the woman who loved him.

And Mother loved Charles; but at the same time she felt there was something unnatural, unholy almost, in the fact that a boy should hate his father. She believed, I think, that it was her fault, that somehow she had failed in her duty as wife and mother, and that unless she could repair that failure, unless she could bring Father and Charles together, the whole family was damned.

So these two, who loved each other, were fighting their unspoken and desperate struggle, each after his own fashion.

THE first two or three times Mr. Henry Myers returned to our house, I thought he had come to collect some of the money Father owed. And then I knew it wasn't money he came for, because usually he came with Charles, or said he had come to see Charles. I know now that a genuine friendship had sprung up between these two, despite the difference in their ages, and despite the fact that one worked for the other. And it was to last always.

But gradually I realized that it was more than friendship with Charles that brought Mr. Henry Myers, who owned a shipping company, to our house in The Garrison. I remember one day he said to me, "You have a very pretty mother, Eddie."

"Sir?"

"Your mother is a very pretty woman."

"Yes, sir," I said to be polite. But it was the first time I had ever thought of Mother as pretty. I always thought of Father as handsome and charming, because those were the things you automatically connected with him. But Mother was just Mother, with the music roll in one hand and the covered basket for her sewing in the other, or standing in the kitchen which the wood stove would make furnace-hot in the summers, or mending clothes. She was sweet, of course. And she was the person I turned to when I needed help. But I never thought of her as pretty, and in some strange, vague way the idea frightened me.

I said, "Excuse me, Mr. Myers," and I got up and went into the house and found Mother.

She saw me staring at her. She said, "What is it, Eddie?"

"Are you pretty?" I was finding it very hard to decide for myself. And then I said, "You are pretty."

"My gracious!" she said, laughing. "What gave you that idea?"

"Mr. Henry Myers. He said you were pretty." And then her face got pink all over and there was a curious shimmer in her eyes and I knew that Mr. Henry Myers had been right. Mother was pretty.

More and more Charles brought Mr. Henry Myers to our home. He ate with us occasionally, eating in the kitchen where we always ate—the only place there was to eat—and if he noticed that our house was not like the houses to which he was accustomed, he gave no sign of it. He was a pleasant man, easy to talk to. We didn't laugh and joke as much when he was there as when Father was home. But we had a good time. There was a feeling of solid dependability about Mr. Myers.

I could sense, too, that Mother liked him. They rarely spoke directly to each other. There was never any doubt that it was Charles Mr. Myers was visiting; yet they were aware of each other always.

I began to feel a vague, reasonless dislike for Mr. Myers. Not dislike, really, because it was impossible to dislike him. It was more like the fear a child can feel in the dark, not knowing what it is that frightens him. Because sitting there at the supper table, smiling and talking quietly, I knew that in some unknown way he was a threat to my

"Don't!" Mother said again. "Don't talk like that, Charles!"

"It's true," Charles said. "You know it's true."

I waited for Mother to deny it. I waited for Mother to tell Charles how wrong he was. I waited for her to tell him the truth about Father, the truth as I believed it to be. And it was a long time before she spoke.

She said, "Let's not talk about it, Charles. Give me a chance to think."

A FEW days later Father came home. He was wearing a white suit such as the Cubans wear and a Panama hat, and he had grown a mustache. He was laughing and very handsome and he had presents for all of us. "I didn't know the men backing the Tampa Export were so short on funds," he told Mother. "It was a sound idea and my work was going well in Cuba. They simply didn't have the capital to make a success of it."

Charles was not at home when Father got there, and it was dark before he came in. After that, things happened with the suddenness of an explosion. I can't even remember Father having a chance to say, "Hello," or get up from where he was sitting at the kitchen table. It seems to me that Charles was speaking almost as he came through the door—because he was

almost as if he were afraid of Charles. "What is the meaning of all this?"

"Mother understands," Charles said. "When you're gone she will get her money."

"Gone? What are you talking about?" "Gone away. Forever. If you leave, Mr. Myers won't prosecute. He's promised me. If you leave, I'll pay the debt."

Father put a hand over his heart. "What kind of a son have I raised?" he said. "Because this Cuban deal fails, through no fault of mine—because, in trying to do my best for my family, I have acquired a small debt . . ."

Charles' face was bloodless, so that the streaks of dirt from his day's work looked black upon it. "You'll always fail. You'll always drag Mother from one trouble to another. And Mr. Myers is in love with her."

Father stared at him. And then, suddenly, Charles said, "But if you were gone and not coming back, he would ask her to marry him."

"So! That's it!" Father stood there, breathing hard. And then he began to shout, "I'll whip him within an inch of his life! I'll buggy-whip him out of town!"

"There would still be the debt," Charles said. "You would still go to prison."

"A paltry few hundred dollars!" Father screamed. "I'll raise the money! I'll cram it down Myers' throat!"

He must have become aware of his own voice, of the falseness of it, for he stopped shouting. His eyes had a queer glazed look as he stared from Charles to Mother to me.

I TURNED my face to the wall and began to cry because I could not look at Father any longer, because even I knew that his shouting had been a hollow attempt to convince himself, to make himself believe what he could no longer believe.

"Eddie," Father said. I had always been the one to believe everything he said, to admire him most. "Eddie, you don't think that I . . . ?" I felt his hand on my head and I pulled away from him.

I heard him go out of the room, stumbling a little. The bedroom door closed behind him and there was the sound of him falling across the bed. And then, through the thin walls of that house came a noise more horrible than any sound I had ever heard—the sound of my father sobbing like a whipped child.

Mother started toward the bedroom. But at the door she looked back at Charles. "You see, he could never go away from us," she said. "Because I love him, Charles. I would have to go with him, wherever he went." She was crying, the lamplight making the tears shine in her eyes. But her voice was steady. "You said he would never make me happy, Charles. But I could never be happy without him. I know that now. I've known it all along." She opened the door and went in to Father.

I couldn't stay in the house any longer. I went out. Mr. Henry Myers was standing on the front porch. He said, "Eddie, tell your mother there is no need to worry about the debt any longer. It has been taken care of."

"Yes, sir," I said.

He looked down at me thoughtfully. "And, boy, you have a wonderful woman for a mother. You should be proud of her. Remember that." He went down the steps, and through the gate in the picket fence to where his buggy was waiting.

So I have never known who won in this struggle between Mother and Charles, or if there was a victor or a vanquished. Mother got the house with the parlor, but that was several years later. Charles bought it for her. He was doing very well with the Myers' Shipping Company. But he never lived in that house with us, saying he preferred a small place near his work. And later he got married and had a home of his own.

Father was never one to hold a grudge. He was always rather proud of Charles' success and referred to his son as a "construction engineer." Charles always called himself a carpenter.

THE END



father, and to me Father was still the greatest man alive.

There was never any more mention of the money that Father had stolen—borrowed—from Mr. Myers' company. I had forgotten it, taken for granted that this had long since been settled.

Then one day Mother told me that Father was coming home. Something had happened to the company which he represented, and we wouldn't move to Cuba after all.

And it was that night I heard Charles say that Mr. Henry Myers was in love with Mother. I had gone to bed, but in our house you could hear from one room to another if you listened. I was half asleep, paying no attention to the conversation in the kitchen, until I heard Charles say, "You know Mr. Myers is in love with you." After that I was out of the bed and listening.

It was a long time before Mother spoke and her voice was so low I could scarcely hear her. "How can I know that? He has never spoken a word to me that you or Eddie didn't hear."

"As long as he thinks you love Father he won't say anything. But you know."

"Mr. Myers is a very good man," Mother said. "A gentleman." She added softly, "A very splendid gentleman."

"And Father!" Charles said. He made a noise that sounded like laughter, but wasn't laughter at all.

"Don't!" Mother said.

"You'll never be happy with him. He'll always be the same—blowing off his mouth, wearing his fine clothes while you—"

still very young, and even hating Father it was not easy for a boy—saying, ". . . that money you stole from the Myers' Shipping Company."

"Charles!" Mother cried. Father was saying, "What? What's that?" their voices mingling. Father began to stand up slowly.

"The money you stole," Charles said. His voice was thinner, higher than usual. It was almost like a girl's. It was almost as if he were about to cry. "Mr. Myers is coming to collect it tonight. And if you don't pay there'll be a warrant for your arrest."

Father started around the table and I thought he was going to strike Charles. Then Mother was between them and after a moment Father stepped back, smiling slightly. He said, "You're excited, son. I told you I had left a few debts at the company."

"It was company money, given to you for buying cattle," Charles said.

"Very well," Father said. "That's only a technicality. It will be paid back."

Charles made that sound that was like laughter, but wasn't. "How? Nobody will lend you the money. I won't promise to pay it for you. And Mother hasn't any money."

"I have a little!" Mother said. "We can use that. And—"

"You don't have any," Charles said, looking at her. "You gave it to me to put in the bank. It's in my name."

"Are you stealing from your mother?" Father said. His voice was big, filling the house; but there was a look on his face such as I had never seen before. It was



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use Forhan's
with massage
FOR FIRMER GUMS - CLEANER TEETH



Hot Tamale Circuit

Continued from page 17

break the Giants ever had. The Giants broke their record for home attendance last year, with a low-salaried team—and that's what they say about the players that helped them make a fortune."

But the financial details are less important than the human element. How are the Americans going to get along in Mexico? What chance has the Mexican League to last? What sort of a man is Jorge Pasquel (pronounced Pass-kell)? How will the Americans be affected by the living conditions, the food, the water, the necessity of learning a foreign tongue? To get the answers, we visited the homes of as many American players as we could reach and talked also with Cuban, Puerto Rican and Mexican players. We have found out a great deal about Mexican baseball and almost as much about American baseball.

The Pitcher Who Tore a Muscle

Take the case of Tommy De La Cruz, formerly a very good pitcher for the Cincinnati Reds. Tommy was setting the league on fire last year for the Mexico City team (working on a five-year contract at a salary almost twice that of Cincinnati) when he tore a muscle in his leg. He collected his salary for the remaining two months of the year and then Pasquel paid all expenses for a major operation last winter in Havana. When De La Cruz returned to Mexico City this spring, Pasquel refused to let him pitch until it was certain he was in shape. He still wasn't pitching a month after the season opened.

"Jorge said it didn't matter if I ever pitched again," said De La Cruz. "He said I was with him for life and could be a manager or coach if I couldn't pitch."

The De La Cruzes were established in an expensive apartment in the Washington Apartments, with their rent paid and their living expenses assured by the club. The Owens were around the corner in another nice apartment, and down the block were the Frank Scalzis. Scalzi, the former New York Giant player, is known in Mexico as Rizzuti because he played in Mexico under that assumed name in 1940. A short distance away are the Bobby Estalellas in the Latino-Americano apartments. Danny Gardella, late of the New York Giants, is set up in style in an apartment near Hamburg Street, where Jorge Pasquel lives. Luis Olmo, the former Brooklyn star, is also living in Mexico City and Charley Mead of the Giants is a new arrival.

The apartments are rent-free and last year the players were given six hundred pesos a month for living expenses (approximately \$120 at the current rate of exchange). But this means nothing under the Pasquel system. If groceries come higher, the players let Pasquel know and he puts up the difference. Without doubt, it is the most amazing thing ever known in the history of sports. The players practically get their salaries clear.

George Hausmann has his wife and children of Torreón, where they enjoy the privileges of the country club and have a swimming pool for the children. Red Hayworth is also at Torreón and likes it so well that he has sent for his family. Mickey Owen reports that Roy Zimmerman is happy at Nuevo Laredo and we can testify that the Mexico City contingent feel they are sitting on top of the world. They were worried about Murray Franklin, the ex-Detroit player, at Tampico, where it is hot and not too attractive, but Franklin has stated he is quite content there. He feels he got a raw deal from Detroit in being dropped after a month of spring training and is one of the greatest boosters for Mexican baseball.

Pasquel treats the players with such prodigality that they go about with their eyes popping. In addition to the salaries, bonuses, free apartments and allowances for living expenses, he pays all doctor and den-

tist bills and is so free with his largesse that all the players' wives have gold bracelets as gifts from him and many of the players have clothes, watches and rings as presents. Ramon Bragafia, Cuban Negro pitcher and manager of the Vera Cruz team, is wearing a diamond ring presented by Jorge and said to be worth \$6,000. Dolf Luque down at Puebla has a new car as a gift from his club.

Thinking that this might only be true for the higher-priced athletes, we talked with Raymond Dandridge, American Negro second baseman for Mexico City. He assured us that conditions are exactly alike for all players. Since he has been coming to Mexico for many years, he knows the situation well and other players told us with envy that Dandridge was installed in one of the finest houses in town. At forty-two years old, Dandridge is a wonder as a fielder and hitter. He plays baseball eleven months a year (Panama, Cuba and Mexico) and there is general agreement that he would be a star on any big-league club in America.

However, Mexico is not the United States and there are handicaps that are inclined to irk the visitor. It is a country without water, and Mexico City, modern as it may be, is no exception. In some apartments the water is turned off at noon and unless the housewife learns to keep a reserve supply in the bathtub, the family may have a tough time during the day. However, the six thousand other Americans who make Mexico City their permanent home get used to such difficulties and also accustom themselves to the differences in food.

The Mexico City ball park looks like a run-down minor league plant in this country. It seats around 20,000 but is a rickety job with no lavatory conveniences, no clubhouse and no showers for the players. They dress at home and go back home to change. Even President Pasquel's box has no chairs; you sit on the flat boards with no back rest. There is a line of boxes in front holding four patrons sitting on small wire chairs such as we see in drugstores. The Puebla ball park holds around 10,000 and the boxes there consist of one row of grandstand seats protected by a railing.

Better Ball Parks Are Planned

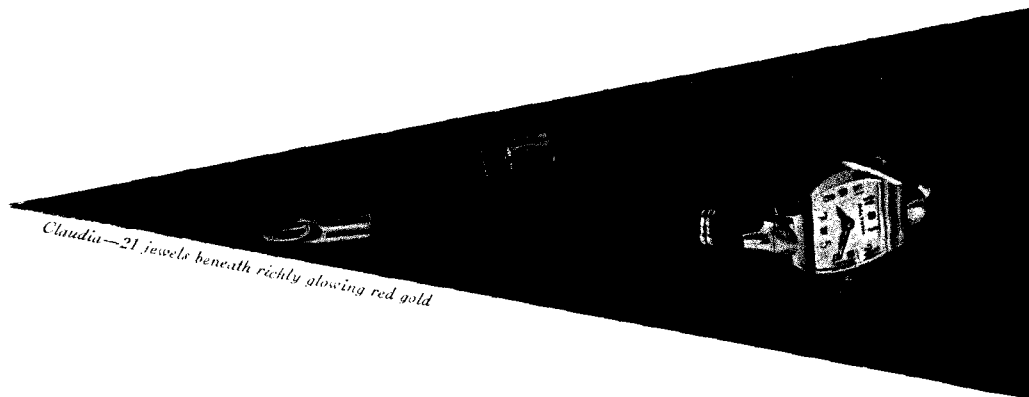
However, the league will spend \$6,000,000 next year for new parks. Pasquel now has two architects in the States inspecting our plants, and ground will be broken in January for a \$2,000,000 Baseball City in Mexico City, with an apartment house for the ballplayers, space under the stadium for two thousand cars, and theater seats for the paying guests. Puebla is even now extending its grandstand to care for this season's crowds and will have a new park next year. At Tampico a spur of railroad track runs through right field but that also will soon be corrected.

Night ball is played only in Torreón and Laredo. Formerly the league played three games a week, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday morning at 11:30. A fourth game was added, starting in May, and this met with the players' approval because they complain about getting out of shape from too much lying around. But they are frankly relieved at getting away from the seven-day grind in the States.

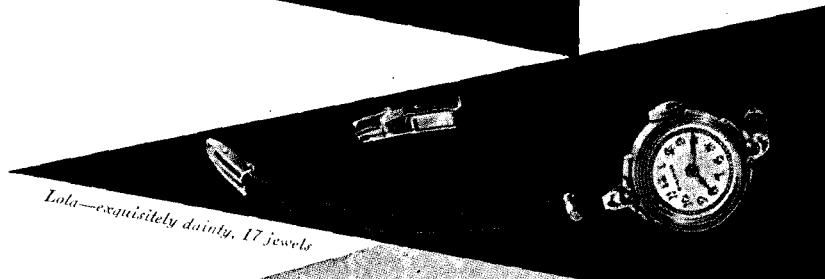
"Hell!" said one of the Americans disgustedly. "If we ever had an off day, they'd book an exhibition game. On this system down here a guy should be good to fifty."

Pasquel owns two clubs in Mexico City (Mexico and Vera Cruz), controls every park in the league and is said also to own San Luis Potosí and Torreón. The Tampico club is owned by the American Coca-Cola representative, Fleischmann, who is said to net \$100,000 a month from the franchise. Laredo is backed by men worth \$40,000,000. Monterrey is a rich city and is completely nuts about baseball, as is true

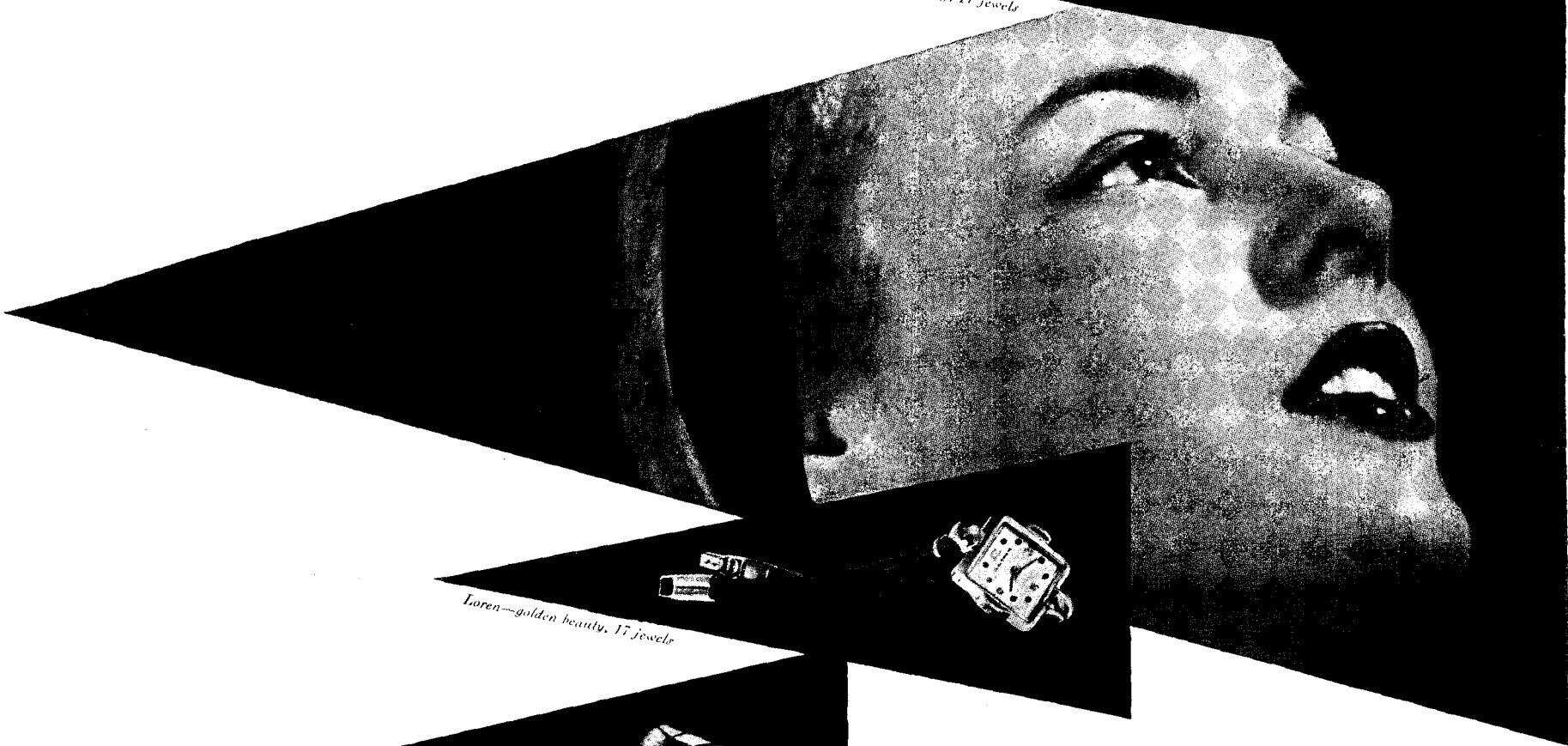
Collier's for June 22, 1946



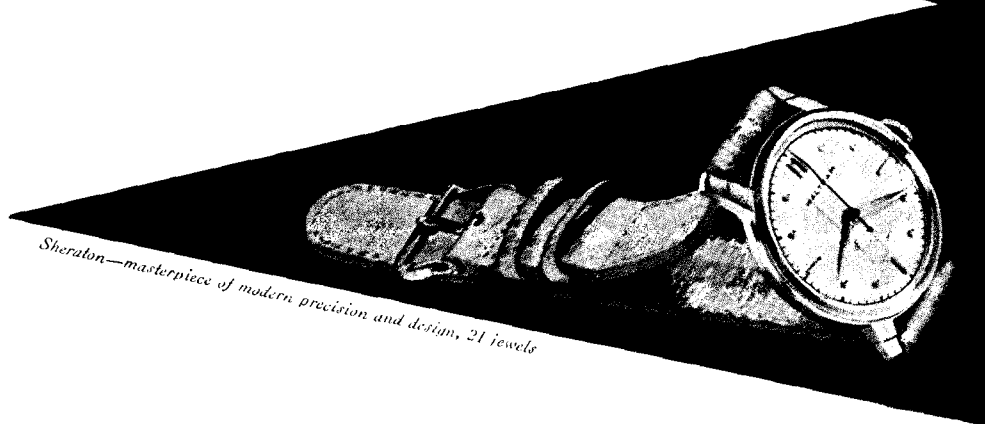
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A B E T T E R B L E N D F O R B E T T E R D R I N K S

of the whole country. Monterrey, with no American players on its roster, was leading the league in early May. Pasquel's own pet team, Vera Cruz (he was born there and still keeps a residence there) was in last place and Jorge was suffering audibly. He acts for the good of the league, but when Vera Cruz loses he goes into mourning. If he is a dictator, he is having little luck with his dictating.

Pasquel's personality is all-important in any discussion of Mexican baseball, and it can be said immediately that he is an amazing man. He conducts an importing and exporting business with his brothers (Alfonso, Bernardo, Gerardo and Mario) but his fingers are in dozens of pies. He owns a ranch near San Luis Obispo, and his brother Gerardo owns another near Torreón. Bernardo and Alfonso are installed at Laredo, and Mario, the youngest, is a lawyer in Mexico City. Nobody in Mexico City has any idea what Jorge is worth; it is a matter of as much heated discussion there as it is in some circles here. The first surmise is that Pasquel is confusing pesos and dollars when he speaks of a \$60,000,000 fortune, but Pasquel replies quietly that he is well aware of the difference, and it is dollars he is mentioning.

Many Irons in the Fire

All we know is that Pasquel seems to be connected with almost every line of activity in Mexico. It is rather well established that he controls a Mexico City bank, although this is not publicly known. His mother owns a cigar factory in Vera Cruz.

Whether Pasquel has eighteen pesos or \$60,000,000, he is a red-hot baseball fan and he is also a proud Mexican and there is no possibility whatever that he will give up the fight against American baseball (the baseball monopoly, he calls it) or that he will renege on his contracts. When Branch Rickey followed Luis Olmo's defection with harsh words against Mexican baseball, the die was cast.

"That hurt me; that hurt my pride," says Jorge, with his hand on his heart. "It hurt the pride of all Mexicans. If American baseball wants peace with us, I will

not go to them. They will get peace only when Commissioner Chandler comes here to this office and sits in this chair and explains what he has meant by his words about Mexico."

His feelings were not assuaged in the slightest by the injunction action taken by Col. Larry MacPhail and Branch Rickey in American courts to prevent Pasquel agents from tampering with their players. This would certainly be accounted another provocation by Jorge.

Pasquel's acquaintance with the Americans came in a rough way. As a boy of six, he cowered in a cellar in Vera Cruz while American warships blasted the town and killed hundreds of citizens of the little port town. Relations with Mexico were so bad that in the first World War it was estimated that the country was almost unanimous in desiring a German victory.

The episode has been forgotten now, and Jorge Pasquel forgot it to the point where he began making yearly trips to this country in 1931. He knows more about the United States, its roads, its industries, its farms, than most Americans. He thinks the United States is the greatest country ever created by God and destined to rule the world for the next thousand years.

On the personal side, Pasquel is a fanatic on good health and sports. He neither smokes nor drinks, and when Danny Gardella arrived in Mexico they rigged up a gymnasium in the patio of Pasquel's Mexico City house (a lavish affair on all counts) where they have daily workouts with Jorge's American trainer, Robert Janis. On Sunday afternoons after the ball game, they go out to Chapultepec Heights and play a variety of squash tennis on a *jai alai* court. During the week Jorge sneaks away from his work and turns up at Delta Parque to throw a few with the ballplayers. He was an amateur player and got deeply interested in the sport in 1940 when he managed Vera Cruz into the pennant. He may not be an expert but he knows the game thoroughly.

What is not generally understood in the States is that Mexico is baseball mad. On the train coming down from Laredo, we saw dozens of games going on in back lots; in Puebla the grocery boys wore baseball

caps with the peaks turned up, like kids all over America; the waiters in the Ritz Hotel were more concerned about how the game came out than in getting the soup to the table hot. Bobby Estalella and Tommy De La Cruz tell us that Cuba is even wilder about the sport.

Lefty Gomez is managing a team in Venezuela and it seems only a short time till baseball captures all Latin America.

The League's Financial Setup

Which is to say that Jorge Pasquel is no fool. He likes baseball but he is also a businessman. We saw seven games in Mexico and all but one (Easter Sunday) was a complete sellout, with the gates closed at game time and crowds around the outfield and sitting in front of the stands (at Puebla).

Jorge Pasquel expects the league to gross between \$2,000,000 and \$2,250,000 this year, which will allow it to break even, despite the high salaries being paid. Fifty-five per cent of all receipts are turned into the league treasury and divided equally among the teams at the end of the year. This means that Mexico City (and Pasquel) carries the league; that is why the other owners are quite content to let him run things.

Next year, with the new parks built, Mexican baseball is going to be a gold mine. The prices range from 2½ pesos (fifty cents) to ten pesos (two dollars) for box seats. Pasquel figures that next year his games at the new Mexico City park will bring average daily receipts of \$30,000. This is money in any language but the enthusiasm of the Mexicans for baseball seems to warrant Pasquel's expectations. In view of this, his three- and five-year contracts to American players appear less startling. The man knows exactly what he is doing, and things that strike outsiders as fantastic may turn out to be sound business deals. Mickey Owen would probably have brought Brooklyn \$75,000 in a trade; Pasquel gets him for a \$12,500 bonus. Mickey makes a good deal for himself, Pasquel gets a valuable player; everybody's happy except Brooklyn.

The Mexico City and Vera Cruz teams travel either by air or Pullman on their trips. Tampico, Laredo and Torreón also travel by air and train. Monterrey has its own bus; San Luis Potosí uses bus, trains and airplane. Puebla uses a bus in the three-hour trip to Mexico City but uses train and plane on other trips. We mention this because of reports in the States that Mexican players travel like a Class-C American outfit, taking their chances in rickety charabancs with *paisanos*, chickens, goats and odors.

The players feel that the American baseball contract is inequitable and harsh in its terms. It contains a clause whereby a player may be discharged with ten days notice and an even more famous clause (the reserve clause) which permits the club to retain possession of the player from one season to the next. Because of this he is always the property of some club in organized baseball and is prevented from making a deal for his services.

It is plain from speaking to players on both sides of the border that the Pasquel threat is the finest thing that ever happened to them. Even if they don't jump to the Mexican League, their salaries are being hiked here. Instead of being at the mercy of the American club owners, they now have a leverage that makes life infinitely sweeter for them. It seems inevitable that if Pasquel persists in his campaign, changes will be made in the American system that will greatly better the status of the players.

All reports to the contrary, the players down below consider it a Mexican hay ride. If they are eating their hearts out with regret, they are dissembling in a most amiable manner. It doesn't show.

(This is the first of two articles on Mexican baseball. The next will discuss Mexican pistol-toting, gambling and other odd aspects of baseball south of the Rio Grande.)



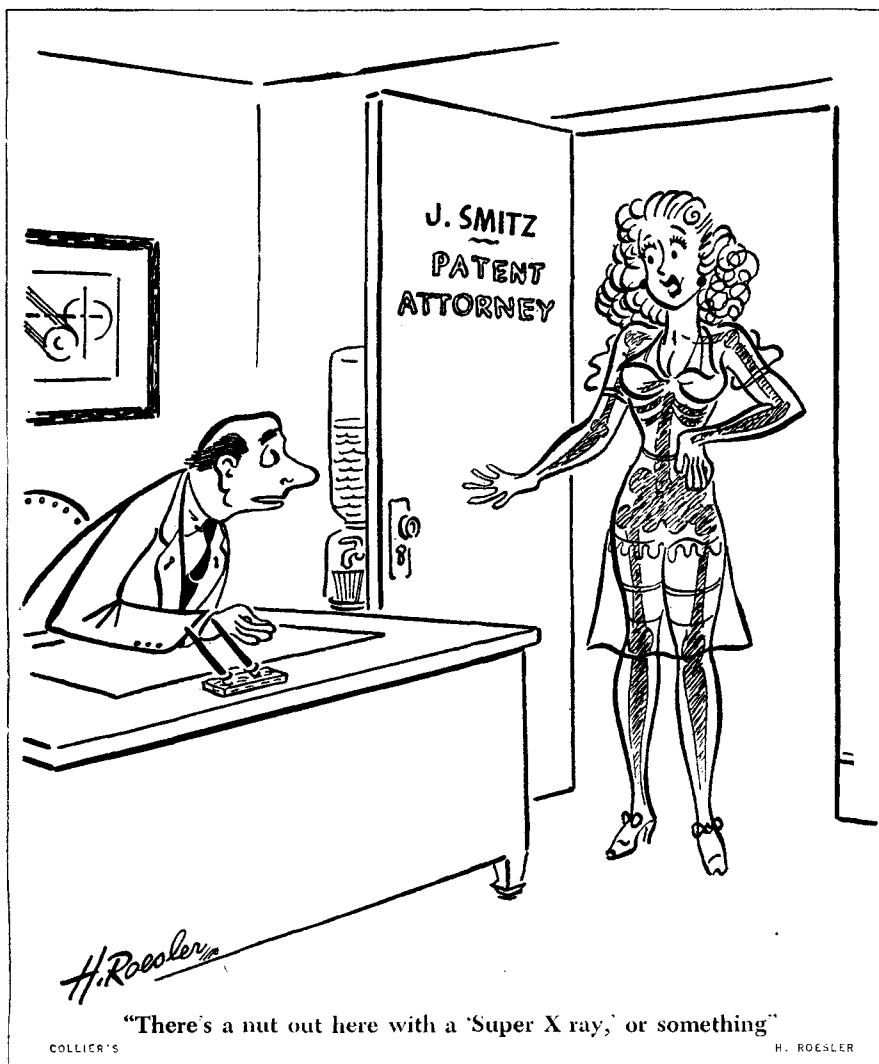
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When Uncle Bill Traylor began to paint, he went straight back to his ancestors of prehistoric times. The critics are impressed

AT THE age of eight-six Uncle Bill Traylor, a former slave, had never set pencil or brush to paper. He was just a sad-eyed old man with a white beard, shuffling the streets of Montgomery, Alabama. People guessed that he was beginning to think of the place "where the good darkies go."

But apparently he wasn't. For quite suddenly, at eighty-seven, he began to draw and paint, for no good reason except that "it jes' come to me." He began scratching weird pictures on the backs of cigarette ads, box tops and any other cardboard he could get his hands on. At eighty-eight, he had heard these scratchings pronounced "art" by local critics and had seen them placed on public exhibition in Alabama.

Now at ninety-two he sits in the sun and continues to make his painful scratches despite growing rheumatism. His work has found its way into high New York art circles. Critics have described it as "incredible" and have termed its creator "a master of surface decoration," a unique "self-made artist."

But the most amazing thing about Uncle Bill Traylor is that he is painting exactly as his African ancestors did, hundreds and even thousands of years ago! Through some capricious blunder of the centuries, this old plantation Negro is painting like the prehistoric cave artists. The kind of figures being sloshed by old Bill on gutter cardboard are found in only one other place in the world—in African and Spanish caves, where they were put by men who lived before the beginnings of written history!

What caused this strange breach of time and place? Some critics say it was his simplicity. Untouched by education, he did what many Negro artists have done in music but few have ever done in art: He went back to his native African traditions.

Bill Traylor was born a slave on the plantation of George Traylor in the blacklands of Alabama, near Benton. He was ten years old in 1863 when the Yankees rode through the quarters and told him he was free. Until recent years he farmed the land, raised children. Then, when he had grown too old to continue, when his wife and his white folks were dead, when his 25 children were scattered, he came to town—to Montgomery.

For a while he worked in a shoe factory. When rheumatism and old age disabled him, he took to the street with a hatful of pencils. Then, finally, even the pencils were gone. The hat was empty.

Refuge in a Doorway

Home to him now was wherever he managed to move himself and the gray bundle of rags on which he slept. Finally he took refuge in an unused doorway. Into this sunken doorway the street crowds pushed discarded bags, signboards, and cardboard box tops.

Idly, but painstakingly, Bill took an old pencil stub and began to decorate the cardboard with scrawled figures. At first, they were pictures of simple objects such as boxes, shoes and baskets. Then came fantastic designs integrating human forms with the forms of plants, in compositions as lyrical as those of Pablo Picasso, the Spanish modernist.

One morning when the wind had blown him a particularly large "easel," the back of a Coca-Cola sign, old Bill noticed a mule nodding at the curb under a cloud of flies. "Whoa, now. Hold yo' ugly head still!" he told the uneasy



Bill Traylor, 92 now, didn't start to paint till he was 87. His works resemble the primitive art found in early caves

HE LOST 10,000 YEARS

BY ALLEN RANKIN

mule. "We gonna make us a pitcher."

When he was through with the mule he did the cats in the produce house up the street, and he did the cur dogs on the corner and the men and women who invariably met each other under the street light. He did farm animals from memory. He did pictures of scenes he remembered—hunting scenes, drinking bouts, chicken-stealing scrapes.

He did them on paper bags—on anything that the wind blew, or people kicked, his way. If a piece of cardboard had an irregular shape, Bill drew an irregular picture to fill it. He got hold of some poster paints, which he used with a wild abandon. Trees might be brilliant yellow, dogs flaming red and women green-faced. It was all the same to Bill.

True, his pictures looked like things never actually seen on this earth. But if you looked at the stuff awhile, something happened. The crudity dissolved and with it the stiffness. A rhythmic motion swept over old Bill's gutter canvases, and something more than that—a strange unity of composition, a feeling for life.

One day a young white man came to Bill's doorway "studio." For a long time he sat on a stool and watched the old Negro paint.

He was Charles Shannon, whose paintings of the South had won him two consecutive Rosenwald Fellowships. He knew fine and sensitive art when he saw it, even though he found it coming forth from a bundle of rags on a street corner. He also knew African cave art. This was it, being created in the twentieth century in the heart of Alabama!

Shannon told his friends. They began buying his pictures, paying for them what they could afford. They encouraged the old man to keep painting. Only one thing was taboo, advice of any kind.

"The old Negro's work," Shannon said, "was too rare and remarkable to be tampered with. Bill had never been influenced by anything outside his own

feelings. It would have been wrong to show him a single picture which might have influenced him."

But as they watched his art burst into a wildly colored thing like some bizarre North African plant, they didn't tell him how much like the olden cave painters he was. They didn't tell Bill that the cows he painted in Alabama fields bore marked resemblance to the bison painted in caves of North Spain sometime before history began.

To have told him would have been to influence and to spoil one of art's great rarities. Besides, Bill never would have understood.

The Room with White Walls

One day Shannon told the old man that the New South, an organization formed to further appreciation of Southern Art, wanted to exhibit his pictures. The day for the exhibition came. They went and got old Bill off his street corner and bought him a white collar. They led him, looking for all the world like Old Black Joe, for blocks and blocks up into the better part of town. Finally, they helped him up two flights of stairs, into the brightest, whitest room he had seen since Christmas mornings back in Old Master's house. There, in the room sat white people. And there all around the white walls hung Bill's paintings.

The old Negro seemed flabbergasted. The people were all looking at his paintings and at another giant picture which wasn't his and which towered in the middle of the room. It was a big mural Charles Shannon had painted of a dignified old Negro sitting on a street corner. Uncle Bill blinked as he recognized the picture as one of himself!

He moved from one to the other of the pictures, smiling, admiring them as if they had been done by someone else and he had never seen them before. Slowly, he turned to the audience.

"This ole hawse, he fat," said Bill, pointing to one of his animal pictures, "but this pore ole skinny mule heah, he done work all-l-l-l his life and they done turn him out in the pasture to die."

That was practically all he said. It was obvious that he hardly considered the pictures his own. He was merely the medium through which they had happened.

That probably was the last exhibition of his work old Bill will ever see. For though Shannon plans to have a formal exhibit soon, with profits going to the old man, Uncle Bill probably will be too old to attend. He may be dead.

Since the exhibit, Bill somehow has lost a leg, and the welfare department has placed him under the care of one of his 25 children. He lives with a daughter in a small house on Bragg Street. His voice is thinner and his eyes and thoughts are further back in the past. Still, he continues to draw and paint.

Will it live, this bizarre stuff which is primitive and Thurberish at the same time? Will it blow down the gutters of a little town when Bill is gone? Or will it have some little part of the permanence enjoyed by the rock-immortalized cave pictures which it resembles?

About this, old Bill knows and understands nothing. His mind has gone back to the plantation, as have the stories he tells people who come to watch him paint.

"Ole bullfrog," rumbles Bill, "say, 'Who's gonna sleep wid my wife when I'm dead?' . . . An all de little frogs say, 'Me! Me! Me!'"

"Ole bullfrog say, 'Who's gonna take kere of my wife when I'm dead?'" With brush raised, Bill pauses for effect before he says dolorously, "An' ain't no little frog made a sound 'til yet."

And then against the soundless eternity fast closing down on him, old Bill draws another line on dirty cardboard and smiles a secret smile all to himself. ★★★

Give Me That Sympathetic Understanding

Continued from page 14

alone in the parlor, on the couch, and the lights are down low.

This is a situation that I thought about several times in the Pacific. Almost every night I thought about it.

"Gee, baby," I says.

"Yeah," she says. "It sure is."

"Yeah," I says.

"Joey . . ."

"Yeah?"

"You sure you remember what I look like?"

"For cryin' out loud," I says. "Why shouldn't I?"

"Well," she says, with a sigh, "don't worry about it. Maybe you just don't get the normal reactions."

I wait for a minute for this to pass, whatever it is, and then I say, "Mabel," kinda soft.

"Yeah, Joey?" she says, in her voice that sounds like a little girl.

"I been away a long time," I says, "and I was wonderin' . . . how about a little kiss, for welcome home?"

"Sure, Joey," she says. "Whatever you say."

"After all," I says, "it's eighteen months since I seen you, so you could give me a break, couldn't you?"

"Sure, Joey," she says. "Go ahead."

That's what she said the first time, only I couldn't believe it. I kiss her, and it's just like it was advertised in my dreams, only better. I ask her how about another one, and she says, "Sure, Joey. Whatever you say."

You think this is a successful first night home from the Army? Well, it ain't exactly a failure. Except when I finally go home, I got a feelin' something is wrong. Just kind of an itching around the solar plexus, where you can't scratch it. Wrong. Not right.

The next night is the same thing, only more so. I'm up at Mabel's again, and the food is the same, and her old lady is still crazy about sewin', and Mabel and me end up, likewise, alone on the couch.

"Gee, Joey," she says, with a sigh.

"Yeah," I says. "Er . . . how about a little kiss, baby?"

"Sure, Joey," she says.

The same thing. I ain't kickin', mind you. It takes a lot of this before it gets monotonous. And I ain't sayin' that Mabel would never kiss me before this, if I asked her. But when she did, it wasn't right away, and then there was always a sentiment tacked on, which is lackin' at this time.

You know how in them murder pictures you see in the movies, sometimes it's worse when you just hear silence than if you hear the characters screamin' or groanin'? It's the same thing here. The silence is gettin' me.

I DON'T sleep so good that night. I'm kind of jittery and nervous. I figure maybe I ought to get my job back right away, instead of takin' a week off like I was planning. After all, maybe I'm just imaginin' things because I got so much time on my hands.

The third night up at Mabel's, I know I ain't imaginin' nothin'. I ask for a kiss. She says sure. I figure I can take a chance on a trial balloon, like they say, so I mention, casual, that Ralph Bayless and Flo Lamprey are gettin' married.

But Mabel only says, "Ain't that interestin'?"

That's all. "Ain't that interestin'?" Like she ain't interested at all. It's like all of a sudden this Tommy Manville ain't interested in matrimony no more.

It ain't until I get home this night that it hits me what's goin' on. The first night I figure she's just bein' polite, not to bring up the subject the first night. But now I get it.

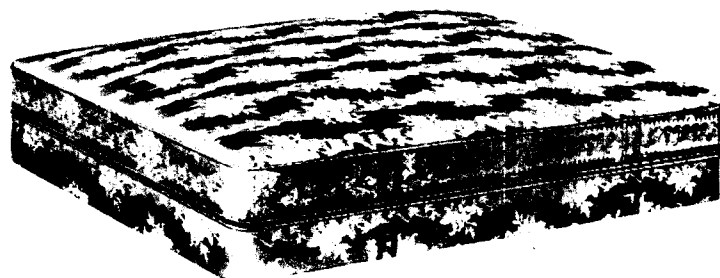
Mabel don't want to get married. Anyway, she don't want to get married to me, which is worse, because with her, that's the same thing as sayin' she's done with me, washed up, finished.

That night I don't sleep at all.

I go down to get my job the next day. I walk in Mr. Prescott's office, the manager of the company where I usta work. I tell him

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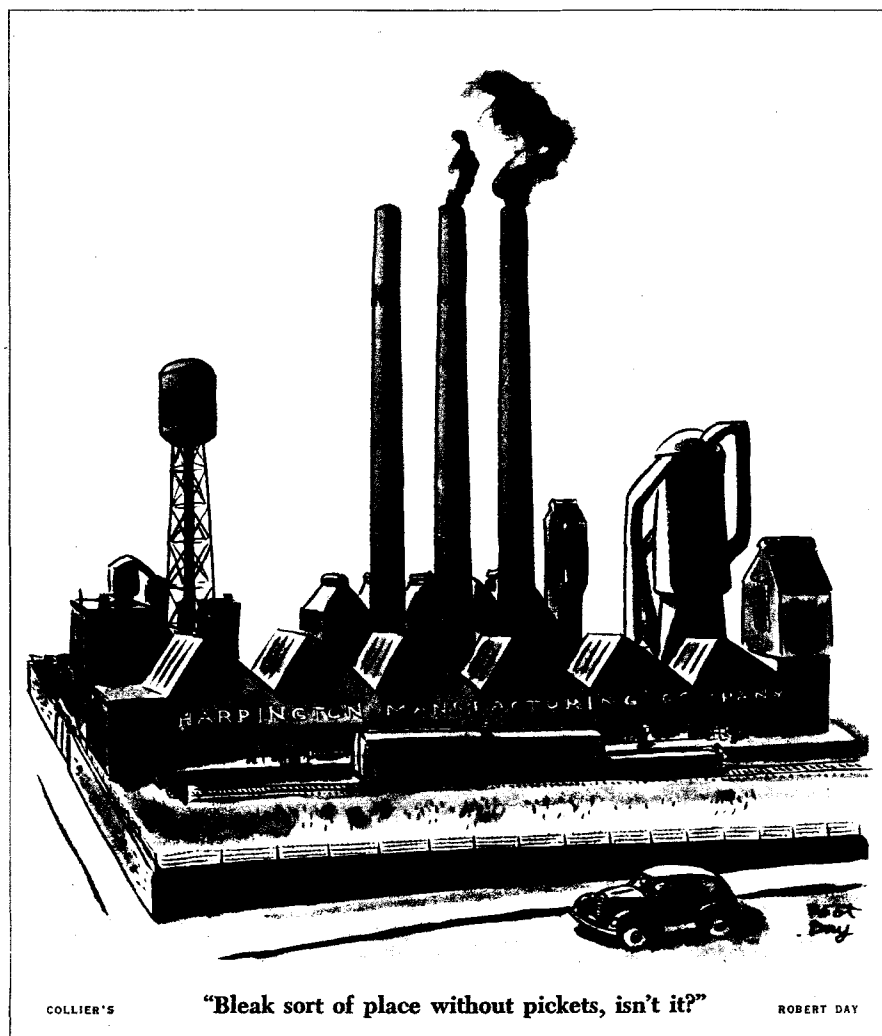
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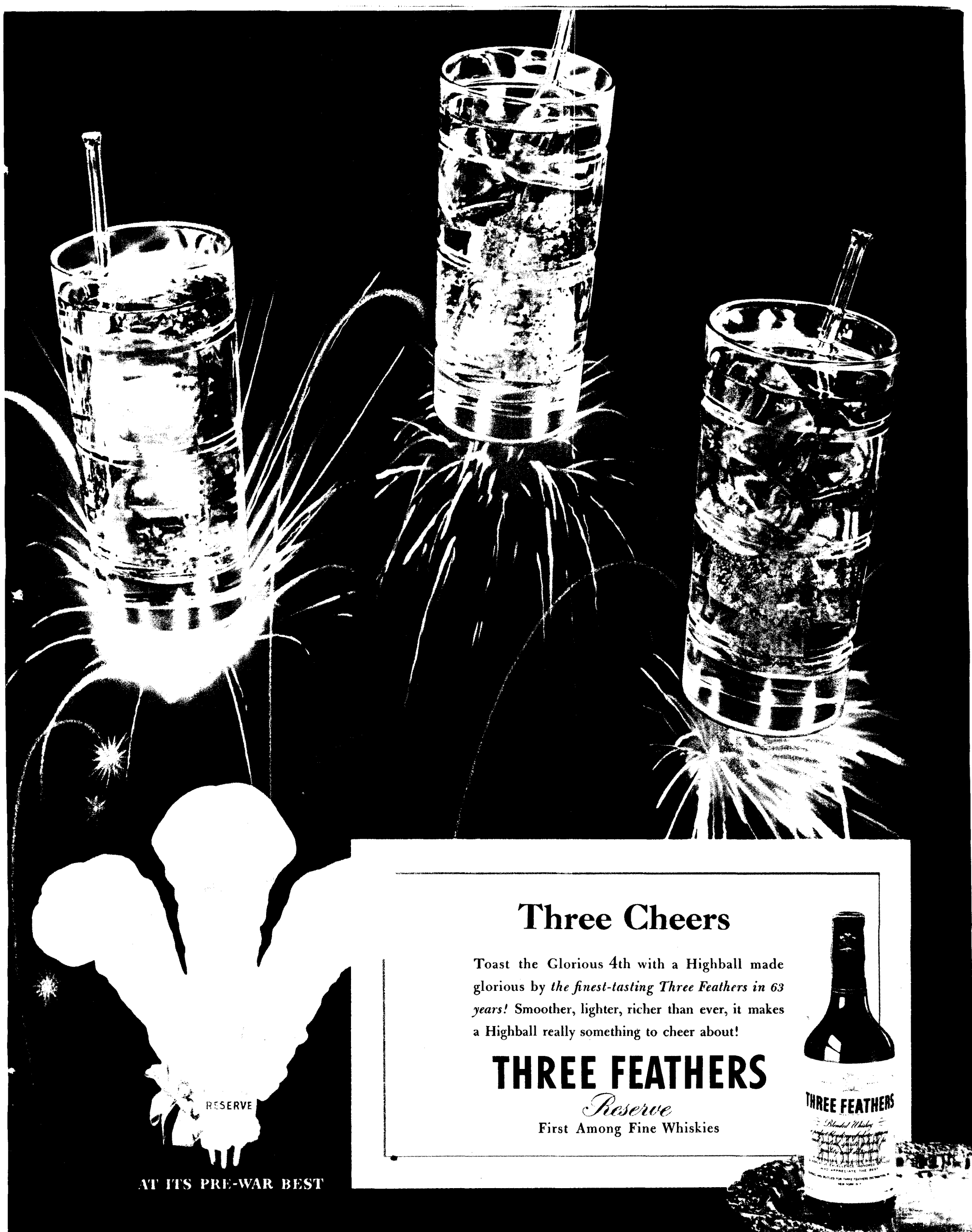
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I'm a veteran, and he's gotta give me my job back.

"Sparton," he says, "all of us here are proud of you. Mighty proud."

I got the old G.I. Bill of Rights in my pocket, ready to wave it in his face. He never usta like me.

"Proud," he says. "Mighty proud."

He gives me the best hack the company's got, which is a real pile of junk, after goin' through the whole wartime period. I got my job back.

I go cruisin' around the streets, only I don't get a bang out of it like I expected. I keep thinkin' how funny everybody is actin'. Especially Mabel, and that ain't funny. That's a tragedy.

Four days outta the Army, and I'm lower than a snake's belly. I feel like a stranger payin' a visit to Brooklyn, instead of a regular comin' home.

I got a feelin' I gotta find out what's wrong, one way or the other. I gotta put it up to Mabel, right or wrong, and find out.

I pick her up in the hack, to take her for a ride. She's in the back, so no spotter will think I'm just out joy ridin', which I am.

It's a beautiful day in the springtime, not too warm, but I'm sweatin', anyway. The thing is, I can't just come out and say, "Do you wanna get married, or don't you?" What if she says yes, right out? It's a situation that calls for diplomacy.

"It's a beautiful day in the springtime, ain't it?" I says. It's a careful openin', but to the point.

"It sure is," she says, hollerin' a little so I can hear her up front.

We pass by a young couple pushin' a baby carriage.

"A young couple," I says, "with a baby. They look happy, don't they?"

"I don't know," she says. "We was goin' too fast to catch the expressions."

You see? I ain't just makin' it up. If there's one word she usta like more than "springtime," leadin' to a talk on matrimony in the springtime, it's "couple," especially combined with a baby. I try it just once more.

"It's nice for young people to get married in the springtime, though, ain't it?" I never said a thing like that before in my life.

She thinks about it for a minute, and I'm holdin' my breath. Then she says, "The season ain't so important. It's the compatibility that counts, and sympathetic understanding. It don't pay to rush. Red light, Joey."

THE last part is about a red light, which is on the next corner, and which I can see without her tellin' me. The part before that is the pay-off. There ain't no rush, she says. It's like Glenn Cunningham comin' into the last quarter of a mile in the Garden, after killin' himself the whole way, and suddenly pullin' up and sayin' there ain't no rush. This tells me all I gotta know. It also makes me feel a little sick.

I put my foot on the brake, to stop for the red light. The pile of junk continues rollin'.

"Red light, Joey!" says Mabel.

I take my foot off the brake, and hit it again, hard. The results are negative. We keep on goin'.

"Joe-e-e-y!" Mabel hollers.

I'm doin' the best I can. We're right up at the corner, only I can't stop. There's a guy pushin' a pushcart full of vegetables across the street. He takes a look at the hack comin', and dives for a foxhole. I swing the wheel, but it's too late. We go tearin' across the street, and the left front fender catches the pushcart.

It's a bombardment. The fruit goes sailin' all over the street. A tomato goes whizzin' past my ear, and I hear a plop in the back, where it connects.

"Joey! Stop!" Mabel yells.

I hit the brakes again, just for luck, and the last piece of brake linin' left grabs hold. We go skiddin' along on the fruit for about a hundred yards. Then we swing around and stop, sittin' right across the street.

Mabel says, "Gee, Joey, that was a red light."

"I know," I says. "I seen it." I got kind

of an empty feelin' inside. The combination of the circumstances is a little too much for me. In the distance, I hear a cop's whistle goin'. I don't care.

Two big feet come poundin' up like two blocks of cement, and I don't even hafta look. Even after three and a half years, I know it's Grogan, the cop. He never liked me.

"A-a-a-ll right!" he says, the way the cops say it, which means it ain't all right, and they're windin' up to throw the book at you.

"Okay, Grogan," I says. "Gimme the ticket, and lemme get outta here. I ain't in no mood for speeches."

"Joe Sparton!" he yells. "When did you get back, Joe? Welcome home! You look like a million bucks."

"I feel lousy," I says. "You know my name, so write out the ticket."

"Who said anything about a ticket?" Grogan says, pumpin' my hand up and down like he expected me to give water. "I guess I got as much sympathetic understanding as the next guy."

I got a feelin' too much is too much. This guy would sooner give you a ticket than win the Irish Sweepstakes.

When the brakes let go, it was like somebody said to me, "Can't you take a hint, Mac? Whyncha get smart, and clear out?" I mean, when even the mechanical world is against you, then it's pretty clear.

I look up at the sign over the mantelpiece, where it says, "WELCOME HOME, JOE, WELL DONE," and I know what it means. It means I'm well done, all right. Cooked.

Mabel comes over and puts her hand on my forehead.

"Ain't there anything you want, Joey?" she says, in a soft voice. We're all alone.

"Want?" I says. "Oh, yeah. How about a kiss?"

"Sure, Joey," she says.

I pull in a big sigh. It's no use.

"Well," I says. "Well . . . never mind."

THIS same night I make my decision to go away. It's no easy decision. I mean, if you was just decidin' to go away from Podunk, or Chicago, or some place like that, you just get on a train and go, and no regrets. But this is Brooklyn I'm leavin'. It ain't easy.

I report the accident to Mr. Prescott. If there's one thing he don't stand for it's accidents, whosever fault it is. He tells me not

right outside the railroad station. Pennsylvania Station.

You think I'm superstitious? Okay, I'm superstitious. Only you give me a better explanation, if you got one.

I leave the hack like it is, and walk into Pennsylvania Station. I buy a ticket to Peoria, Illinois, and they tell me the next train leaves in an hour. I don't know why I pick on Peoria, Illinois. Peoria, Illinois, just sounds about as far away from Brooklyn as you can get and still be in the U.S.A.

I call up Mabel on the telephone. I figure it's the least I can do.

"Mabel," I say, "I hate to tell you this, but I'm going away. Thank you for bein' nice to me, but I understand. Goodbye."

"Whadid you say?" she says.

"I'm goin' away on the three-forty-six, and I just called up to tell you. Goodbye."

There's a long silence on the other end of the telephone. Finally she says, "Whaddya mean, you're goin' away?"

"Away," I says. "I'm doin' it for you. It's the only way. Goodbye."

"Now wait a minute," she says, but I know what she's gonna say. That I shouldn't do it. That I should stay. But I know it's just because she's good-natured, that's all. I can't let her change my mind. I hang up, and walk into the waitin' room, to wait.

You know how they say that when you're all excited, in a crisis, you see your whole life pass in front of your eyes? That's what happens to me, durin' the next forty-five minutes. It don't help to pass the time, though, because it's an old story to me. I know all about it.

Ten minutes to the train, I start walkin' across the Pennsylvania Station to get on. I'm takin' my time, because it's a sad moment. Then outta no place I hear a voice. "Jo-seph!"

It stops me cold in my tracks. It's a loud voice. It stops practically everybody in the station cold in their tracks. I'd know that voice anyplace.

Comes another voice. "Jo-ey! Wait!"

It's the daughter of the first voice, not much softer, and that's all I gotta hear. It's no use turnin' back. I start runnin' for the train.

"Joseph! Come back!"

IT'S hard to tell if a voice like that can get any louder, but this time it sounds louder. I look up and there they are straight ahead of me, between me and the train. Mrs. Stooler and Mabel. I put on the brakes, and go slidin' along the marble floor, right at them.

"Now, listen, Joey, I wanna talk to you," Mabel says. I'm slidin' right into their arms. I dig in my rubber heels, turn around, and start runnin' again. It's the wrong direction for the train, but I figure maybe I can run around in a circle, and get back before the train goes.

I look over my shoulder, and they're right after me. Lookin' around was a mistake, because I run right into a guy, and we both go down. I hear Mrs. Stooler come puffin' up, yellin'. I get on my feet, and I'm off again.

I hit the first flight of steps I see, and start runnin' up. Only I don't make any progress. It's the down escalator. While I'm runnin', standin' still, Mabel floats up next to me. She's on the up escalator, with her old lady.

"Joey, for goodness sakes!" Mabel says. And then I see the way out. I stop runnin', and stand still. They keep on goin' up. I go down. At the bottom, I'm in the clear, and still a minute left to catch the train.

I take off, and right then I hear the voice again, from the top of the escalator, and it echoes off the marble walls like a handball.

"Stop, thief!"

Everybody looks around. I'm the only guy runnin'.

Pennsylvania Station is a crowded place. There's a lot of people in it, and most of them don't like thieves. They go for me. I put my head down and plow through.

A guy in a brown coat takes a swing at me, knockin' off my hat. A fat lady winds up with her pocketbook, yellin' her head off, and wallops me right in the mush. From



"Aaaah, ya fadda's mustache!" I tell him. "Still the same old Joe," he says, and he walks away, yellin' at this poor fruit peddler for obstructin' traffic. I look up at the street sign to make sure it says Flatbush Avenue. I feel like a foreigner in a foreign country.

I turn around to Mabel, who's scrapin' a tomato offa her new dress. Here I know I'm gonna hear somethin'.

"Gee, I'm sorry, baby," I says. "Your new dress."

"That's okay, Joey," she says. "It's only a tomato."

"I know," I says, "but after all . . ."

"Don't you worry," she says. "Why don't you come up to the house for a while? Ma will make you some hot soup, and you can lie down on the couch."

Right then I feel I can use some soup, and a rest. I go up, and they fee hot soup, and I lie down on the couch there, and I know it's no use.

Maybe you think I'm superstitious, which I ain't, but it's the business with the brakes that makes up my mind for me. Sure, everybody is bein' nice to me, but they can't fool me no more. Things are changed too much since I went away. I'm a stranger in my own home town. I ain't wanted.

to worry about it. I will get sympathetic understanding from him because he was in the last war himself. He gives me a different hack, and when I walk out, he's standin' there mutterin', "Proud. Mighty proud."

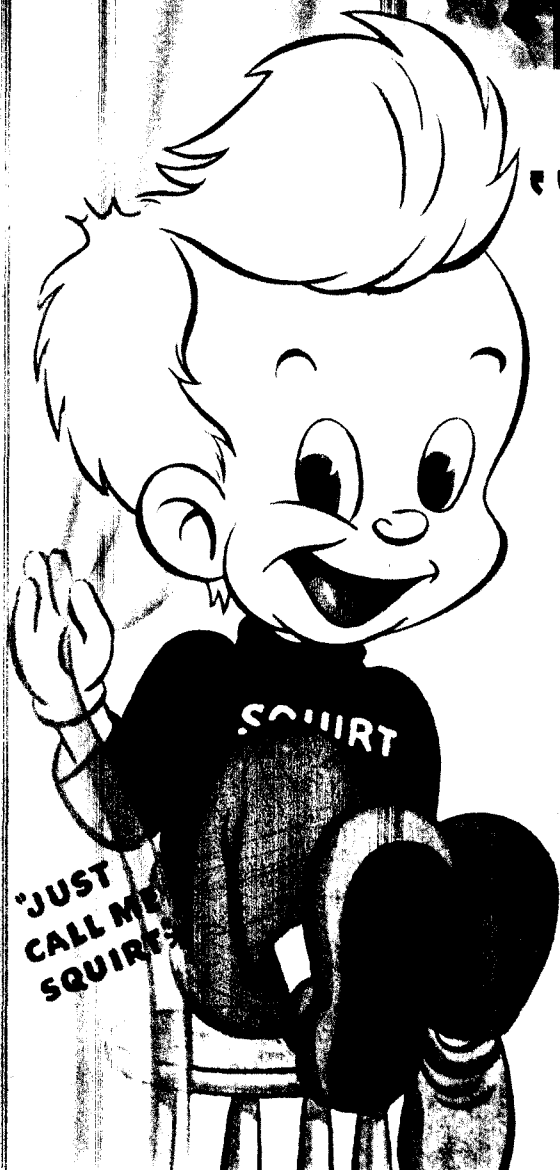
I cruise around a little, thinkin'. I feel sorry for Mabel, and her old lady, and Grogan, and Mr. Prescott. I figure things musta got pretty tough on the home front, for them to change so much. The more I think about it, the more it looks like the only fair thing for me to do is go away, and let them get rehabilitated back to normal.

I got my pride, too. I figure if Mabel don't want me for a boy friend any more, she don't hafta pretend she likes me, so I won't feel bad.

That's the way I'm thinkin', when all of a sudden I hear a big crash in back of the hack, and a bangin' noise like an empty gasoline drum rollin' downhill on rocks. I pull up to the curb and the noise stops.

I get out and take a look. The whole right side of this jalopy, includin' both fenders and the running board is lyin' right out in the street. Not attached to the hack. It just fell apart. Like my life, I think to myself.

I look around to see where I am. I'm



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all sides they're lettin' me have it. I'm groggy, but I know I gotta keep on goin'.

I look up, and right ahead of me I see the gate for my train, with the conductor standin' next to it with his watch in his hand. Another hundred yards, and I'm in the clear. I put on one more burst of speed. I'm out of the crowd. Then a guy in an Army uniform, with major's leafs on his shoulders, sticks out his foot. I go flat on my belly, with plenty of speed left.

Headfirst, I'm slidin' toward the gate. Even then, in this time of stress, I remember thinkin': I made it! I made it!

The conductor looks at his watch, hollers, "All aboard!" and closes the iron gates.

I got plenty of speed left, on my belly, and no brakes. I crack into the gates headfirst. I hear a noise like the sound when you pick on a jew's-harp. Voin-n-n-ng!!!

It's me, vibratin'. That's all I hear.

MABEL says, "Well?" I open my eyes. My head feels like somebody's been playin' the Anvil Chorus on it, with atoms for hammers.

"Where am I?" I says.

"You're in the hospital, with minor injuries," she says, "and whaddya mean, you're goin' away?"

"Oh, that," I says.

"Yeah, that," she says. "Gee, try to be nice to a guy!"

"But, baby," I says, "I thought—"

"You thought! You thought!" It's Mrs. Stooler in a familiar tone of voice. "Joseph, when thinking was invented they didn't give you a share in the patent."

This is a different Mrs. Stooler from when I come home.

"Listen," I says, "I thought the two of you—"

"And speakin' of the two of us," says Mabel, "and I don't mean my mother and me, neither, it seems to me that the two of us were supposed to become one of us, if you know what I mean, instead of ope of us runnin' out, after all we tried to do for you with sympathetic understanding!"

"And furthermore," says Mrs. Stooler, "my Mabel didn't get no younger while you was loafin' in the Pacific Ocean with hula-hula dancers and—"

"And me expectin' you to come home, in-

stead of runnin' away like a jerk, or I don't know what," Mabel says. "Try to be nice to a guy," she says, "and treat him scientific, like it says in the book and the newspapers you're supposed to treat the veterans, so he won't have no worries, and what happens? An exit!"

"An' another thing," says Mrs. Stooler, but I ain't listenin'. The two of them keep goin', hot and heavy, takin' turns and then talkin' both at the same time, but I ain't listenin'.

Because suddenly I got a warm feelin' inside, like a heating pad, and I kinda relax, inside. And all the time they're hollerin', I can hear a voice that's even louder than the two of them, comin' from inside me, and it's sayin', "I'm home! Oh, boy! I'm home!"

"Try to be nice to a veteran, like you're supposed to," Mabel is sayin'. "You'll find out," she says. "Mr. Grogan is outside, with a ticket, also."

Mrs. Stooler says, "And if your boss don't fire you for abandoning your taxicab right on the street, I'll be very much surprised. He's waiting outside."

And over and over again, like a broken record, comes the old refrain, "I'm home!" It's a wonderful feeling.

"Whadid you say, Joey?" Mabel says. I guess I musta been talkin' out loud.

"I says I'm home, baby," I says.

"That's nice," she says, "and talkin' about a home, it's time somebody assumed certain responsibilities that go with makin' a home, if you know what's good for you."

Her red hair is shinin', and her blue eyes are givin' out sparks and sick as I am, I gotta ask her, because she looks so pretty.

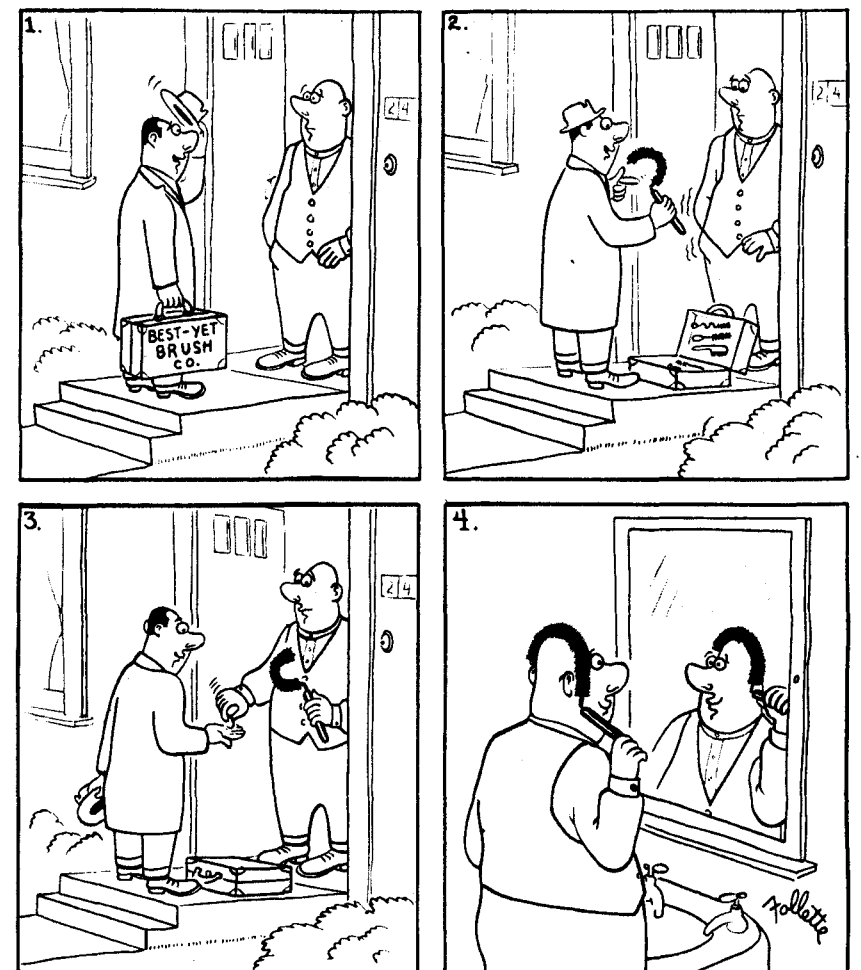
"Baby, how about a kiss for a guy that just got back?"

"How would you like to take your hands off me, fresh?"

That's all. That's how I come back home to Brooklyn, the hard way, on account of science tryin' to tell people how to handle the veterans. Only home is still where the heart is, like they say in the old sayin', and for me . . . well, that's Mabel, I guess. The way she usta be, and the way I want her to be all the time.

You see what I mean?

THE END





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TUNE IN...Texaco Star Theatre every Sunday night starring James Melton. See newspapers for time and stations.

Fashion Fever

BY DOROTHY
ROE LEWIS



Designer Marjorie Montgomery, in California "native" garb, picnics with a Southern admirer

A Georgia peach wears a California pippin—a colorful resort dinner dress in three primitive hues

In the pink: Katherine Runnels, Atlanta, Georgia, stylist, wears typical brilliant California play suit



Fashion designers are the new elite of fabulous shindigs as America tries mightily to take first place as the design center of the world

COWBOYS in ten-gallon hats mingled with spurred and booted huntmen in pink coats and silk toppers and bebies of beautiful girls, while Southern mummies and picturesque pickaninnies made a background—not for a Technicolor extravaganza, but simply for the greater glory of American regional fashions. This fabulous shindig—in Atlanta, Georgia—was one of many such in a prodigal season during

which America's up-and-coming young fashion designers have been feted in every corner of the country. But the Georgia party—in honor of California's "wonderful way of life"—rates top billing.

Staged by an Atlanta department store, the four-day high jinks set a new high for lavishness. The eight top designers who make up California's Fashion Affiliates were whisked by plane from Los Angeles to Atlanta to be guests of honor at a hilarious house party which demonstrated what is tops in Southern hospitality.

The eight photogenic reasons for all the hoo-rah were: Louella Ballerina, famous for her California "native" sports and play clothes; Marjorie Montgomery, sportswear designer; Mabs of Holly-



Plantation high jinks: Seven of California's eight Fashion Affiliates pose (above) during a lull in the square dance held in a hay shed on a famous Georgia plantation. They are (standing, l. to r.): Marjorie Montgomery, sportswear designer; Mabs, of swim suit fame; Viola Dimmit, raincoat designer; Irene Bury, noted for casual dresses; (seated) Peggy Hunt, evening dress designer; Addie Masters and Agnes Barrett, sportswear and lounging-clothes specialists. The only one missing is Louella Ballerina, whose gay peasant dirndls have become an all-American fad. At left, an Atlanta model wears Mexican-inspired drawstring hostess gown, in a print of Uruapan flowers specially designed for the Georgia-California show

wood, noted for sleek bathing suits and girdles; Viola Dimmit, known for putting oomph into raincoats; Irene Bury, who turns out casual dresses the way California—and Dixie—likes 'em; Peggy Hunt, designer of evening and date dresses; Addie Masters and Agnes Barrett, both outstanding creators of Western sportswear and lounging clothes. They were guests of Mrs. Campbell McKenna at her plantation home, Argyle.

For about a week Atlanta was in holiday mood and almost everybody wore spurs. The breathless Californians were rushed from party to party. They breakfasted on a country terrace, picnicked atop famed Kennesaw Mountain, wished at a genuine wishing well, whitewashed a fence at Argyle, dined alfresco at Aunt Fanny's Cabin, an old servant's house on

their hostess' plantation, sang Negro spirituals and swung their partners at a square dance in the McKenna hay shed, in full Western regalia.

Next day, dazed but game, they put on the big fashion show on the terrace of an Atlanta hotel, where 500 townswomen got an eyeful of their distinguished visitors and the colorful clothes which have made them famous. Georgia paid tribute to the West with a setting of California flowers, real orange trees and palms, and guests received favors of California oranges and bird-of-paradise corsages.

Later the visitors went shopping, raided Atlanta's antique shops, were entertained at a cocktail party at Mrs. McKenna's modern Atlanta penthouse and a dinner at the Piedmont Driving Club.

The lavish entertainment followed the pattern of America's most promotion-minded year in which every section of the United States has entered the furious competition for world fashion honors. American designers, having come into their own during the war, have been treated to a series of junkets unheard-of in prewar days. The effete East has had a chance to get acquainted with the lusty West.

A Seattle department store recently took forty fashion designers and editors from New York and Chicago to the Coast in a chartered plane, for a week end of Northwest atmosphere marked by a real rodeo, a yachting trip on Puget Sound and a mammoth fashion show. A Mexico City specialty shop invited designers and press from California and

New York to a festive week south of the border. A Miami Beach shop entertained a planeload of fashion's top names at the height of the season.

Both fashion and cosmetics promotions have assumed the proportions of a Roman holiday. A new shade of nail polish recently was introduced at a cocktail party where an airplane and a round-trip flight to California were given as door prizes. A new perfume made its debut at a sumptuous luncheon for 5,000 guests, highlighted by a short-wave broadcast from Paris, a floor show that outglorified Ziegfeld and, when the guests emerged, an aerial bombardment of perfume spray.

In the international fashion derby the field is crowded and the pace is swift. America has at least started running.★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE-PIX



"A Word to the Wives"

...about a husband's underwear!"

Most men hate to shop—even for themselves. They dote on wives who'll do it for them. That's why women buy 70 per cent of all men's underwear!

If your husband's lucky enough to have you for his personal shopper, here's the lowdown on the kind of shorts he likes. He wants softness, snug fit combined with flexibility, mild support, and no bulk.



Lady, all that adds up to Reis Scandals. Ask for these trim athletic knit shorts—they're in the stores again. His waist measure is his correct size.

They're packed hygienically in individual envelopes. Unwrap them at home and admire

their soft, firmly knit cotton, strong elastic waistband, seamless seat and ingenious dart-stitched front construction.



Reis Scandals launder like a washcloth... don't shrink... have no buttons to pop off... need no ironing. They save you work! Get him Reis super-soft, well-cut knit undershirts, too.



What a load of praise you'll get from your husband when you buy him Reis underwear! You're the little woman who really understands how to make a man comfortable!



ROBERT REIS & COMPANY, 2 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Target: Treason

Continued from page 11

new lead," Blankenship continued. "You remember that the Gestapo records showed Morrell had a mistress—name of Anya Krynova—a Polish dancer. Lived with her from '38 to '43. She's been missing. Now it seems she's turned up."

Near the window, his chair tilted against the wall, a splash of color across his chest, a ladder of gold stripes on his sleeve, and an ancient, tattered SHAEF patch on his shoulder, sat Major Chauncey Turner, stocky and immobile. Ordinarily Turner, when he attended the morning conferences, remained silent. He was not attached to Blankenship's staff, but took his orders from a higher headquarters. He had been in Berlin from the first, on what Maui Nickel believed to be very confidential business, for he rarely talked of it. Now the legs of his chair banged to the floor, and he said: "Krynova? Nickel said she was dead!"

"No," Maui said, somewhat irritated. "I didn't say she was dead. I merely said her apartment took a bomb hit, and that she hasn't been seen since."

Blankenship rapped his cigarette lighter on the table. "She seems alive enough now," he said. "The commanding general got a letter from her this morning." He turned to the Wac second lieutenant. "Read the translation, Bobby."

MAUI wondered why he hadn't noticed her before, because she was very pretty, in a scrubbed, schoolgirlish way. How long ago had he first seen her? Two or three weeks, he guessed.

She took a typewritten sheet of paper from the back of her notebook, and read: "My Dear General:—If you would know the whereabouts of Albert Morrell, have a completely trustworthy officer whom you have long known meet me at the Femina at eleven o'clock Saturday night, next. I want no reward. It is merely my life I wish to protect. Anya Krynova."

Blankenship took a square white envelope from the papers before him and tossed it across the table to Maui Nickel. "Here's the original," he said. "It's your baby. Naturally the general sent it along to me as soon as he got it. And now, of course, the general is personally interested."

Maui took the envelope. Blankenship's last words were more than a hint. If the general was interested—and it was natural that he would be after seeing this strange letter—the heat would be on Blankenship. And in the way of the Army, the heat was now on himself. He examined the envelope, front and back, and then read the letter carefully. It was written in German, in a

square, artificially artistic hand. He sniffed it, and approved the perfume.

"Blonde or brunette?" inquired Krakauskas.

"I'll let you know. My Gosh! This is Saturday."

Major Turner asked to see the letter. Maui handed it to him. Turner said, "I wonder whether this is a job for the F.B.I. or the C.I.C. Perhaps it should be handled on a higher level."

"The general," said Blankenship, "wants it handled on his own level, and he wants it handled fast."

"I was just suggesting," Turner said. "After all, it could be referred to Group Control Council."

Blankenship coughed. "This was dumped in the general's lap," he decided. "The general adopted it." He turned to Captain Nickel. "And so it's your baby," he said.

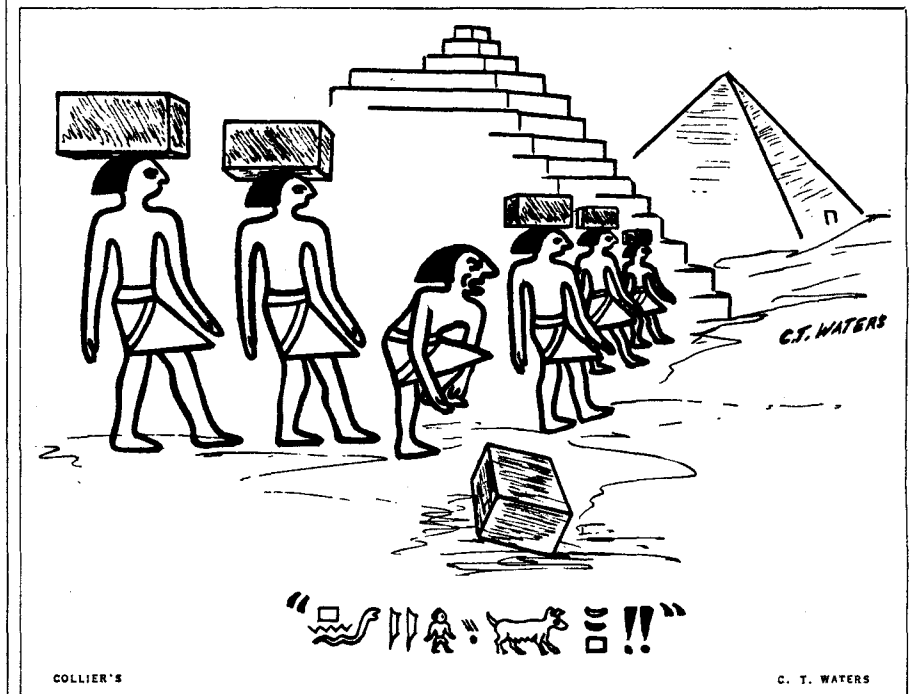
Maui looked up. "I'll get going," he said to Blankenship, and pushed back his chair, noticing as he did so that the little Wac's green eyes—he was quite sure they were green—were regarding him gravely, and she seemed worried, and about to speak. But then she lowered her eyes, and said nothing.

"Good luck, Maui," Blankenship said. "If you crack this thing I'll get you an airplane ride, with a number two priority, all the way to Hickam Field."

Blankenship didn't say what would happen if Maui messed it up. It wasn't necessary. On the way through the outer office, Maui paused to read the cardboard name plate on the secretarial desk. *Roberta L'Esperance, 2d Lt.* It was queer, he thought, that he had not noticed before such an unusual name.

THE Kaiserine Inn is set in decent grounds in the Zehlendorf suburb, in a district not badly damaged by the bombings. Once it catered to middle-class tourists and Bavarian schoolteachers who found it quieter and less expensive than the hotels off Unter den Linden and Königstrasse. Now it was a Yankee island in an alien and often hostile sea. It bedded and fed the Army Intelligence Services.

At seven o'clock that evening Maui Nickel was stretched out on his bed, like a rangy tomcat, in Room 311. All day he had been troubled and shoved by a vague sense of urgency. This he laid to impatience. One way or another, his hunt for Albert Morrell would end this night. Either the woman would put the finger on Morrell, or the letter was a hoax, and in either case he'd leave this riddled carcass of a country and return to civilization.



Collier's for June 22, 1946

He had reread Krynova's note a dozen times, futilely probing for the unwritten words that made him jittery, worried and more than a little depressed. Twice he had decided to go to the Femina, a cellar night club off the Kurfürstendamm, at once, and each time he had thought better of it. She did not dance there, he knew, and inquiries might arouse suspicions, perhaps lead to catastrophe. Her instructions were explicit enough. The room telephone rang, and the corporal at the switchboard said: "A Lieutenant L'Esperance is here. She is waiting for you in the bar."

THE bar was crowded and noisy, for to Americans anywhere in the world Saturday night is a ritual sacred as tea to the British. He did not see her immediately. Then at a corner table he noticed a girl who at first seemed not entirely dressed. She was smiling at him, merrily and frankly. Her head moved in a slight, unmistakable gesture, and Maui started across the room. He was halfway to her table before he was sure.

"Sit down," she said. "You didn't recognize me, did you?"

"The face is familiar," Maui said truthfully, "but I didn't recall the figure." He stared at the velvet dinner gown with admiration, realizing it was startling only because in this bar it was set against a background wholly male.

"Shows what a uniform does to you," she said.

Her voice was calm, almost gay, but Maui watched her hands—fine, graceful, but the nails snubbed by typewriter keys, and trembling just a bit. He beckoned to a waiter, ordered two cognacs with soda, and said: "Well?"

"I thought—" She hesitated. "I thought perhaps I could help you with your business tonight."

"How nice!" said Maui. "That's just ducky! Was that the colonel's suggestion?"

"Oh, no! This is extracurricular. You see, I'm a woman, and—"

"Mata-Hari," said Maui, "are not in season this year."

She seemed distressed. "I'm no Mata-Hari," she said. "I'm just a secretary, and I suppose I'll always be a secretary, and things like this scare me. It's just that note. If you were a woman—"

Maui knew he should be very angry. He should, perhaps, report this to Blankenship. Things like this led to breaches in security. He found, to his surprise, that he was not angry at all, but rather warm and pleased that she should be sitting here, opposite him. She'd look gorgeous in a flowered dress, dancing at the Moana, or the Royal Hawaiian. He grinned and said, "Now what's all this business—if I were a woman?"

"If you were a woman," she replied, quietly, her hand touching his arm, "you would know that this poor woman, Krynova, is utterly desperate and frightened. When I read her note at the conference today I felt like screaming for help. There's so much more in that note than a man could ever understand."

"I felt that, too," Maui admitted. "But what?" He looked up, and saw Major Turner walking across the room toward their table. "Here comes company," said Maui, rising.

"Hello, people," Turner said. "Can I draw up a chair?"

"Sure," Maui said, wishing Turner hadn't appeared. He classified Turner as being shrewdly intelligent, and perhaps having a good deal more ability than his rank indicated. But there was something else about him—something that Maui felt he himself possessed—that was hard to classify. Perhaps, he considered, the hunting instinct. He wondered whether Turner hunted boar and deer—or women.

Turner pulled up a chair. "Combining business and pleasure?" he asked, smiling.

"Right. I asked Bobby to help me out this evening. She was just explaining a theory about the Krynova note."

She nodded her thanks. "It's that one

phrase—a completely trustworthy officer whom you have long known."

"I don't think that's of particular significance," said Turner.

Bobby shook her head, and Maui discovered that the dim light struck coppery sparks from her smooth hair. "It means," she said, "that the woman not only feared Morrell, but she feared some of us—perhaps some particular one among us. When that note was written, she was not only afraid of her life, but she felt trapped. I know it!"

Turner shrugged, as if it were of little importance, but again the sense of urgency gripped Maui. "I want to get going," he said. "I hate to sit here, waiting."

"Perhaps we could go to the Femina now," Bobby suggested.

Maui finished his drink, but he did not reply, because Krakauskas, his friend from the provost marshal's office, had entered the bar, still wearing his topcoat and hat. Krakauskas saw them and with long strides steered their way. His thin face was unhappy, and he kept his hands jammed in his pockets. He reached the table and said, very slowly, in a low voice: "The M.P.s from the Friedenau District just called. They've found that woman!"

"Found her?" Maui asked, puzzled.

"Yeah. Dead."

Turner pulled his chair aside. "I thought the war was over," he said. "Maybe not. Maybe you CIC boys are still playing cops and robbers. See you when you get back. Enjoy yourselves." To the major, it was funny.

Automatically Maui put the girl's coat across her shoulders and started for the door. Outside, in the back seat of Krakauskas' staff car, he found that she was holding tightly to his arm, with both hands, and her face was averted. He believed she was either crying, or soon would be, and he put his arm around her, and he could feel the quick intake of breath of her silent sobs. Suddenly she relaxed and said, "I'm all right now. It's just that I knew—I had this premonition."

SITTING beside the driver as they rolled toward Friedenau, Krakauskas related what the M.P.s knew. It wasn't much. The woman had been strangled. She had been found an hour earlier in her one-room apartment on Schillingstrasse. They were holding two witnesses: the woman who owned the house, and the manager of the Femina Club. Anya Krynova had been identified by her ration card, letters, and photographs. The identification had been verified by Oscar Klauss, the Femina manager. "Klauss," Krakauskas explained, "is a pretty reliable gent. He's politically okay, and doesn't allow any rough stuff in his joint, which is why we let him keep open."

They turned into Schillingstrasse, and pulled up behind an Army ambulance and a string of military police jeeps and command cars. There had been fighting in this street, and most of the houses were gutted, their charred walls jagged and uneven. One three-story house stood intact, except for a single shell hole punched through its walls, and boards where much of the window glass should have been. Before this house the M.P.s stood guard.

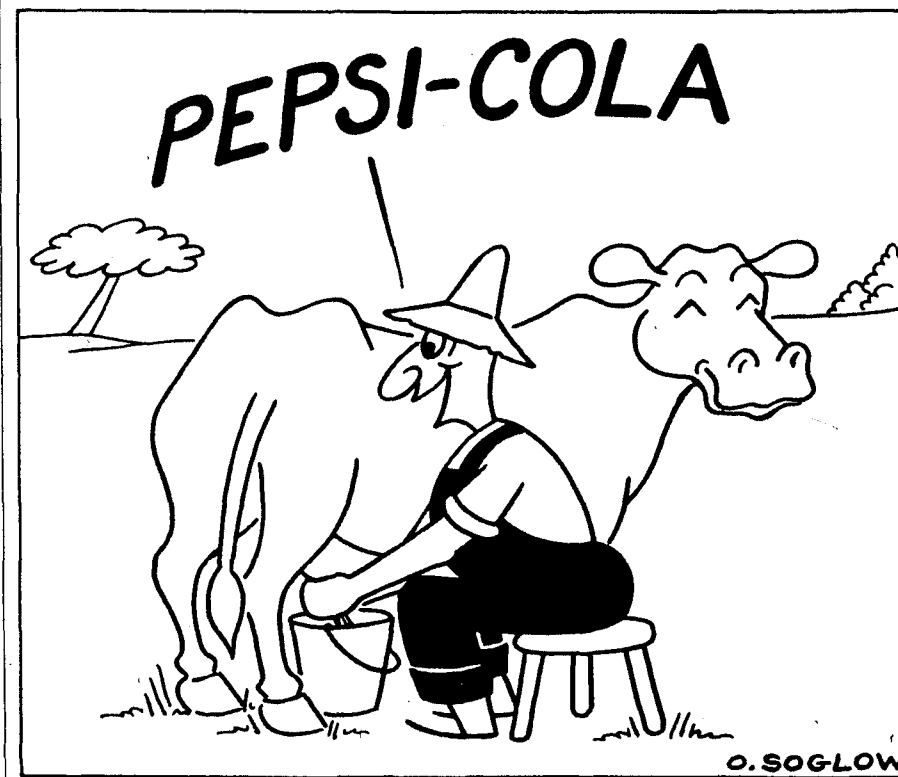
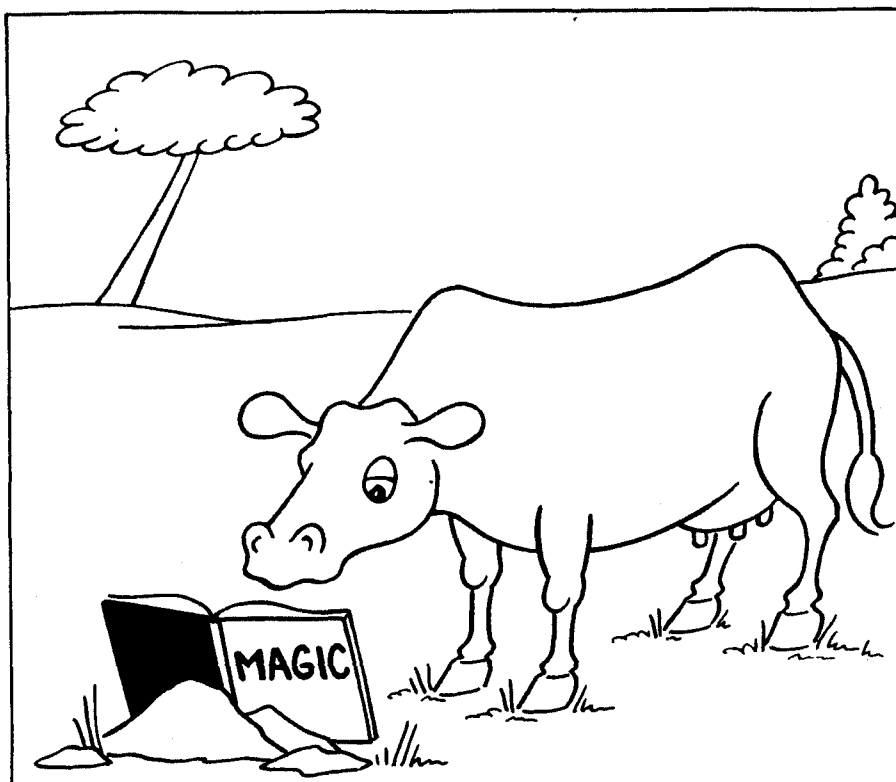
They got out of the sedan. Maui looked at Bobby. "You'd better wait here."

"No," she said, "I'm going in."

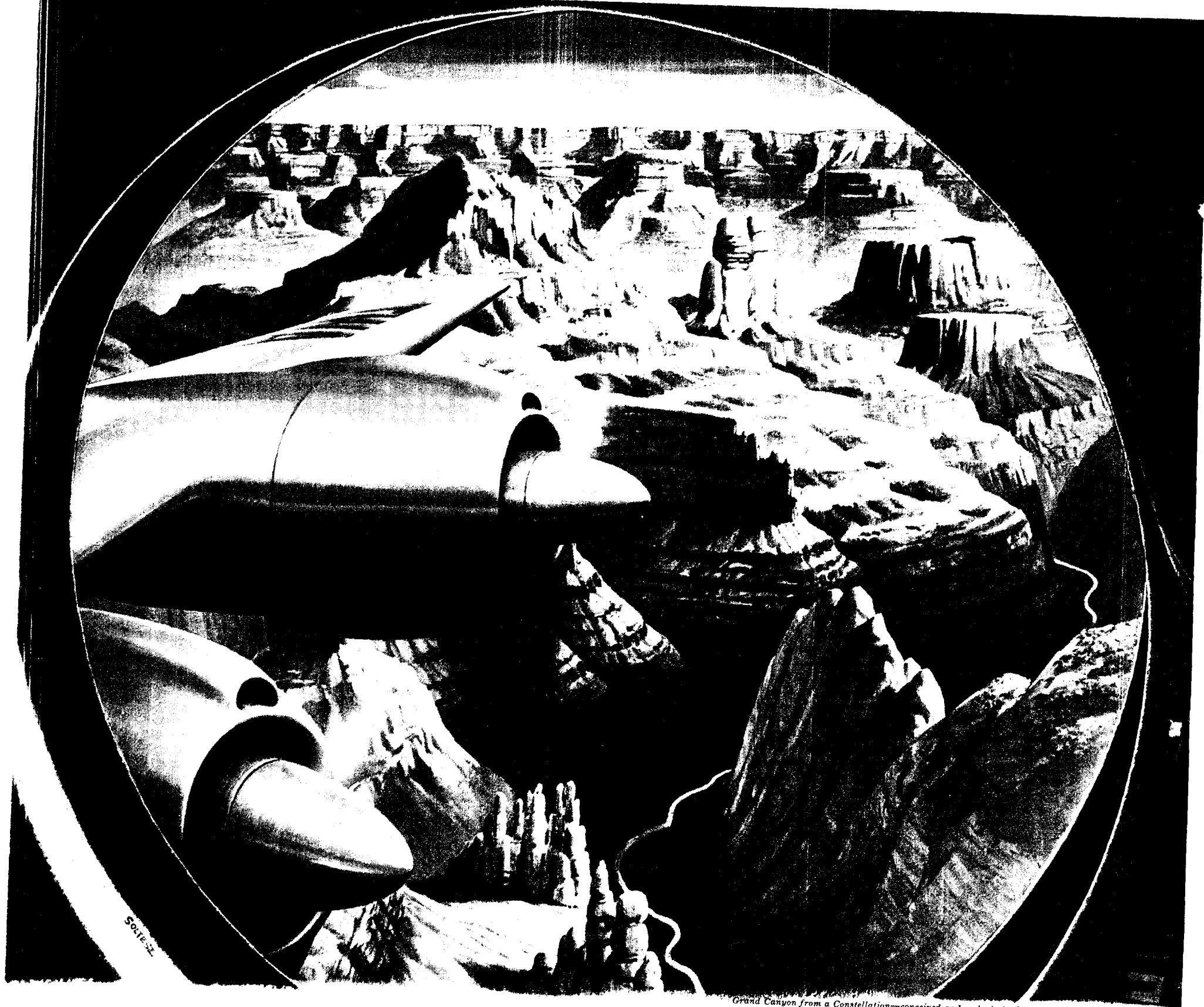
They walked up the stone steps, and then climbed two flights of stairs. Holmes, a lieutenant of M.P.s, and a major in the Medical Corps whom Maui did not recognize, met them at the top landing. "In here," Holmes said, and led them through a tiny dinette and kitchen and into a large front room.

There was a studio couch, covered with rose-colored silk. There were a dozen glossy photographs, of the type you will see in theater lobbies, and a few good sketches on the walls. The photographs and the sketches all showed the same woman, slim and tall and graceful, and perhaps beautiful.

The chairs, the curtains, and the rugs



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were in better taste, and more cheerful in hue, than you would ordinarily find in today's Berlin, and altogether it would have been a cheerful room, except for the body, face up, eyes distended, that lay before the dressing table. At her feet was an overturned, straight-backed chair. In the room there was a heavy fragrance, and a pool of perfume surrounded shattered glass near her left hand.

"At first I thought it was one of those things—got mixed up with a G.I., and her German boy friend knocked her off," said Holmes. "But there aren't any American cigarettes, or chocolate, or PX supplies around, so it doesn't look like a G.I. had anything to do with it. Then when I called in on the radiophone, Krakky told me the CIC was interested—a lot interested—so I left everything the way it was."

"Good stuff," said Maui. He crouched beside the body, not touching it. Anya Krynova was in her middle thirties, he guessed. Still slender and extremely attractive, with the wide mouth, high cheekbones, and broad forehead characteristic of the Pole. Across her throat there was a heavy line, red in the center, purpling on each side like a multicolored cord. "Looks like somebody slipped a noose on her," said the Medical Corps major. "Professional job." He snapped his fingers. "Dead like that."

"Find the wire?" Maui asked.

"No."

Maui rose, his face set in concentration, no longer so youthful, his eyes flickering from point to point in the room. He noted the closet's disarray, the half-opened bureau drawers, and finally the big leather-covered albums on the table.

THE albums were filled with pictures; they represented a photographic history of Anya Krynova from the time she entered the Warsaw Ballet, at the age of sixteen. The album told of engagements in Prague, Paris, London, Buenos Aires, and Istanbul. The pictures were arranged chronologically. A number of men appeared and then vanished, to be supplanted by pictures of other men. But starting in 1938, photographs were missing from the albums—cut and torn away.

Under one missing snapshot was a thin, penciled caption, in Krynova's square, artificial hand: "Anya and Albert, Excelsior, Rome, '40."

Maui Nickel rose to his feet, his mind racing. "I want to talk to Klauss, and the landlady," he told Holmes. He saw that Bobby L'Esperance stood with her back to the wall, her slight figure sturdy and tense.

Klauss, round, bald, and unfrightened, was frankly eager to tell his story. Krynova was an old friend. She had danced at his club before—well, before Hitler. Anya was in Stettin when her house was destroyed. A month ago she had returned to Berlin. "At first she was anxious to dance for me," Klauss said. "Then she became afraid. She said she had 'seen

someone.' But she wouldn't tell me who."

"Go on," Maui commanded.

"I told her that if there was anyone of whom she was afraid she should report it to the American authorities. She would be protected. She said it was not so easy. What she had seen would not be believed at once. If she was right—as she was sure she was—there might be immediate danger. If she was wrong—which she admitted was a possibility—she would be laughed at, and put down as a troublesome saboteur, or worse, as a lunatic."

"So what happened?"

Klauss looked down at Krynova's body. "Always she remained here in this house. Finally she sent word that she had written a letter that she believed would help her, and that she would dance at the Femina tonight. That was why I came to call on her—to be certain she would appear."

"So you found her?"

"Yes, I found her so."

"Do you know Albert Morrell?" Maui asked.

Klauss shook his head. "Nobody," he said, "knows Albert Morrell—except her. Poor girl, she knew him. He was—what do you say?—a snake."

Maui grunted. "Hard to find," he said, "as a sand rattler in sand."

FRAU KNAUTH, who owned the house, dabbed at her eyes. Anya Krynova, she said, had been such a good one for the top floor. So beautiful. The apartment, as anyone could see, she had made lovely. No men did she receive, ever, except today. Just after noon he had come, and he had remained an hour.

"Do you know who he was? Could you identify him?" Maui asked.

"No. He wore a coat like that"—she looked at Krakauskas—"except over the head there was a hood, and the face could not be seen."

"An American officer's topcoat, with hood attached?" Maui asked.

"Yes. There could be no doubt."

Krakky smiled and said, "Not guilty." Maui turned on Klauss. "Besides you," he demanded, "who knew that Krynova lived here?"

"I do not know," Klauss said. "Perhaps nobody. There was the man who telephoned this morning, and asked her address."

"German or American?"

"He spoke German."

An M.P. entered the room and said: "Captain Nickel? Captain Nickel, we got a message. You are to report to Colonel Blankenship, at the hotel, as soon as possible."

Maui said, "That's all, I guess. You can release Klauss and the woman."

Gradually, the thing was taking form, like a painting lacking the final brush strokes. But one whole section of the canvas was bare. Later, he did not remember the ride to the Kaiserine. And to Bobby L'Esperance it was an eerie and lonely



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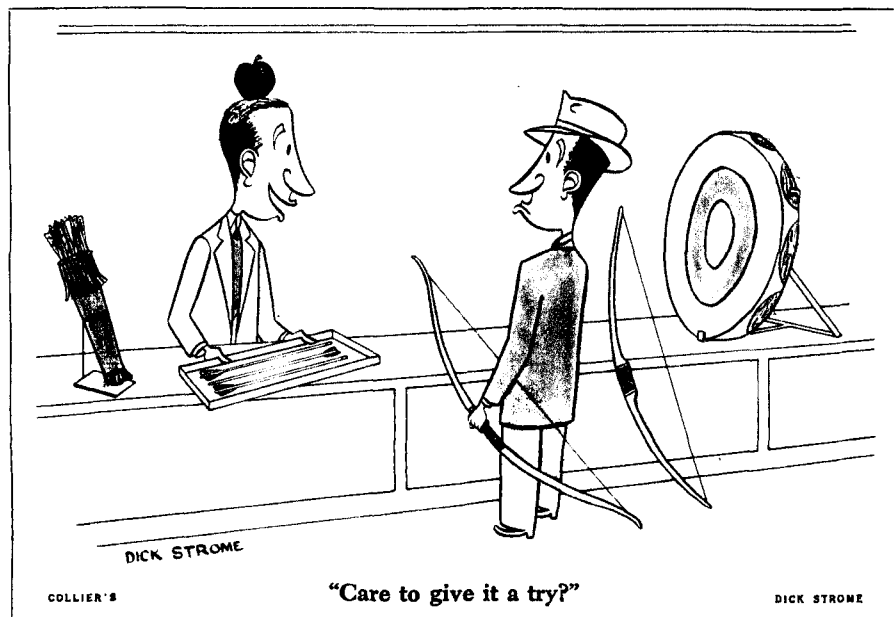
ATHLETE'S FOOT DISAPPEARED among practically all persons using Quinsana (in tests of thousands). Watch for symptoms—cracks, peeling between toes, itching, soggy skin. Mild case may become serious!

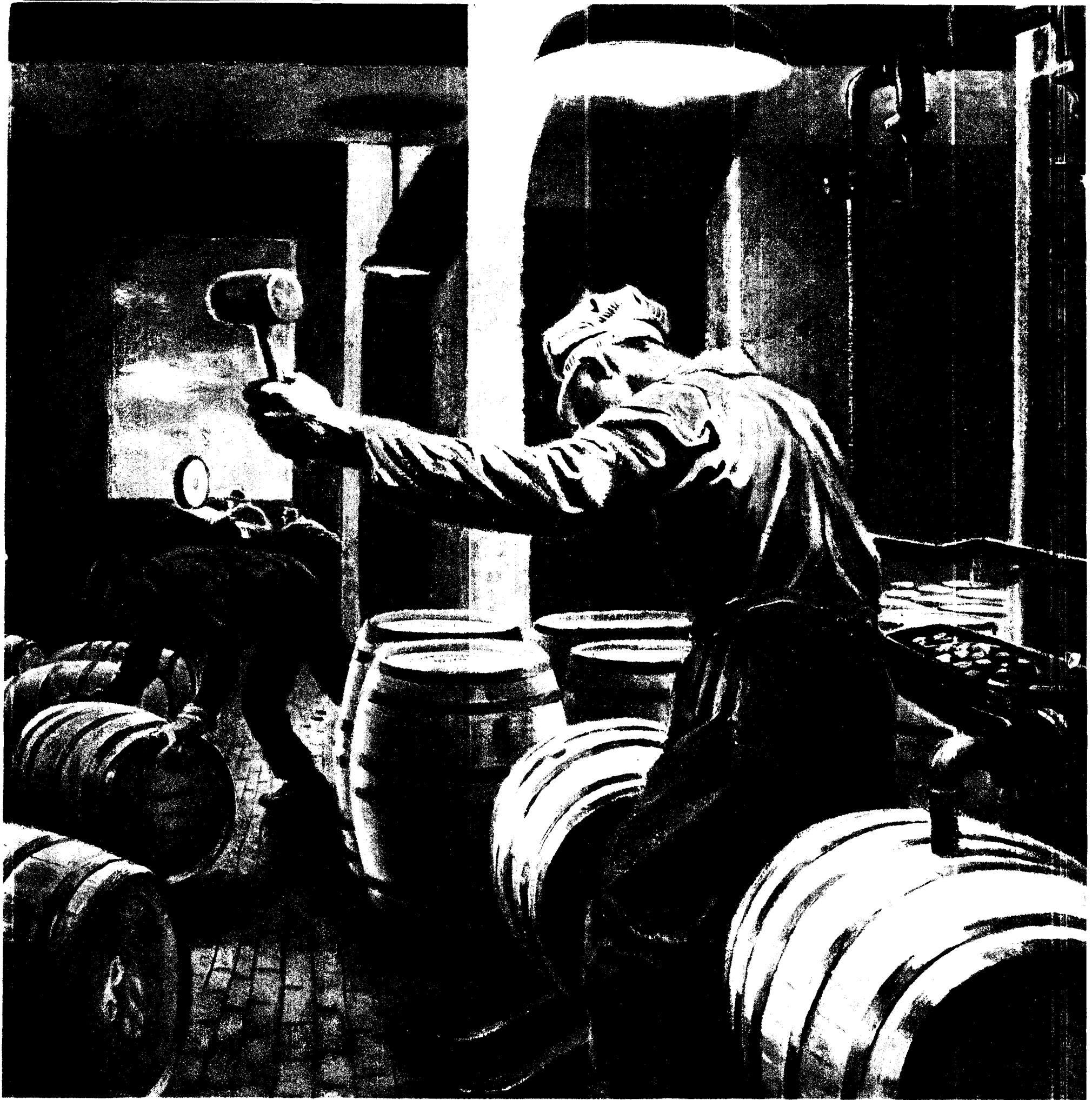


USE DAILY 2 WAYS: Shake Quinsana powder on feet and in shoes (absorbs moisture, reduces chances of re-infection from shoes). Recommended by most Chiropractors: great success in the Armed Forces.



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twenty minutes, because the man at her side uttered only one phrase—"like a sand rattler hiding in sand"—and this he repeated over and over.

Colonel Blankenship's suite in the Kaiserine was comfortable because Blankenship was Regular Army, and when he was assigned to a post, he expected to remain there a good three years. He and McMahon and Turner were holding highballs. McMahon and Turner appeared nervous and taut, but Blankenship outwardly seemed unperturbed, and busied himself pouring drinks. That his secretary should have been attending a murder didn't appear to surprise him at all, because this was evening, and he was a host. "Well, Captain Nickel," he said finally, "looks sort of bad, doesn't it?"

WATCHING the colonel closely, Maui thought he saw fire running out of the gun-metal eyes, and he wasn't at all surprised because this was a very serious business, and in it the general had a personal interest.

"It is bad," Maui said.
"Do you know who killed this woman?" Blankenship asked.

"Yes," Maui said slowly. "I know." Nobody said anything, and he continued, "Albert Morrell killed her." He hesitated and went on, "I've got to start in the beginning, because I've got to reconstruct it completely in my own mind.

dha in his armchair, said: "He couldn't get away with it forever. He'd get trapped. Okay, his orders are in shape, his credentials perfect. Nobody suspects him. But he wouldn't get any mail; and he wouldn't be sending any letters; and he wouldn't be getting any wire signals."

"Yes," Maui agreed. "But who's going to check on that?"

Bobby L'Esperance stirred, and her eyes went wide, and she opened her mouth as if to speak, just as she had that morning in the conference room. Maui encouraged her, "Go ahead, Bobby, what were you going to say?"

"It's the funniest thing," she said, "the very funniest thing!"

"What?" Maui asked.

"I've got to check on it," she said, rising. "I've got to be sure." She picked up her coat, opened the door, and was gone.

"What's the matter with that girl?" Blankenship demanded. "Where's she going?"

"I dunno," Maui said.

"Of course the woman was afraid of Morrell," said Blankenship. "But what makes you so sure, Maui, that it was Morrell, posing as an American officer, who killed her?"

Maui told of the man in the hooded topcoat, and of the albums with photographs torn from their pages, and he recalled Bobby's reconstruction of the letter to the

whipped it toward Group Control. He parked it before the front gates of the one-time *Luftwaffe* barracks, ran inside, and paused for a moment to examine the night registry. There was one notation: Lt. L'Esperance, 13:53.

"Anybody go up after L'Esperance?" he asked the guard.

"One officer," the man said. "Said he'd only be a minute, and it wasn't necessary to sign."

Down the hall the lights were burning in Blankenship's office, but both the outer and inner offices were empty. The file cases near Bobby's desk were unlocked, and the desk itself was open. Maui ran up the stairs to the third floor. There was a light in Turner's office.

Turner and the girl stood opposite each other across a desk, like an aggressive bulldog and a frightened kitten. "I found this woman," Turner said, "going through my desk!"

Bobby took a deep breath. "He doesn't get any letters," she said, "and he doesn't send any, and he doesn't get any telegrams, and he doesn't send any, and he doesn't even draw any pay. I checked up."

"So what?" Turner asked. "My business is top secret! This little fool—"

"If the major doesn't mind," Maui said quietly, "I'll take his AGO card. This is something we can check. I'll radiophoto the fingerprints to Washington, and we'll have an answer by noon."

"Certainly," said Turner, pulling his brown Army identification card from his pocket. "Now I want to return to the hotel. Blankenship will hear—"

"And if the major doesn't mind," Maui went on, "I'd like to run a little search—just for his own protection."

Turner hesitated, said, "Of course," took off his topcoat and dropped it across a chair, and stepped forward, smiling, his hands extended at his side. Maui didn't reach for Turner, but for the coat. His hand slid into a pocket, and brought out a neatly coiled length of piano wire, with leather handles efficiently woven to each end. He was staring at the wire, fascinated, when Turner leaped.

Maui stepped forward instead of back, lifted his knee in the deadliest trick of infighting, and Turner went to the floor, writhing, his mouth stretched wide in silent agony.

"Bobby," Maui said, "I think you'd better go and get the guard."

MAUI was fifteen minutes early for the Monday morning conference. He stopped before the desk with the sign that said *Roberta L'Esperance, 2d Lt.* She was scrubbed and starched and schoolgirlish, and he leaned over and kissed the end of her nose. "Don't you do that!" she commanded, rising. "Not here!"

He kissed her again, not on the nose, and said, "I hardly ever make love to second lieutenants."

"The colonel will see us," she protested.

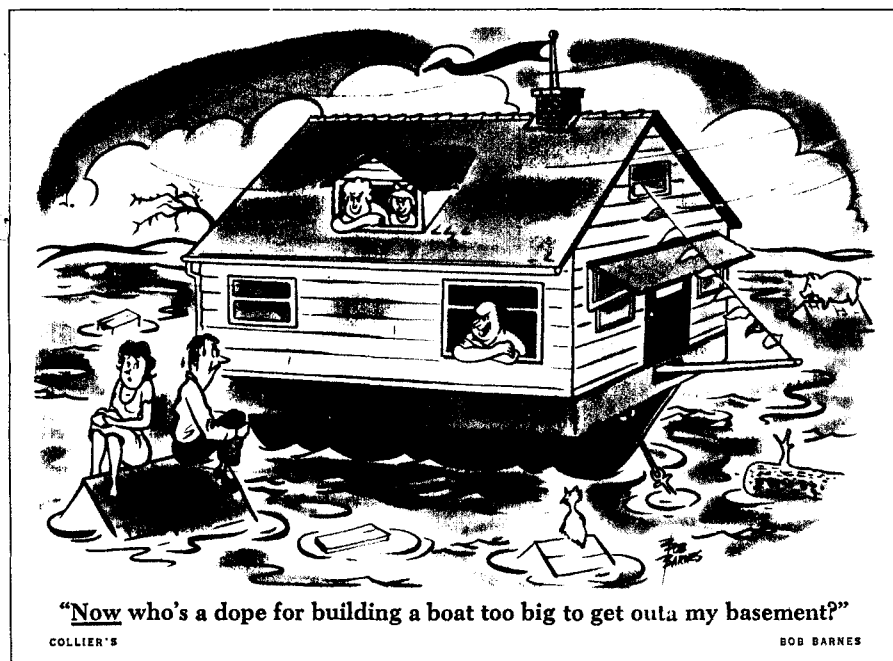
"So what? So pretty soon we'll be in Honolulu, and we'll burn our uniforms, and spend all the rest of our lives in shorts. We'll go spear-fishing every morning, and sailing every afternoon, except maybe when we're being just plain lazy out on the *lanai*. We'll—"

"But, Maui," she interrupted. "I just got over, and I can't leave—not for at least a year!"

"Oh!" he said. "Ohhh!"

On this Monday morning Blankenship was pleased. The sun was shining, it was reasonably warm, the grass was sprouting in the Tiergarten, and Albert Morrell would soon be dead. There was, however, the puzzling matter of Maui Nickel. For some reason, Captain Nickel, who on Saturday was screaming to go home, on Monday wished to remain in Europe. Colonel Blankenship had been in the Army a long time, but this was quite the strangest thing that he remembered. There were, perhaps, some things he did not completely understand.

THE END



"Now who's a dope for building a boat too big to get outa my basement?"

"If you were an American traitor, trapped on a continent where most Americans were in uniform, where would be the safest place to hide? Naturally, in the American Army. As the Russians approached Berlin from the east, Morrell made his plans. He had access to our uniforms. Remember that he coached the *Wehrmacht* on infiltration in the Ardennes. And remember that he could create forged credentials and papers.

"So Morrell created a new personality for himself. And when the Russians came, he moved out of Berlin toward the Elbe River, until he was overrun by our combat units. Later he came back to Berlin, still in American uniform."

"Logical so far, Maui," Colonel Blankenship said. "But how could Morrell get away with it?"

"Simple," said Maui. "He couldn't claim to belong to any particular combat or service unit, but he *could* claim to be part of a task force attached to some high headquarters—the higher the better. He had to be a man on a special mission. He knew, as the war neared its end, that we had many special missions—or task forces—operating with the combat troops. There were task forces to dig out Nazi scientists, find the German gold reserve, round up war criminals, recover stolen art, capture the files of the Goebbels and Himmler outfits."

McMahon, thus far still as a stone Bud-

general. He added: "When Morrell heard she was in the city, he was certain she would expose him. So he strangled her. And—this is the important thing—he was afraid he would be recognized through the pictures in her albums, and so he tore out every picture of himself."

The colonel lighted a cigarette, and Major Turner explained he had much work in the morning, yawned, tossed his coat over his arm, and left. "Of course the photographs are the clue," the colonel admitted, "but who would recognize him from a photograph?"

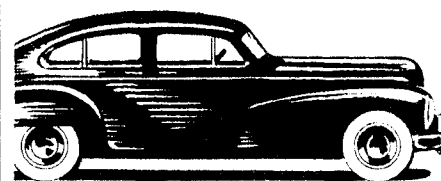
Maui considered this. "Anybody," he answered, "who might see the photographs and say, 'I know that man!' Perhaps Holmes, the M.P., perhaps Krakauskas, perhaps you, perhaps me."

"That seems sound enough," Blankenship said. "I'm pretty sure you're right. But where is Mr. Morrell?"

Maui looked around the room. He wondered why Bobby had left in such a hurry, wondered why Turner had so suddenly been taken sleepy. He remembered Turner's abrupt gesture as he took his coat, a topcoat with a hood buttoned to the collar. Maui with a hood the door and down the hall before he heard the colonel say: "What the hell?"

The guard in the driveway said two cars had gone out, he didn't know where.

Maui swung himself into his tiny Opel, and cursed its underpowered engine as he



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Wing Talk

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY



Lockheed Test Pilot Prentiss Cleaves describes below a new type of weather map, known as the G-A-R system, for pleasure-flying pilots

Something about the Weather

WEATHER is the ever-present major problem of all pilots, from airline captains to the skippers of the tiniest private planes. Even if you, the amateur or potential pilot, can define and explain adiabatic lapse rates, diurnal effects, occluded warm fronts, nimbo stratus and cumulo-nimbus clouds, don't think this superficial knowledge qualifies you to plan your flights.

A college graduate with a B.S. degree in meteorology might serve with the Weather Bureau for several years and eventually be promoted to forecaster at, say, Kansas City. Yet if he were to be transferred to Phoenix, many of his forecasts would be wide of the mark due to unusual local conditions which it would take him a year or more to learn. So you see how foolish it would be for you to try to analyze weather at Phoenix on the basis of your half-forgotten, rudimentary knowledge of meteorology, if you happened to be flying from Peoria to San Diego.

It is a mistake to try to teach amateur pilots meteorology or to include it in secondary-school aviation educational programs, because a little knowledge on this subject can be very dangerous. And if it's a waste of time, let's quit it before we confuse and discourage the thousands of men and women who want to own little airplanes.

As a substitute, here's a simple program to keep the pleasure-flying pilot out of weather trouble: an entirely new and simplified type of weather map. It should be a map to show conditions at each reporting point by color—red, green or amber. Green would mean a ceiling of 1,000 feet or more, visibility two miles or more, no special hazards, so go ahead. Red would warn you that the ceiling was less than 400 feet, or visibility less than one mile or that a special hazard existed. Amber would indicate the ceiling and visibility were somewhere between green and red standards—caution.

Such a map (which could be called the G-A-R map for Green, Amber and Red) is not intended to replace the conventional weather map, but to supplement it. Each weather station should maintain both types, revised every four hours and, in addition,

there should be a forecast G-A-R map, based on estimates of weather four hours ahead which, when compared with the current and preceding maps, would show trends.

With the G-A-R system, the new pilot would be taught all he needed to know concerning cross-country weather procedure in about one easy lesson. He would go to the airport weather bureau and have a look at the G-A-R map. If the lights representing the weather reporting stations between the take-off point and the destination were all green and the forecaster thought they were going to stay that way, he could proceed with the flight with no worries. If there were one or more amber lights in the path, the pilot would ask for exact conditions at the questionable points, and if he felt that it was not too bad for his experience and background, he could proceed—with caution. But if there were any red lights or the forecaster thought it might go red anywhere, he had better sit on the ground until the lights changed. . . .

PRENTISS CLEAVES

TWO veterans of the European air war, one now living in Norfolk, Virginia, and the other in Canton, Ohio, saw a picture in this department of a B-17 Flying Fortress named Eager Beaver placidly submitting her anatomy to the aviation students of the Williamsport (Pa.) Technical Institute, and have written us that she is doubtless the oldest surviving bomber of the air war on Germany. Neither ex-G.I. knew the other was writing, but each had a lump in his throat and with difficulty restrained his sentimental feelings for the great warrior.

The Norfolk correspondent, Mr. W. C. Ormond, of 239 W. 35th Street, said: "As one of the original crew members who flew the old girl over to England in September, 1942, I was more than surprised to come upon the picture in your column of my first love, the old Eager Beaver. I've often wondered how she made out. Just in case you are interested and find it possible to do a little checking up, you will probably find that the E.B. is the oldest survivor of the air war from the ETO. I hope her new owners

treat her like a lady, for that's what she is; if she hadn't been, I wouldn't be reading your column."

And from Mr. Lee Kessler, 1311 Spring Avenue, Canton, Ohio, came this letter the same day: "In your Wing Talk I noticed a picture of the Eager Beaver to which I am very closely attached. I was certainly happy to know just what happened to her as she was one of our beloved that the Krauts never got. She must be the oldest ship of the ETO still to exist. Her first raid was on October 9, 1942, at Lille, France, while I was her engineer top-turret gunner, and from her, burned down a Jerry. To go back a little further, I painted the insignia of the little Beaver on her at Westover Field, Massachusetts, a week before her flight overseas. On her first raid the main spar was hit and she was grounded—but not for long—because of the scarcity of parts. She resumed flying and on May 21, 1943, when I was shot down, she was still in the air. In fact, I've always regretted not being assigned to her that day. She was the last of the original 368th Bomb Squadron. The others were all shot down. Many times in prison the boys talked of her, knowing she was the only one left, so you see why I was glad to know something about her. I'm sure if the crew who are working on her in the picture knew just what she did or went through they would certainly be proud."

Both the Eager Beaver's admirers wanted photographs of the ship so we arranged with the Aircraft Division of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, which rescued her from the scrap pile, to forward them. Then we told Dr. George H. Parkes, director of the Institute about what a famous ship he had and Dr. Parkes immediately invited Mr. Ormond and Mr. Kessler to visit her, "run up the engines and otherwise renew your acquaintance." He regretted he could not offer them an opportunity to fly in her again, but it is not permitted to fly planes which are turned over to educational institutions.

Dr. Parkes reassured the Eager Beaver's two former crewmen that the bomber "has not yet completed her service to the G.I.s who loved her so much. She is now the chief exhibit in our course for the retraining of G.I.s for CAA Aircraft and Engine licenses and this group of servicemen is at work on her constantly."

ANOTHER happy ending has come out of that story about how the Eager Beaver and other surplus bombers, fighters and aircraft parts are being utilized in all types of educational institutions and how you should go about getting them for your school. We told how even the Chillicothe, Ohio, Federal Reformatory had obtained six aircraft and was working for CAA approval of its aircraft and engine mechanics school, established in 1940, to train mechanics for employment in defense industries. Now Warden Allen L. Shank advises us with pride that the school has met all requirements of the CAA and it is the first and only aircraft school within a penal institution to be granted an approved school certificate.

"The certification of the school," he declares, "is assurance to all concerned that students may acquire a technical vocation and receive a license to work in the aircraft field on a high level. Graduates have been taking CAA examinations and have been issued mechanic certificates upon release."

AND Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri, which also is using surplus air equipment, has been conducting flying training for its women students for more than six years, opened its 1946 Summer Flight Camp for Women on June 2d, for two complete sessions. The first will conclude on July 13th and the second will open the next day and run to August 25th. One hundred and fifty selected young women will be given 50 hours of flight training at the Columbia Municipal Airport where the college operates 16 Aeroncas and three Fairchilds, a hangar, aircraft and engine overhaul shop, ready rooms and a control tower.

Collier's for June 22, 1946



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Any Week

Continued from page 4

Second Cosmos Christian smelled pretty awful. So we're still debating with ourself. However, a lot of suckers are joining so maybe they don't need us.

TRUDGING into Alabama looking for a place to rest our weary feet we saw a sign on a tourist home: "One room, four cots, one night, four dollars." So we kept on going.

A GENTLEMAN in Jackson, Mississippi, traded his wife for a tractor. The tractor wouldn't run but the lady did. Neither fellow has seen nor heard of her since, but they are in such a hot argument about the tractor—who owns it and why it won't run—that they have forgotten all about her. Very educational all this traveling. For example, a gentleman named Gosslipe told us that it had been decided in Texas that inability to read and write was no barrier to holding public office provided you can get elected. "It don't even bar you from voting for a fellow who can't read or write," said Mr. Gosslipe.

BUT Mr. Joe Jenkins of Houston, Texas, says that some years ago in northeast Texas two patriots were running for sheriff—one of them a frock-coat and string-tie wahoo famous as an orator, the other a hickory feller in overalls. The campaign windup found them both on the same platform addressing a crowd of five hundred. The orator held forth first—for an hour. Then his opponent used up less than one minute with: "Reckon," drawled he, "ain't neither one of us fitten to hold no public job so tomorrow you-all go to the polls aimin' to be no fool-isher than's possible." He won. And it was a landslide.

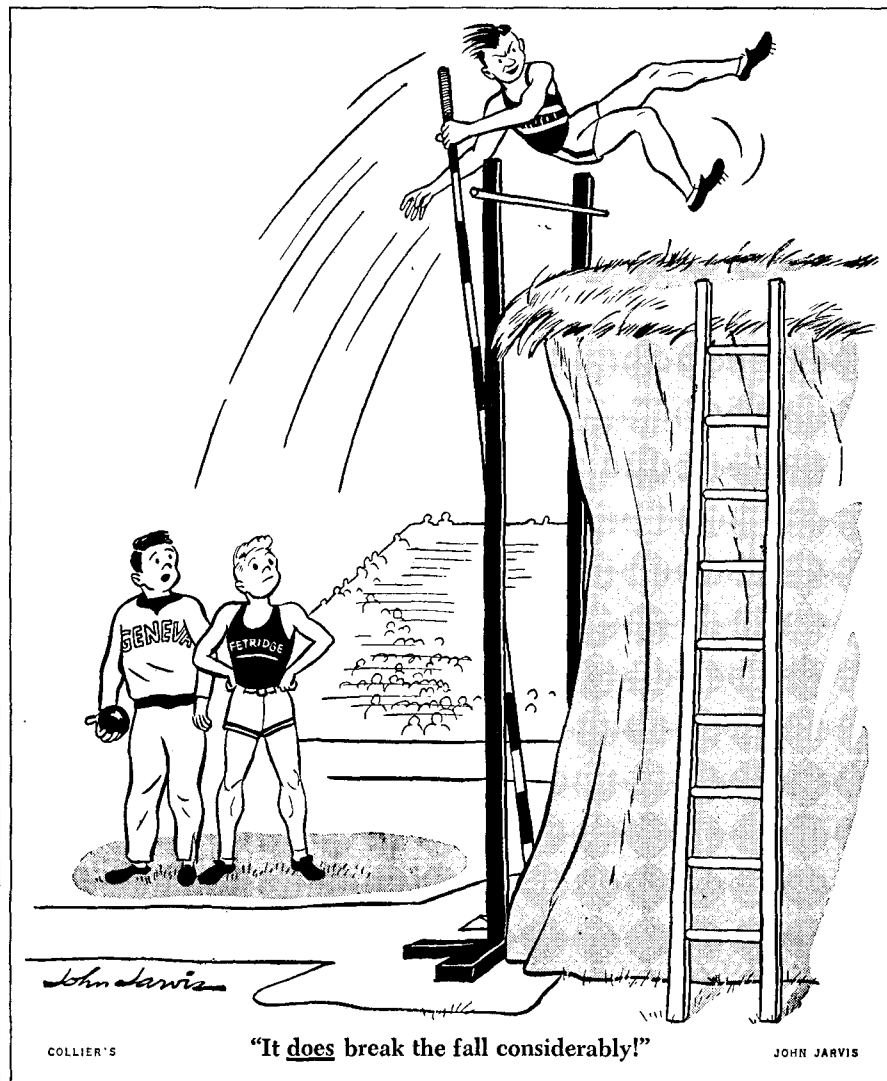
HOWEVER, Mr. Frank Kavanaugh of Kansas City, Kansas, has decided to step aside and let the world in general have its own way. He's retiring. He says he's been

working since he was twelve years old and is getting tired of trying to make the rest of humanity see things as he does. He doesn't say how old he is but his program is to quit chasing streetcars, women and ideals; to sit down quietly and listen to his arteries harden; to try to remember all the exciting things that his past life has been made of—most of which probably never happened. And if this way of living becomes a bore, Mr. Kavanaugh says that he'll go back to work again.

THERE is a chance that Georgia will fall back into the ditch and elect the Honorable Ole Gene Talmadge governor again. We are thus notified by Mrs. L. Kyte Brashears of Atlanta. "I just want to warn you," writes she, "that if we do take back Gene and you dare write an editorial expressing sympathy for Georgia, I shall never buy another copy of Collier's. We shall need no pity or sympathy. We shall deserve what we get—the Honorable Gene Talmadge. And Mr. Talmadge is something to get, believe me. We shall probably be quarantined and I hope so."

IF YOU want to, you can get a Jet Propulsion Hamburger at the Rocket Lunch down near Mobile, Alabama. And for some reason you can guess at as well as anyone else, there's a sign on the door of the Rocket Lunch with the warning: "No Gamblers Served."

WE HAVE to quit this because it's almost time to attend The Reverend Golden (Glory) Hardekin's Gospel Meeting. The Reverend Golden Glory holds forth in a tent somewhere outside of Birmingham. Big feature today: "Fifteen solid minutes of prayer for the soul of Joseph Stalin." The Reverend Glory claims that there is still hope for Mr. Stalin although there are some members of his congregation who doubt it. . . . W. D.



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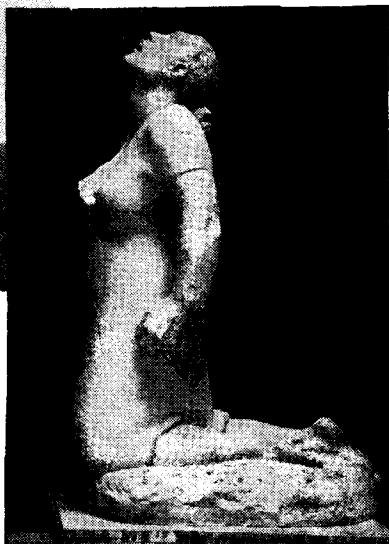
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Collier's for June 22, 1946

The Week's Work



Stuart Benson and, at right, the figure he has created in tribute to the courage of the French people, called "Beauvais, 1940"



THE editors welcome Stuart Benson, sculptor, upon his return visit to Collier's. Benson, who in the 1920s was art director of this magazine, has rejoined the staff, temporarily, as an adviser on cover policy. The broad bold color pattern which forms the background of the Lawson Wood painting on this week's cover, is his idea.

Among the reasons for Benson's shift some 15 years ago from art-directing to a career in sculpture, was his wish to live and work in a place he loved—southern France. After a short stay in Paris, he settled to a simple, satisfying life in his own studio-house located within easy bicycling distance of the Mediterranean, near the town of St. Paul. There he produced sculptures, some of which are now to be seen at the Metropolitan Museum of New York, the Art Institute of Chicago, and in other important collections.

When war came to France, Benson, who had served as an American Army major in the first World War, volunteered as an ambulance driver in the American Field Service in France, going on, after the fall of France, to service in North Africa.

The sculptured monument shown here represents Benson's tribute to the people of France whose terror and bravery he witnessed along the fighting fronts. As the Field Service evacuated some 12,000 casualties along the road between Amiens and Beauvais, Benson says, "We saw fear, though seldom panic, in the eyes of those whose wives and husbands and children were shot down beside them. But behind that fear, and stronger than the fear, shone an unyielding defiance. I have tried to put something of this indomitable spirit into the figure which I have called 'Beauvais, 1940.'"

The monument is to be set up as a tribute to France from her friends in America, along the road which leads from Beauvais to Amiens—a memorial to the peasant, the stanch soul of France, unvanquished.



Mary Deasy
FRANCES E. PARKER

IN a Philadelphia apartment, which they figure they were lucky to get, live two young career women, the Deasy sisters.

Clara Deasy (pronounced to rhyme with Casey), a chemist with an assortment of degrees including Ph.D., works at Temple Medical College.

Mary Deasy is a writer of fiction, just beginning to get recognition in magazine and book-publishing fields. Her story in this issue, *Earth and Sun*, p. 18, is her second contribution to Collier's. Other pieces of hers have appeared in *The Best American Short Stories* of 1945 and the *O. Henry Memorial Award Volume* for 1945, and she will be included in the 1946 issue of *The Best American Short Stories*.

Writing was an incidental thing to Mary when she was a student at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, taking supplemental courses in English at the University of Cincinnati. She earned her degree in piano and then decided to shift to writing.

After their parents died, Mary moved about the country with her sister, wherever Clara's career took her—to the California Institute of Technology, in Pasadena; to the University of Illinois, in Urbana; to Philadelphia.

She and Clara keep house on a 50-50 basis, both of them being fair cooks and cleaners. They take a strong interest in each other's work.

"My fiction characters are never real-life people," Mary says. "Clara tells me that I go about developing them in much the same way as she goes about making a scientific drawing. When she wants to draw an amoeba, she examines a lot of them, and draws one which shows the characteristic features of all."

Thus, in *Earth and Sun*, the veteran is a composite character, harboring the unrest so many veterans feel. . . . A.P.

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TIPS TO THE 52-20s

AS WE all know, considerable numbers of young veterans and ex-servicemen are sitting out their first year after discharge from the forces, without seriously looking for jobs or taking jobs that are offered them. This is because they can draw \$20 a week for 52 weeks from the government. Hence, they are called the 52-20 Club.

The big reason why the 52-20 Club exists is that many of these boys could get jobs paying \$25 or \$30 a week, but that their Social Security and withholding taxes would cut their take-home pay to \$20 or less. Therefore, they reason, why work, as long as you can get \$20 a week for just sitting around on your glory?

At these young men we will now aim a few paragraphs of Horatio Alger, Jr., conversation. Alger was the boys' author of a previous generation who preached incessantly that the only way to get anywhere is to work, and work plenty. He was jeered at in his own day, and the jeers increased as the twentieth century got well started—and it is true that Alger's prose style was very punk and that he worked the same old plot in his books year after year.

The funny part of it is, though, that Alger's basic philosophy was true, and still is. It is a fact that, unless you are constitutionally and constantly lucky (which a few people undoubtedly are), you don't get

anywhere without working. Further, if you are over-particular about the kind of job you take to start with, you are rather likely never to find a job to start with.

It is also true, as we've remarked more than once in this space, that real wealth is created by nothing but work.

Many young men who could be 52-20s are operating on these sound principles. They are taking any jobs they can get, at whatever pay, and are plugging away at them—with weather eyes cocked, of course, for anything better that may happen along.

These men, obviously, are getting the jump on the 52-20s. When the good chances come, they will be on the spot to catch them. When the pay-offs for industry and character are being dealt out, these boys will be there to receive.

The bulk of the 52-20s will get started late, if at all. Some of them will make up, with long effort, for the initial handicaps to which they elected themselves; some will plug along for life at jobs they don't like but can't leave; some will become plain dead beats and bums.

We don't expect this editorial to be a popular one. It is a true one, though; and if it jolts any of the 52-20 boys into common sense, we'll feel compensated for whatever brickbats it may draw.

HURRAY FOR THE D.A.R.

IN TIMES past, we've taken a pot shot or two at the Daughters of the American Revolution for refusing to permit colored artists and entertainers to hold forth in the D.A.R.'s Constitution Hall in Washington. It isn't that we're partisan; it's just that we think art, like science, doesn't know about color lines.

It is now a great pleasure to note that the D.A.R., responding to public opinion, or acting from its leaders' innate sense of fairness, or for some other reason, has modified its old rule to the extent of letting the famous Tuskegee Institute choir sing in Constitution Hall. Tuskegee Institute, of course, is the best known American college for Negroes.

This is an excellent beginning, and some unreserved and unqualified applause, we believe, is in order. We hope the good work will go forward from this promising start. The D.A.R. is too fine an organization, and does too many admirable things, to go on indefinitely making itself look far more foolish and prejudiced than it is by occasionally blackballing some artist because he or she isn't white.

MORE FCC FOOLISHNESS

MAKING up the Federal Communications Commission where we dropped it in our last editorial on it, we would like to tell of a letter which one of our readers has written us about this group of bureaucrats.

The letter comes from John H. Barron, a Washington, D.C., consulting radio engineer. It has to do with a walkie-talkie radio set which Mr. Barron recently bought. These sets are being sold as Army surplus, at around \$100, and are advertised by retailers, in entire good faith, as being suitable for civilian use on issuance of a license.

The box containing the walkie-talkie which Mr. Barron bought carried no word about its being illegal for anyone to use the set. He found that out later, when the FCC issued a news item to the effect that unauthorized use of walkie-talkies subjects one to a \$10,000 fine or jail sentence or both; that the FCC is not yet ready to issue walkie-talkie licenses to civilians, and won't be ready for some time; and that civilians may operate these devices only in the 460-470 megacycle band. The Army surplus walkie-talkies do not operate in this band.

As an excuse for this *Verbot*, the FCC offers:

Tragic interference to the aviation, marine, police, fire and military radio communication systems can result from the unauthorized operation of radio equipment.

To that, Mr. Barron retorts in his letter to Collier's:

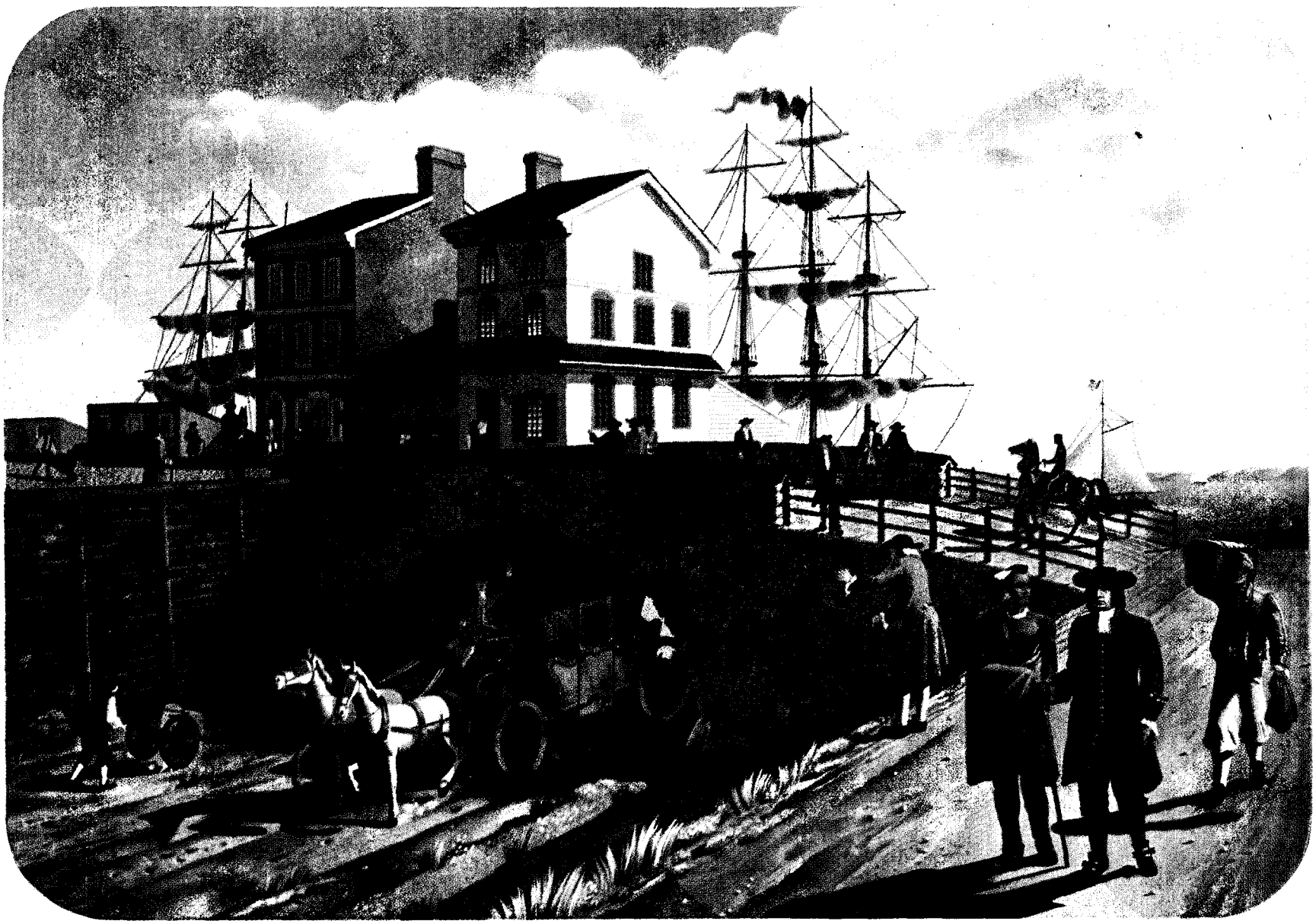
The United States Army has been operating this equipment for the past four years, and presumably no damage has resulted. The range of this equipment is so restricted that it is hard to visualize interference being caused.

And here is the Barron pay-off line:

I believe it would be a very simple matter for the FCC to alter its rules so as to make operation of these walkie-talkies legal in the band in which they operate, although, of course, such a unique and radical approach to a practical solution of this problem would never occur to or be countenanced by the government.

In the whole incident, we have another sample of the workings of the bureaucratic mind. The government encourages the sale of walkie-talkies from Army surplus. In the case of the set bought by Barron, at least, the government warns neither seller nor buyer that there will be any legal catch about using the device. Then it develops that the buyer risks a heavy fine and/or jail sentence if he uses the property he has bought.

Mr. Barron calls this a fraud practiced on citizens by their own government. We could think of several other names for it, but maybe we'd better not print them.



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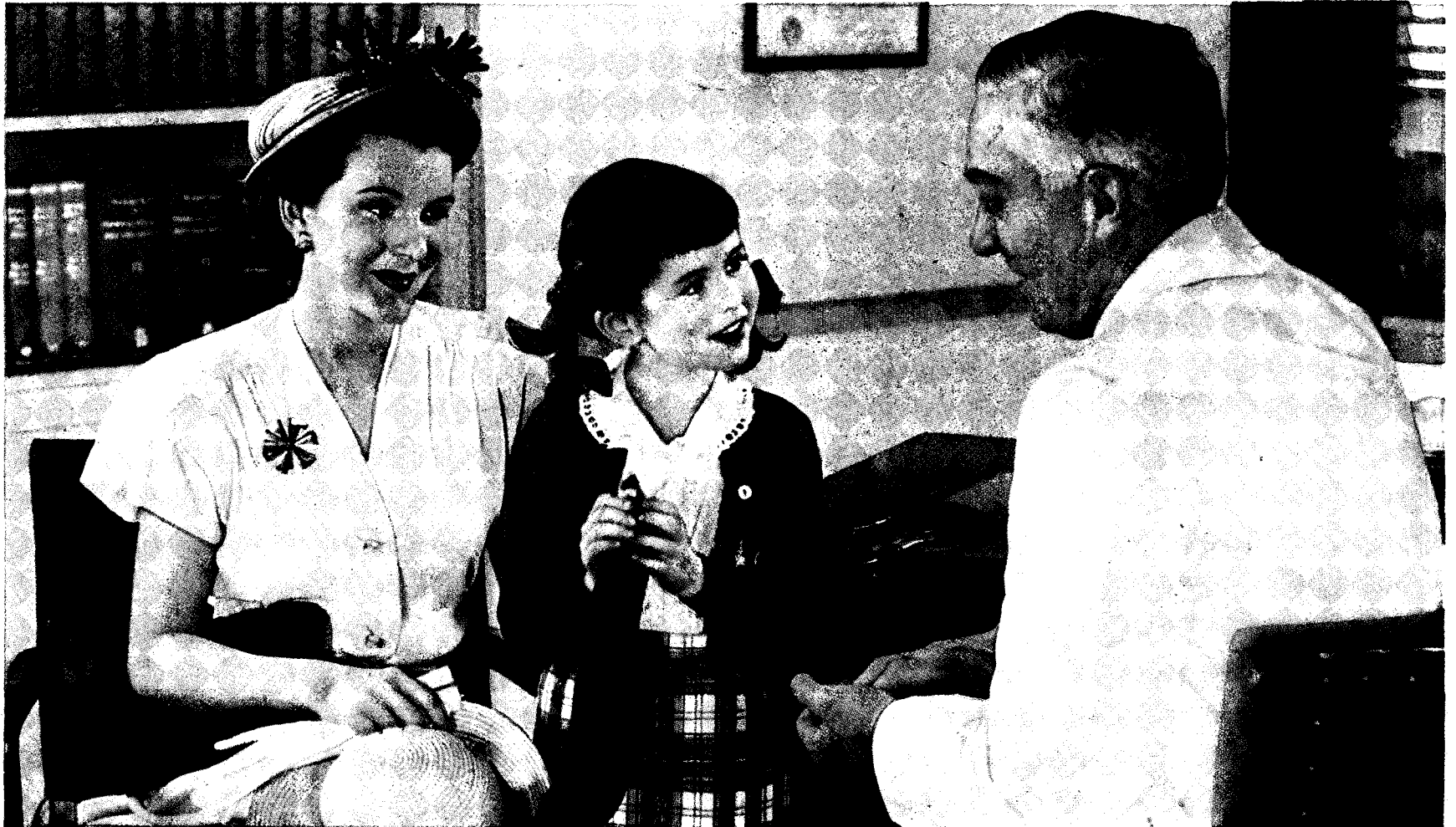
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